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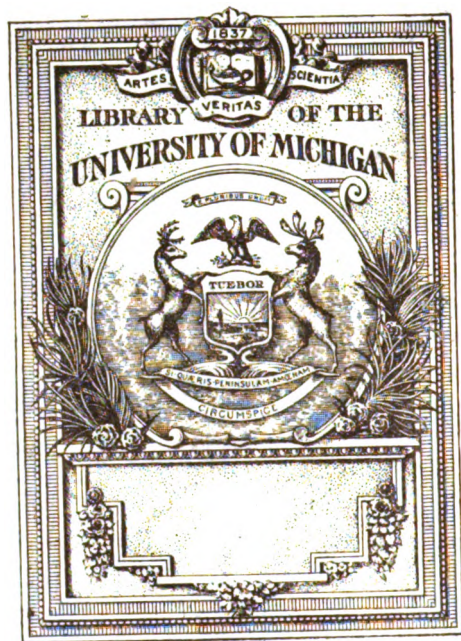
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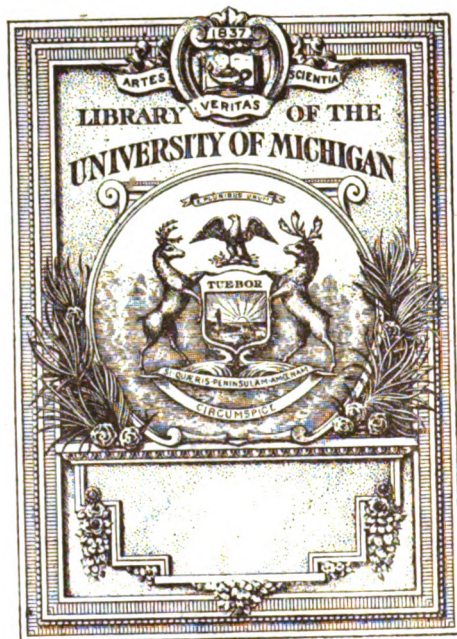
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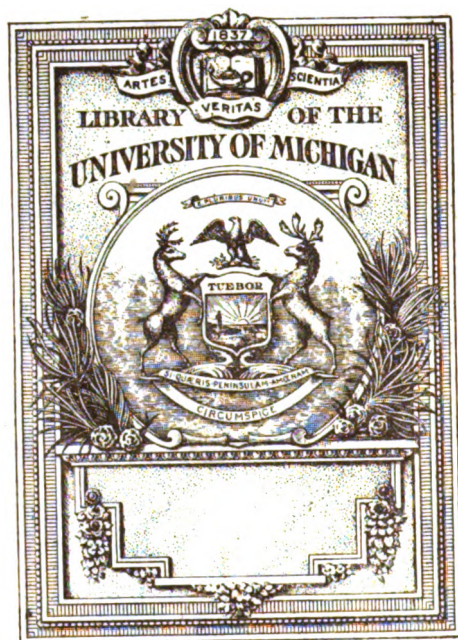
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REVIEW

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veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive  
confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. cccxxviii. AD PASCENT.*

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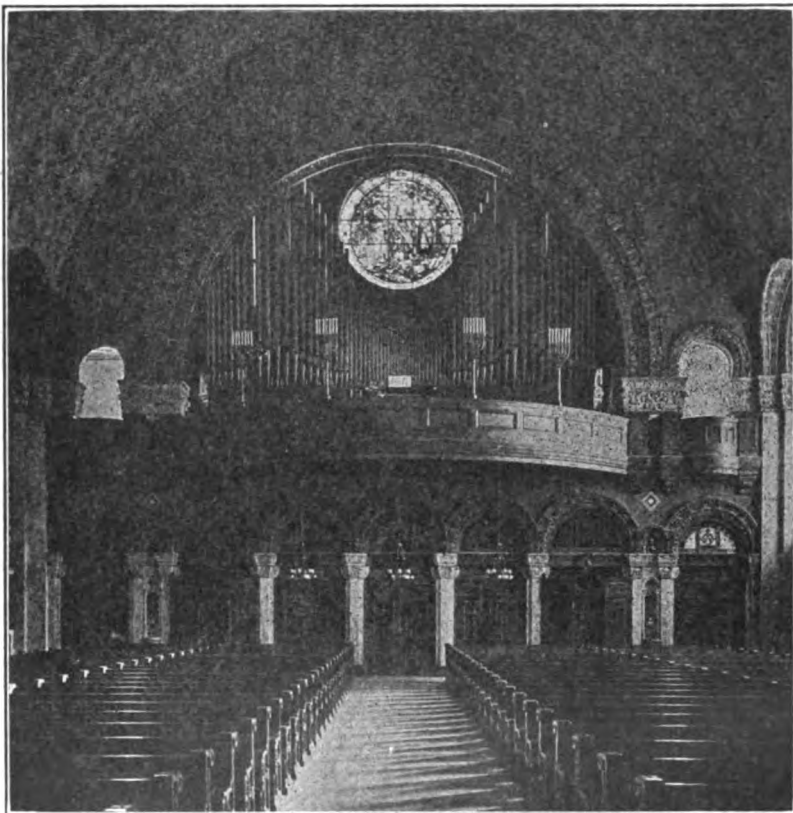


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TABLE OF CONTENTS.	PAGE.
A Glance at Some Important Facts in Early American History—Marc F. Vallette .....	387
Archbishop Talbot—R. F. O'Connor .....	316
Benjamin Major, or the Grace of Contemplation—Darley Dale .....	220
Browning's Botany and Floral Monuments—Harriette Wilbur .....	240
Brownson's Political Philosophy and To-day—Virgil G. Michel, O. S. B. ....	193
California; The Future Empire State—William S. Long.....	146
Cardinal Ximenes—G. D. S. ....	110
Count Louis de Clermont-Tonnere—Barbara de Courson.....	603
Dr. Kunze on the Origin of the Creed—* Alex. Mac Donald, Bishop of Victoria .....	611
Flowers from Liturgica Historica—Darley Dale.....	95
Frederick Spee: Priest, Poet, Casuist—G. D. S. ....	507
Going to the Ant for Wisdom—H. W. D. ....	159
Irish Saints Honored in Scotland—Michael Barrett, O. S. B..	331
Jacques Cartier—Marc F. Vallette .....	40
Joseph De Maistre—R. F. O'Connor .....	367
Marshal Foch—R. F. O'Connor .....	8
Mediæval Latin Poetry—Darley Dale .....	430
National Ideals—Martin J. Les .....	352
Newman's Criteria of Historical Evolution—A. G. Brickel, S. J.	588
Old Time Punishments and Ordeals—Marc F. Vallette.....	262
One More Glance at the Rise and Fall of Evolution—(Rev.) Simon FitzSimons .....	634
Plants: Their Roots and Names—Harriette Wilbur.....	20
Responsibility and Environment—T. L. Bouscarens, S. J. ....	447
Right Rev. and Honorable Alexander MacDonell, First Bishop of Ontario—Thomas O'Hagan .....	78
Roving Among the Flowers—Harriette Wilbur .....	412
Sidney Lanier and His Poetry—P. A. Sillard.....	33
Some Phases of Gaelic Spirituality—James F. Cassidy.....	255
Spanish Literature of the Golden Age—Helen Moriarity.....	1
Spain and Its People—Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D., Litt. D.....	595
The Boy Choir and Gregorian Chant—F. J. Kelly.....	52
The Catholic Church and the Gentle Science of Numbers—E. Von Rycken Wilson .....	121
The Catholic Pilgrim and Explorer in the Dawn of Geography —E. Von Rycken Wilson .....	485
Theory of Judgment in Modern Logic—Joseph A. Schabert..	55
The Pope and the War—Herbert F. Wright.....	177
The Symphony of the Hours—G. E. Price.....	203
The Symphony of the Hours—G. E. Price.....	467
The Divorce of Henry VIII.—Herbert F. Wright.....	556

	PAGE.
The Entomology of the Poets—Harriette Wilbur.....	566
The Saint of Patriotism—R. F. O'Connor.....	529
Two Distinguished Russian Converts—H. B. N.....	67
The Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona Forty Years Ago—Marc F. Vallette .....	616
Turkey With Dressing—H. W.....	686
The Symphony of the Hours—IV.—G. E. Price.....	662
What Are the Exact Requisites for an Ex-Cathedra Utterance of the Holy Father?—Hugh Pope, O. P.....	281
William Dunbar—An Appreciation—Joseph B. Jacobi.....	303

## BOOKS REVIEWED.

A History of the United States—John P. O'Hara.....	348
A Book About the English Bible—Josiah H. Penniman.....	518
Canon Sheehan of Doneraile—Herman J. Heuser, S. J.....	344
Constant Life—Martin J. Scott, S. J.....	344
Catholic Home Annual, 1920.....	350
Facing Danger—Father Finn, S. J.....	696
Held in the Everglades—Father Spalding, S. J.....	696
Ireland's Fairy Lore—Rev. Michael P. Mahon.....	351
Man's Great Concern—Ernest R. Hull, S. J.....	698
Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law—Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D., D. C. L.....	170
Out to Win—Father Conroy, S. J.....	696
Pastor Halloft .....	167
Preaching—Rev. W. B. O'Dowd.....	699
Sermon on Our Blessed Lady—Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C....	169
St. Joan of Arc—Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J.....	697
St. Rita—Rev. M. J. Corcoran, O. S. A.....	171
Sacerdotal Safeguards—Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. S., LL. D.	171
The Acts of the Apostles—Charles J. Callahan, O. P.....	700
The Principles of Christian Apologetics—Rev. J. T. Walshe..	169
The Hills of Desire—Richard Aumerle Maher.....	173
The Deep Heart—Isabel C. Clarke .....	695
The Barrier—Rene Bazin.....	174
The Most Beloved Woman—Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J..	176
The Theistic Social Ideal—Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A.....	349
The Finding of Tony—Mary T. Waggaman.....	696
The Government of Religious Communities—Hector Papi, S. J.	351
The Things Immortal—Edward F. Garesche, S. J.....	696
Your Neighbor and You—Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J....	176
Who the Lord Loveth—Henrietta Eugenie Delamare.....	695
Whose Name is Legion—Isabel C. Clarke.....	172
Studies in Sociology—Edward J. Menge.....	175

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VOL. XLIV.—JANUARY, 1919—NO. 173

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## SPANISH LITERATURE OF THE GOLDEN AGE

PROPERLY to approach a study of the literature of Spain in the sixteenth century it is necessary to take a brief glance at the periods which preceded it, and to give some slight consideration to the impulses and forces which helped to mould this most beautiful and stately of all languages. Engrossing as it is to trace the history of a people, it is of equal if not more enticing interest to study the history of a language, to note its source, its growth and the various influences which helped it onward to its goal as the living tongue of a nation.

The origin of the Spanish language, grave and elegant son of the Latin, is lost somewhere in the obscurity of the early ages. If any species of the Castilian tongue was used under the Visigoth kings, no traces of it have come down to us. All laws and chronicles of that time were inscribed in Latin, though it is reasonably certain that the vulgar tongue was in use, especially among the common people. The very earliest existing specimen of Castilian is to be found in the Charter of Aviles, granted in 1155, more than four centuries after the Moorish invasion. To what extent the Spanish language is indebted to the Oriental and Arabic influences writers of many lands have never been able quite to determine, but all seem to agree that much of the beauty and grandiloquence of the language may be attributed to the close relations which existed for so many hundreds of years between the conquered and the conquerors. Though never entirely laying aside their national hostilities, they yet, to a great extent, fraternized between wars and battles, as is the way with human nature; and the Arabic tongue, cultivated and

adapted to poetry and eloquence according to the laws of Oriental taste, early acquired a superiority over the barbarous Romance, or dialect of the Christians, which was still unformed and rude. The conquered Christians in the provinces under Moorish rule soon forgot their own tongue and became so used to the Arabic that, according to the testimony of the Bishop of Cordova in the ninth century, out of a thousand Christians scarcely one was to be found who could say his prayers in Latin, while many could express themselves with elegance in Arabic, and could even compose Arabic verse. It is conceivable that this journey into Arabic must have left some traces on the language and literature of a later day.

But the Christians who had managed to keep their independence descended from the mountains of Asturias and began to repel the invader. In proportion as they extended their conquests a wider field was opened for the old Spanish tongue. This field was gradually extended, and with the decline of the poetry of the Troubadours when the kingdom of Aragon was united to Castile, the Catalanian tongue, so long the medium of this charming verse and so well adapted to it, went down before the ruder and more virile language of the Castilians. These, with their bold, romantic character and strong spirit of national pride, soon banished the intruding tongue from literature, from law, and from the usages of polite society. Finally by the sixteenth century the Castilian language had become, in the strictest sense, the reigning language of the whole Spanish monarchy. So much for the origin and formation of the Spanish language—a tongue which by reason of its great dignity and stateliness was pronounced by Charles V. to be that in which alone man should address his Creator.

Of the forces in early Spanish literature which led up to the glory of the sixteenth century a word may be said. From its first known beginnings with the "Poem of the Cid," an epic of the twelfth century, and a religious play, "The Mystery of the Magian Kings," the nation became especially rich in ballads, these forming the oldest as well as the largest collection of popular poetry, so called, that is to be found in the history of any European peoples. Akin to these were the picturesque chronicles of Alonzo the Learned, in the thirteenth century, the logical predecessors of the romances of chivalry, of which the first, the "Amadis de Gaula," became the book of the age, and led to innumerable imitations, their influence extending over two centuries, until in "Don Quixote" Cervantes sounded their death knell.

Throughout the extensive body of historical ballads there prevails a uniformly high tone of sentiment such as might have been expected to distinguish the popular poetry of a free nation, haughty in its

traditions as well as its mode of life and engaged in continual warfare. Quick flashes of humor also marked the earlier writings, and though they were more spontaneous than purely literary, they brought out salient features of life and character. Every phase of national literature from the twelfth to the nineteenth century is distinguished by this humor. One phase was the "Novela Picaresca," or stories of adventures among rogues, a school which proved its popularity by many imitators and extended its influence to many lands and literatures. One of the most famous imitations is found in "Gil Blas," and in English literature its influence may be noted in Fielding, Smollett and other writers, while there are those who claim that it may likewise be responsible to some extent for the immortal Falstaff. The great body of early literature was marked by a high romantic spirit, a wealth of imagery, a charm of grace and diction, which, combined with originality and dignity, was destined to flower forth under favorable conditions into the remarkable growth of the sixteenth century, the golden age of Spanish literature. The first of the picaresque or rogues' march tales, "Lazarillo de Tormes," was written in 1523 and was commonly attributed to Diego de Mendoza, one of Spain's finest soldiers, statesmen and historians, a man of most remarkable literary ability. All of Spain turned about to laugh at this and its successors, forgetting for awhile the more enduring claims of higher class literature, only one of which at that period, "The Wars of Granada," was able in any degree to catch the public fancy. This charming work, interwoven with a tissue of lovely ballads, is said to be the forerunner of Scott's historical romances.

Just prior to the opening of the sixteenth century the advent of the printing press in Spain brought a new stirring of foreign influence. Translation became the order of the day and was greatly favored in high places. The women, too, became infected with the fever of foreign culture, and in addition to the large numbers pursuing higher studies, women were even found lecturing in the great universities. The influence of French literature began now to make itself strongly felt, and remained always powerful and enduring. Versions of the Latin classics were in all hands and there was unexampled activity in the study and mastery of Greek. It is worthy of mention that the first Greek version of the New Testament came from Alcalá de Henares in 1514. Neither was Italian neglected, and the cult of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio became widespread. The closer intercourse between the countries took Spanish scholars to Italy, whence, enamored of the Italian tongue and letters, they took home with them special characteristics of style and taste to impart to their own literature. The man who

was chiefly responsible for the influence of Italian style on Spanish literature of this era was the poet Boscan, closely followed by his young friend, Garcilaso de la Vega, a soldier as well as a poet, who died heroically in battle at the age of thirty-three.

Though Spanish literature was enriched during the first half of the sixteenth century by numerous lyrical and pastoral compositions, yet epic poetry made but little advancement. The rapid success of the imitators of the Italian and classic style did not, however, deprive the old romance poetry of its rank, either in literature or the public estimation, for it was during this period that most of the old romances were brought together in collections, receiving the form which they have retained down to the present day, though it is estimated that about half the romances contained in the "*Romanceros Generales*" had no existence prior to this period. The first printed ballads were found in the "*Cancioneros Generales*," compiled by Fernando del Castillo and printed at Valencia in 1511. Among all the literary figures of this time that of Cervantes, the author of "*Don Quixote*," stands out with peculiar vividness. Born in the university town of Alcalá de Henares in October, 1547, he was seventeen years old when Shakespeare was born, and they both died on the same day, April 23, 1616. It was given to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra to live in the most stirring and brilliant period of Spanish history, and he himself lived a life of stir and romance. By turns a member of a Cardinal's household in Rome, a soldier, a captive in piratical Algiers, dramatist, literary light, he proved himself always a man of great resource, of high courage and unflinching cheer. He took with him through life an injury to one of his hands, suffered at the battle of Lepanto. His writing, too, was taken up partly in the spirit of adventure, for, like all thoughtful people of his day, he had noted the hold which the impossible chivalric romances had on the minds of the people and recognizing their unwholesome influence on perfervid imaginations, he set out, with all the good humor in the world, to write a book which might serve as a corrective. He did more; he wrote in "*Don Quixote*" a classic and entrenched himself in the literatures of all times. The book's immediate success brought him what he needed far more than the acclamations of posterity—a little ease in the end of his days and a fame that could not help but be gratifying after his long and strenuous career. But though Cervantes enjoyed his fame, he never could be brought to regard the book itself seriously, believing himself capable of much more ambitious work. In reality it was as a dramatist that he desired to shine, but none of his plays ever attained to the popularity of those of his great contemporary, Lope de Vega. But the creations of the Spanish Shakespeare, as

de Vega has been called, are now forgotten, while Don Quixote and Sancho Panza still march merrily down the ages.

Naturally among a Christian and Catholic people the influence of religion must have been such as to quicken the forces of spirituality in literature and to give to it a character destined to leave its impress on the literatures of all succeeding times. In an age when nearly every educated person aspired to the honors of the pen, and a potential poet lurked under every cassock, it is not surprising to find a host of priestly and religious writers and a veritable army of mystics, over three thousand in number, setting the seal of their high, austere spirituality on the literary output of a day peculiarly rich in devotional energy. The names which first suggest themselves in this connection are of course St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, but among the spiritual writers of this period other names are equally well known. There was John of Avila, belonging to the first half of the sixteenth century, whose "Spiritual Treatise" is of such wide and wonderful application that it is still a model for members of religious communities; Ponce de Leon, who lived toward the middle of the century and was the most eminent poet of the Salamancan school. We find him at the head of the lyric no less than the mystic poets, and his translations of the Psalms of David served as models for all succeeding versions of Greek and Latin poetry in the Spanish language; and Luis de Granada, who lived through this whole brilliant period, earning from some of his admirers the title of "the divine," by reason of his perfect mastery of elegant prose. His "Guide for Sinners" was translated into all languages.

In dramatic literature the Spaniards struck out for themselves a new course, vying in taste and genius with the Greeks and Romans. It was in the reign of Charles V. that the drama began to take form in Spain, in that fluctuant period when the conflict wages between the old and the new poetic styles, known as the Seville and Salamancan schools. On a neutral platform the young Thespian came forward and found at once a grateful and appreciative audience. At the beginning of the century the sacred and profane pastoral dialogue of Juan del Enzina were as yet the only dramatic compositions in the Spanish language, and with the exception of mystery and morality plays, given mostly before religious communities, the Spanish people as a whole knew nothing at all of dramatic entertainment. To them therefore, in all its freshness and charm, came the new drama, first popularized by Lope de Rueda, a Sevillian, who as well as a playwright of note also became an actor-manager. Two other Spanish dramatists deserve mention here, not only for their own success, but because the rich-

ness of their work formed a mine from which writers of other lands and later years drew copiously — Guillen de Castro, whose "Cid" was imitated by Corneille, and Gabriel Tellez, otherwise known as Tirso de Molina, one of whose plays formed the groundwork for productions of Beaumarchais, Mozart, Rossini and Byron. Spanish drama reached its highest point in the works of Lope de Vega and came to a splendid close with the brilliant Calderon.

The second half of the sixteenth century is celebrated as the period when prose writings renewed the ascendancy which they had lost in the torrent of chivalric romances which inundated Spain and threatened the extinction of all genuine poetry and eloquent prose. Alive to the unhappy trend of the day, every serious poet and every prose writer of cultivation and talent labored earnestly to oppose this contagion, until finally it was forced to disappear, an interesting but evanescent phase of a notable period. There now sprang up a strong growth of didactic prose, which owed its first sowing to Fernan Perez de Oliva, whose "Dialogue on the Dignity of Man" was the first specimen in Spanish literature of clear and connected discussion, maintained in dignified and elegant language. Historical prose was brilliantly represented by Diego de Mendoza, mentioned previously, a man of wide versatility who touched literature at many points. About this time a new influence in historical works began to show itself. Writings were accruing on the New World across the sea, its discovery, its wonders, its vividly romantic adventures and the curious life of its peoples; and the effect of this was to supply a new style of historical composition, and to give the final impulse to the passing of the old national chroniclers. The last of these was Supelveda, the official historian of Charles V., and with him died a picturesque phase of Spanish literature. In the list of Spanish historians of this period we are more or less intrigued to find two familiars of our schooldays, Hernando Cortes and Las Cases, then deemed mythical personages of a remote, harassing and mysterious age.

With the growth of historical composition, epic poetry, which had been rather slow in growth, became somewhat of a passion, and the epic was essayed by numberless ambitious poets, without, however, producing anything of superior value. Lyric and bucolic poetry and elegant satire were likewise cultivated by various pupils of the classical school, which still maintained its ground in Spain, though declining in Italy. The disciples of this classical school, together with those writers who since the time of Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega, had formed their style on that of the ancients, have been called the Spanish *Cinquecentristi*, in a favorable sense

of the term, though it is true some of them wrote in the seventeenth century. The sixteenth, however, can lay claim to the most distinguished, and the rest, whose number is incalculable, possessed at least the merit of high literary ideals; that is, the wish to express sensible ideas in correct language. This is more than can be said of Gongora, who aspired to be the founder of a new fashion in literature and to create a new epoch in Spanish poetry by means of superexquisite cultivation and exotic refinement. With him instead began the first real decline in Spanish letters. Conceits, affectations, inflations of style took the place of the former simplicity and directness of thought and method, with a conspicuous absence of the spirit of genuine eloquence. Calderon was the last of the great writers who helped to embellish Spanish style, and whose works made the glory of that memorable epoch. Antonio de Solis, ten years the junior of Calderon, deserves mention also as an eminent author who was not without name as a statesman. His "History of the Conquest of Mexico" is a model of elegant simplicity.

It is a curious commentary that, despite the fruitfulness of letters at this period, no school of criticism was developed, and little of any value in this line has come down to us. No literature is greater than the nation which produces it, and in the literature of this period the greatness of the Spanish nation is most faithfully expressed. The genius of its people is shown in the remarkable degree of cultivation which letters attained and in the chaste beauty of its classic prose, which was earlier cultivated in Spain, than in any other country of Europe. In numbers of works, distinguished for elegance of style and intellectual energy of composition, the Spaniards far exceeded the Italians of the same period. Spanish poetry, too, was more distinctly national than any other branch of modern poetry in Europe; and of all the poets of modern times the Spanish reign supreme in the realm of mystic verse, of which they were the inventors and in which they attained an excellence never since reached, much less surpassed. The writers of this glorious period of Spanish history have left a body of literature, rich and lovely, dignified and beautiful, and markedly characteristic of a people whose tenacity to their own ideals made their literature what it was, expressive alone of Spain and the Spanish people.

HELEN MORIARTY.

Columbus, Ohio.

## MARSHAL FOCH.

THE eyes of the world have been fixed upon the striking personality of the man who won the biggest war in history. Everyone has been anxious to know all that was to be known of the man and his methods. Captain A. Hilliard Atteridge<sup>1</sup> has gratified that desire in a valuable volume which will be read with keenest interest wherever the English language is understood. It was fitting that a well-known Catholic journalist and litterateur should pay this tribute to the foremost Catholic layman of the epoch. Mr. Atteridge is, besides, otherwise well fitted to deal with the subject. He is a military man himself, having smelt powder and seen fighting during Kitchener's campaign in the Soudan, which he described as war correspondent for the London *Daily Chronicle*, and has since been on active service on the Flanders front, where he acquired practical experience of the science of warfare.

It was in the Midi in the sunny south, in the land of the *trouvères* and *troubadours*, in that section of France which was once an independent petty kingdom intersected by the Pyrenees, that Ferdinand Foch, as well as that other distinguished soldier and devout Catholic, De Castelnau, first saw the light. He comes of a good old Gascon stock. In 1780 his grandfather, a prosperous wool merchant, invested some of his money in land and built himself a house in the village of Valentine, near the town of St. Gaudens, on the upper Garonne close to the Pyrenees. He lived under the First Empire, when France was filled with that passion for military glory which the great Napoleon personified, and lived to witness its decline and fall. He gave his son, born when that Empire was at its zenith, the name of Napoleon. This son married Sophie Dupré, the daughter of Colonel Dupré, who, after the final defeat of Napoleon, retired from the army and settled at St. Gaudens. Ferdinand Foch was the third offspring of that marriage and was born on October 2, 1851, just two months before the famous *coup d'état* which preceded the foundation of the Second Empire. His father was then stationed at Tarbes, in the Hautes Pyrenees, as secretary to the prefecture of the Department. Owing to his official duties, subsequently involving frequent changes of residence, young Ferdinand's education was often interrupted. He passed through several schools in the course of a few years. His father disliking the idea of sending his boys—there were three brothers, the youngest of whom, Germain

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<sup>1</sup> "Marshal Ferdinand Foch: His Life and His Theory of Modern War." By A. Hilliard Atteridge, with a preface by Colonel John Bachan; London, Skeffington and Son.

Foch, became a Jesuit, entering the novitiate in 1872—their education was first carried on in the home or the local day school. His first college was the old College of Tarbes, where Ferdinand spent two years, passing the vacation in the country house at Valentine, from whence a favorite outing was to the shrine of Our Lady on the summit of the Bout de Puy, overlooking the upper valley of Garonne. Though he won no prizes at his first school, he obtained at Tarbes the *accessit* or "honorable mention" for religious knowledge, Latin, history and geography, evincing a marked capacity for mathematics and a taste for solid reading. At twelve years of age he had read all Thiers' voluminous "History of the Consulate and the Empire," a feat which many men, not to say boys, would be slow to undertake, and which revealed a precociously studious disposition.

"Probably," comments Captain Atteridge, "it helped to decide his future career. We may guess that he passed lightly over the political chapters, but reveled in the battle stories from the cannonade by the mill of Valmy to the last charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo. If he dreamed of future battles in which he would some day play a part, his wildest imagination could not suggest that he was himself to command greater armies than had ever followed the eagles of the hero." In 1867, when his father was appointed receiver of the revenue at St. Etienne, near Lyons, he became a pupil at the Jesuit College de Saint Michel, where he qualified for the *baccalauréat*, which marks the completion of a young Frenchman's general education. Having decided to adopt the military profession as a career, he was sent to a special class at the Jesuit College of St. Clement, in Metz, to prepare for the entrance examination at the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. Becoming a resident pupil in 1870, he found himself for the first time living away from home. His professors were Père Saussier, who had been a French naval officer, and Père Lacouture, a distinguished mathematician. The prize for good conduct was voted to him by his fellow-students, which shows how much his character on the moral side was already formed. It was an eventful year. While he was spending the summer vacation at St. Etienne, France declared war upon Prussia, on July 19, over the Hohenzollern candidature, thus falling into the trap skilfully set for it by Bismarck and Prim. Metz speedily becoming a storm centre, the class were unable to reassemble at St. Clement's, the college being transformed into a military hospital. When the defeat at Sedan sealed the fate of Napoleon III and the Second Empire, and there was a call for new levies, Foch enlisted in the Fourth Regiment of Infantry and looked forward to seeing active service, but was disappointed, for

in January, 1871, came the armistice and peace negotiations and his battalion was disbanded. All the military experience he had so far gained was four months' barrack training.

After another brief sojourn at home, when the college at Metz, then a German fortress, was reopened he returned to pursue his studies amid changed surroundings. The German flag had replaced the French tricolor, a German general had his headquarters at the prefecture, and part of the college had been requisitioned as a temporary barrack. Having successfully matriculated at Nancy, where the Germans were as much in evidence as at Metz, and from whence he was destined in after years, as a general in command, to march to his first battle, he joined the Polytechnique at Paris on November 1, 1871, long known and painfully remembered in France as *l'année terrible*, the year of the Commune and the massacre of the hostages. The school, held by the Federalists, had been stormed on May 24 by a battalion of chasseurs. After its capture drumhead courts-martial had been held in one of the classrooms and the condemned communists had been shot in the playground, the dead bodies being afterwards collected in the large billiard room.

Among Foch's fellow-students at the Polytechnique were, by a striking coincidence, Joffre, the future chief of the French staff and commander of the armies of France in the first stage of the late war, and Ruffey, who was to be a member of the Conseil Supérieur de Guerre in 1914 and commander of the Third Army in the earlier operations. In February, 1873, Foch and Joffre got their commissions, the former in the artillery, the latter in the engineers. After two years in the garrison at Tarbes he was admitted to the cavalry school at Saumur, where he was made a captain, and on his rejoining the artillery was given command of a field battery in the tenth regiment of that arm stationed at Rennes, in Brittany. It was while on garrison duty there he met the lady who became Madame Foch—Mlle. Julie Bienvenue, of St. Brieuc. After his marriage he bought the estate and the old manor-house of Trefeunteuniou, near Morlaix, in Finisterre, the far west of Brittany, between the Montagne d'Arrée and the Atlantic. Brittany, famed for its staunch Catholicity, to patriotism and its fondness for the old Celtic tongue, still familiar on the lips of peasantry and fisherfolk, appealed to one who has always and under all circumstances been a fervent Catholic. He is proud of Brittany, which he has made his home, and of the brave Bretons, "my Bretons," as he calls the soldiers who flocked to the flag from that part of the country. It was at Rennes he began the studies which procured him in 1885 admission to the Ecole de Guerre, or French Staff College, where years after as professor he displayed his mastery of the science of war and of which he

was later made Director. It was sheer ability that advanced him. Promotion was made difficult for a professing and practical Catholic. Gambetta's cry, "Le clericalisme; voilà l'ennemi!" had been caught up and repeated, parrot-like, by the unthinking multitude and used as a party watchword to detach the people from the influence of the priests. Anti-clericalism was rampant. "An officer," writes Mr. Atteridge, "was likely to find his professional merit and zeal disregarded if he openly professed and practiced the religion that was associated with so much of the historic glories of France. The faith of St. Louis and Duguesclin, of Jeanne d'Arc and Bayard, of Champlain and Montcalm was a barrier to a good soldier's success in his career. There came a time when the Ministry of War at Paris had its secret *dossiers*, noting as a black mark against an officer's name that he went to Mass on Sundays. No doubt the names of men like De Castelnau and Foch were to be found in this list, which happily for the future of the French army was before long denounced in the French Parliament and consigned to the waste-paper basket." Foch had overcome this secret conspiracy singlehanded, for he had no influential friends in high places and had always held studiously aloof from politics. "The son of pious Catholic parents, a student in the Jesuit colleges, Ferdinand Foch," says Captain Atteridge, "has been all through his life an earnestly religious man, practicing and professing his religion without either ostentation or concealment, and paying no attention to what those who were hostile to it might think or say of him. He made it the guide of his life, the inspiration of his high ideals of duty and self-sacrifice."

It was in teaching military history and strategy in the Ecole de Guerre, where he had nearly five hundred pupils, many of whom served as generals in the late war, that he established his reputation. His lectures have been published in two volumes,<sup>2</sup> which Colonel John Buchan praises as "the most important military works since Clausewitz" and which military critics in all countries at once recognized as the works of a master hand. His theory and practice of warfare have been grounded on a deep study of the great Napoleon's tactics. Lieutenant-colonel in 1900 and colonel in 1903, after filling several staff appointments, it was not until June 20, 1907, when he was nearly fifty-six, that he was made brigadier general. It was on the retirement of General Bonnal that, to his surprise, he was made director of the Ecole de Guerre. His name was not among the candidates, and Clemenceau, then a noted anti-

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<sup>1</sup> "Des principes de la Guerre, Conférences faites à l'Ecole Supérieure de Guerre." Paris, 1903, 1905, 1911, 1917. "De la Conduite de la Guerre, La Manœuvre pour la Bataille." Paris, 1904, 1906, 1915.

clerical, was Prime Minister; it is to be hoped the latter's views have since been more than modified, seeing that the clericals as chaplains or combatants in the fighting ranks have been among the bravest of the brave. "One day," relates Mr. Atteridge, "he was surprised by receiving an invitation to lunch with the Premier. When he arrived at the house he found that he was the only guest. During the *déjeuner* there was a general conversation on various subjects, but not a word was said of the vacancy at the Ecole de Guerre. It was only when the coffee and cigars stage had been reached that Clemenceau said, without a word of introduction, 'I have some news for you, general. You are appointed director of the Ecole de Guerre.' 'But I am not a candidate,' said Foch, who was completely surprised by the announcement. 'Possibly,' replied Clemenceau, 'but you are appointed all the same, and I am sure you will do good work there.' The general thanked him, but suggested a difficulty. 'Probably you are not aware,' he said, 'that one of my brothers is a Jesuit.' Clemenceau laughed. 'I know all about it, and I don't care a rap. Mon Général, or, rather, Monsieur le Directeur, you are appointed, and all the Jesuits cannot alter it. You will make good officers for us, and that is the only thing that matters.'"

The four years, from 1907 to 1911, Foch directed the Ecole de Guerre, during which hundreds of officers who were to hold high command in the coming war were formed by him. The results amply justified the wisdom of the Premier's choice. He knew, and made no secret of his knowledge, that military training in France was very defective, not only before the war of 1870, but long after it. He held that military history must be the basis of all study of war, a conclusion drawn from the fact that in 1870 the French army was at a disadvantage when confronted with adversaries trained by the teaching of history and the study of concrete cases by Scharnhorst, Willisen and Clausewitz. Napoleon's campaigns, upon which he grounded his strategy, marked the beginning of modern warfare. The wars of the eighteenth century had been carried on by comparatively small armies of professional soldiers; the nineteenth century saw the development of wars by "nations in arms," and the evolution began with the conscript levies of the Revolution. The time was very near at hand when his theories were to be tested by being put in practice. When the Agadir crisis in Morocco threatened war with Germany—a war averted by the personal intervention of the ex-Kaiser—England and France drew closer together. British officers were present at the great manœuvres of the French army and in the autumn of 1912 a *mission militaire*, a group of French officers, was sent to watch the British army manœuvres in East Anglia, General Foch being appointed chief. On the 17th of

the following December he was promoted to the command of the Eighth Army Corps at Bourges, and in August, 1913, to that of the Twentieth Army Corps, then the crack corps of the French army, with headquarters at Nancy, an important strategical position which would form the "covering force" under the protection of which the whole French army would be mobilized in the event of war.

The Agadir crisis was passed, and for the moment no war cloud darkened the political horizon. But it was only the lull before the storm, "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." No one thought so then. On July 18 Foch left Nancy on a fortnight's leave, and was spending it at his home in Brittany when, like a bolt from the blue, came the news of the declaration of Russia to stand by her "little Slav brother Serbia," menaced by Austria after the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Foch hurried back to Nancy. On July 28 the Dual Monarchy declared war upon Serbia; on the afternoon of the same day Russia mobilized; on August 1 Germany, Austria's ally, and Russia were at war, and then the order for the mobilization of the French army was issued. The die was cast and each country was to stand the hazard.

Mr. Atteridge describes in detail all the military operations in which Foch was engaged. "Comparatively few people in England or in the United States," he observed, "have ever heard of the first great battle of the war—the fighting on a front of some forty miles, which is known in France at the battle of Morhange, in Germany as the battle of Metz—or of the battle which followed on the French fortress line, an engagement of several days' duration, known in France as the battle of Trouée de Charmes." The former resulted in a defeat, but it was the first battle of General Foch's career, his splendid Twentieth Corps forming the best fighting unit in De Castelnau's army. It was then that he lost two of his best young officers, Guy de Cassagnac and Lieutenant Xavier de Castelnau. An incident which shows the stuff of which French soldiers are made is here narrated. When De Castelnau was told of his son's death, while he was arranging for the general retreat, he paused in silence for a moment with bowed head and then said: "Gentlemen, we must get on with our work."<sup>3</sup> Foch was to have the same sad experience. It was while preparing for the battle of Trouée de Charmes, a victory for the French, he heard that his son, Lieutenant Germain Foch, and his son-in-law, Captain Bécourt, had been killed in action in the battle of the Ardennes.

The decisive part he took in winning the battle of Trouée de

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<sup>3</sup> General de Curieres de Castelnau, born on Christmas Eve, 1851, is, like Foch, a native of Gascony. He served in the Army of the Loire during the war of 1870, and attained the rank of captain at the age of nineteen.

Charmes, the first great victory for France, caused him to be promoted from being a corps commander to be commander of the Ninth Army. Had it been lost it would have forced the Allies back on the Seine line and the whole aspect of the campaign would have been altered for the worse. In the five days' battle of the Marne, which began on September 6, the Ninth Army was placed in the centre of a long line on a front of over a hundred and twenty miles between Paris and Verdun. Foch, who in his lectures at the Ecole de Guerre laid stress on the commander's will to conquer, on the attack and giving the decisive direction to the blow at the right moment, found himself in a position to give an object lesson in tactics which would never be forgotten. His object was to find out the fissure, the weak point in the enemy's line. He found it and penetrated it. The blow was aimed at Van Hausen's flank; the Ninth Army was saved; he broke the centre of the German battle line, and proved the value of a theory of warfare he had elaborated fourteen years before he made himself famous by its execution. The battle of the Marne was won. The tide of invasion had been turned back, and the long war of entrenched positions was about to begin. The French Government signalized his services by bestowing upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his leadership in this important battle. Given command of the northern group of armies, the next service he rendered was the invaluable support he gave to the hard-pressed British line at the first battle of Ypres, known in France as the battle of the Yser. At this time he transferred his headquarters from Doullens to Cassel, living in the house of a local notary. "No soldier in high command," says Captain Atteridge, "ever lived with less of ceremony surrounding his headquarters. The motor car was used only for rapid rushes to the front. He walked about the little town of Cassel unattended even by an orderly. The war correspondent of a London paper one day gave a characteristic glimpse of the general's ways. He had followed him on the chance of having a few words with him at headquarters. Foch turned aside to enter a church. The journalist went in and saw the general kneeling on the pavement with clasped hands and downcast head." This glimpse into the inner life of the valiant Christian soldier reveals the greatest greatness of the man, his sincere, solid piety. The Jesuit pupil had not forgotten the teachers and teachings of his youth; he had learned Loyola to some purpose; he remembered the golden maxim of the soldier-saint: "Pray, believing that everything depends upon God; act as if everything depended upon yourself."

That the Allies had extricated themselves from a perilous position was mainly due to Foch. The public was kept in the dark; only

those at the front knew it. "The French official communiques," records one of the historians of the war, "gave the barest information, and the Paris papers could not supplement it. The English press continued to publish reassuring articles and victorious headlines; indeed, we were officially told that our front had everywhere advanced on a day when it had everywhere fallen back."<sup>4</sup> One of the results of this official reticence, Mr. Atteridge points out, was that the immense service Foch had rendered to the Allied cause was almost unknown, and was not properly appreciated. In the spring of 1916 he had a narrow escape from death or permanent disablement during another drive after attending a conference at the headquarters of the central armies. Suddenly a woman with a child in her arms, not noticing the near approach of the car, stepped out to cross the road in front of it. The chauffeur, to avoid running over her, put on the brakes sharply and pushed around the steering-wheel. The car skidded and crashed into one of the roadside trees. Foch was hurt about the head, happily not very seriously, but seriously enough to have to be taken to the hospital at Meaux, where he was under medical treatment for some days. "It is a tribute to the position he held in the eyes of the army and the French people," comments Mr. Atteridge, "that it was considered advisable to suppress all news of the accident. The danger of such a chief being lost to the French armies would have caused widespread depression and anxiety if it had been known." He made a rapid recovery, however, and was able to coöperate with Sir Douglas Haig in the battle of the Somme, which began on July 1, 1916, and lasted until the opening of 1917, when the German retreat to the Hindenburg line gave the Allies the first great gain of ground they had secured since the tide of invasion turned at the great battle of the Marne. Towards the close of the summer he had to temporarily resign his command through illness, but a short rest restored his health. His sixty-fifth birthday anniversary was approaching, when, under the French army regulations, he would be entitled to retire from active service; but on September 30, 1916, the "Official Gazette" announced that on account of his eminent services he was exempted from the regulation and that his name was to remain "without limit of age" on the list of the first section of the General Staff, the list from which men are selected for high command. This foreshadowed his latest appointment, on May 15, as chief of the General Staff, followed by his inclusion as representative of France in the new Supreme War Council, formed to secure unity of action by the Allies. It was worthy of note here that another of these representatives of the

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<sup>4</sup> "History of the War." By Colonel John Bushan. Vol. V., p. 10.

great powers was an earnest Catholic, General Cadorna, the Italian general. General Foch's appointment preluded his ultimate nomination as commander-in-chief, although there was some jealous opposition in England to a foreigner being made generalissimo.

"It may be safely said," observes Mr. Atteridge, "that while the course of events suggested it, it was the personal character of General Foch and the solid confidence he inspired in all the armies that made the change possible. It is said that during the very critical situation produced by the German offensive of 1918 the proposal to place the Allied operations under the resourceful control of Foch came from Clemenceau, who had long learned to appreciate his masterful grasp of the science of warfare. On March 30, when the announcement of his appointment was made, General Pershing offered him the services of the American officers and men, saying: "I have come to tell you that the American people would consider it a great honor to have our troops engaged in the present battle. I ask for this in its name and in my own. Just now the only question is fighting. Our infantry, artillery, fighting men—all that we have is at your disposal. More are coming, and as many as may be required. I have come expressly to tell you that the American people will be proud to have their troops engaged in the greatest and finest battle in history." The magnanimous offer was of course accepted.

Henceforward Foch became the organizer and achiever of victory—a victory which ensures him a permanent place in military annals. The English Premier, addressing the House of Commons on April 9, said: "It is not merely that he is one of the most brilliant soldiers in Europe. He is a man who, when we were attacked and were in a similar plight at the first battle of Ypres, moved the French army there by every conceivable expedient—omnibuses, cabs, lorries, everything he could lay his hands upon—he crowded French divisions through, and undoubtedly helped to win that great battle. There is no doubt about the loyalty and comradeship of General Foch." Lord Curzon, speaking in the House of Lords, said: "Strategical control ought to be invested in single hands, or should I say in a single brain. We have suffered grievously from the want of this in the past. In these circumstances, if by common consent a single direction was required, it could only be by a Frenchman; and if a Frenchman—by General Foch." British generals in the field welcomed his appointment, and Lord French, not long after, spoke of him as the greatest leader the war had produced, an opinion universally held. Colonel Buchan, in a preface to Mr. Atteridge's book, says: "The war has ended with Ferdinand Foch beyond doubt its greatest military figure."

It was a gigantic task that was entrusted to him. The enemy was attacking in overwhelming force. It was the time when Haig frankly avowed: "We are fighting with our backs to the wall." Germany was bringing all its forces to bear against the Flanders and French fronts in a great offensive to gain a victory that would enable it to dictate peace. The French and British armies were to be separated by the push towards Amiens, and the British line itself broken by the drive towards the Channel ports. If these operations succeeded, the British army would be partly forced back across the lower Seine, partly pushed back with the Belgians to the sea and obliged to seek safety in a difficult reëmbarkation, after which the Channel coast as far as Calais would be added to the coast fortress of the Ostend-Zeebrugge seafront, Paris would be attacked and taken and the French and British armies beaten in detail. The Allies under Foch's masterful leadership foiled this daring scheme and saved France and England. The counter stroke of July 18, when twenty villages were cleaned of the enemy and 16,000 prisoners captured, proved to be the turning point of the war. The Germans had used up their reserves and were forced to act on the defensive, while American reinforcements were pouring across the Atlantic. At the opening of August the German retreat began, and on the 7th the "Journal Officiel" published the President's decree raising Foch to the rank of Marshal. "At the hour when the enemy by a formidable offensive on a front of one hundred kilometres counted upon snatching a decision and imposing a German peace, which would mean the enslavement of the world, General Foch and his admirable troops," declared M. Poincaré, "vanquished him. Paris liberated, Soissons and Chateau Thierry reconquered, over two hundred villages delivered, 35,000 prisoners and 700 guns captured, the hopes loudly proclaimed by the enemy crumbled into dust, the glorious Allied armies pushed forward in one victorious bound from the borders of the Marne to the banks of the Aisne—such are the results of a manœuvre as admirably conceived by the commander-in-chief as it was superbly executed by incomparable commanders. The confidence reposed by the Republic and all its Allies in the victor of the Marshes of St. Gond, in the illustrious leader of the Yser and the Somme, has been fully justified. The dignity of Marshal conferred upon General Foch will not be merely a recompense for fresh services, it will consecrate still better in the future the authority of the great soldier who is called to lead the armies of the Entente to final victory."

After the staggering blow which the enemy received they were soon after in full retreat towards the Rhine; Germany sued for

peace on the basis of President Wilson's fourteen points; and during the early hours of Monday morning, November 11, 1918, the armistice was signed and a war which lasted more than fifty-one months, or 1,561 days, was ended by the capitulation of the Central Powers. On November 30 Kaiser Wilhelm II., King of Prussia and the titular ruler of Bismarck's short-lived German Empire, abdicated, and on January 18, 1919, the Peace Conference, charged with remaking the map of Europe, was opened in the Salle de l'Horloge of the French Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay, Paris. It marked the final victory of the Entente—a brilliant, but, in some respects, a barren victory. It brought England, France and Italy almost to the verge of national bankruptcy, with small prospect of being able to wring from Germany the enormous indemnity demanded. We were told it was a war to end war, but has it, or is it likely to? With divided counsels inside and outside the portals of the Conference; with disputes about the delimitation of the frontiers of new states and accessions of territories by others; with the red terror of Socialism gone mad under the guise of Bolshevism, the European outlook is gloomy and menacing. The spirit of peace does not brood over the Continent, but rather stormy petrels. Events do not portend either a long period of peace, for which long-suffering nations have been sighing, or the realization of the alluring day-dream of a League of Nations. All this does not detract from the merits of the great soldier who has liberated his country and secured for Western Europe a victory dearly, many think far too dearly, purchased. With exhausted exchequers and national debts mounting into fabulous figures, it has left the victors in a condition such as Lord Lansdowne, who now has the sad satisfaction of having his unheeded warning fully justified, predicted.

One result of the war ought to be the effacement of that mental aberration which too long warped the judgments of the men in power who have shaped the home policy of the French Republic. National gratitude to the organizer of victory ought alone put an end forever to anti-clericalism. It should never be forgotten that it is to its great Catholic citizen the Republic owes its salvation from the gravest peril that ever faced it. Religion, adherence to the ancient creed of Catholic France, was to him something besides personal conviction. "It has been," writes Captain Atteridge in the closing chapter of his thought-compelling work, "a real force in the shaping of his great career. The faith which was that of united Christendom for more than a thousand years before the Revolution of the sixteenth century, and which in our own day has more adherents than any other form of Christian belief, is assured by, even if no higher claim is made for it, one that gives to men a clean chart

by which to set their course in the voyage of life. It gives to those who accept its guidance a clearly-defined rule of conduct and plain answers to the problems of time and eternity. Our soldiers in France and Flanders have learned something of its practical bearing upon the lives of men. For not a few of them the crucifixes standing untouched in ruined villages or by the roadside amid shell-torn trees have come to be strangely impressive symbols of the faith that stands unbroken amid the storms of life. They have seen, too, peasants and townsfolk in the churches not only for once-a-week service, but at all hours of the day, and soldiers gathered round the improvised altars on the fighting fronts and even in the trenches themselves. In the campaign of Lorraine and in the days of the Marne, when Foch was not at a headquarters behind the war front, but among the soldiers in the actual battle-front, he was more than once seen kneeling among his officers and men at those Masses celebrated under the open sky. At Doullens, Cassel, and Frevent, day after day he found time for the morning Mass, and in some leisure moments of the day he went again to pray before the altar. On the morning of the most critical day in the fight by the Marshes of St. Gond he appealed to the chaplains for their prayers. On the eve of his last great effort he asked for the prayers of the children of France. The editor of a Catholic newspaper, the "London Universe," passed on his appeal to the Catholic children of England, and was able to write to Marshal Foch that thousands of them were offering their Communion for him. Amid the pressure of his work the Marshal wrote a letter of thanks for what he described as 'this great act of Faith.' On the authority of one who was with him at his headquarters we know that on the evening of July 17, when he had issued his final orders for the great efforts of next day, he laid all work aside to find time for prayer. He had told his staff that he wished, if possible, to be left undisturbed for an hour or so. They naturally thought that he felt he needed a brief rest. But how he was spending the hour was revealed by a mere chance. A telegram arrived that required his immediate attention. He was sought for and found alone in a little chapel kneeling in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament." He was seeking light and guidance where he was sure to find it, where many of the knights of old in the ages of faith kept their vigil of arms and prepared themselves to do battle for the right, fortified by prayer.

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## PLANTS: THEIR ROOTS AND NAMES

**D**ID you ever wonder how some familiar plants get their names —why daisy is so called and what anemone means and who first christened the pansy? A desire to learn something about the appellations of plants leads one into unexpected fields of history, folklore, biography, geography, language, while the suitability of certain names to certain plants makes one respect the peoples of bygone days who could see so much in the features and lives of their vegetable neighbors.

Plant names are often of great age, and in many cases it is not known how many thousands of years ago they were coined. Thus lotus takes us back to the legendary period of Greek history, long before real history began to be written; it was beyond doubt a common word in conversation long before there was an alphabet to embalm it. With slight changes, many familiar terms are known by all related nations in their varied speech, so that some household English word may be traced back through several languages to the deadeast of all tongues, the Sanskrit. Many peoples have made contributions to the botanical part of our dictionary, Greek, Latin and Anglo-Saxon predominating. Some of the words have come to us direct, but others are traced through a path so faint that only a keen eye for letter changes and an acute ear for tone shades could detect the descent. As one philologist says: "Birch takes us back to the primeval forests of India, for it seems to have its origin in the Sanskrit 'bhurja.'" In the Middle English period it was birche, or as the Scotch still have it birk, but it has allied forms in Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Swedish, Danish, German, Russian, Polish, and Servian, wherever the tree is known, which are but other spellings for the same Sanskrit "bhurja." Tamarisk, a tree with very dark bark, is from "tamas" (darkness), and traces of Sanskrit are found in fern, rice, ginger, deodar, while gorse, like "horror," is a descendant of the Sanskrit "hrsh," or "harsh," to bristle.

Phlox is a good Greek word, as will be seen at once by the initial "ph"; it is the name of some plant which must have been flame-colored, for it comes from the verb "to burn." The phlox of modern botany, however, is a native American plant, and the discoverer must have gone to his Greek dictionary and culled the word as especially applicable to the red blossoms of some of the species. Anemone and windflower are identical in meaning, windflower being a translation of the classic name the Greeks called the blossom, because, as Pliny tells us, "it opens at the wind's bidding." The

amaranth, species of which are known as pigweed, prince's-feather, and love-lies-bleeding, gets its name from that imaginary flower of the ancient poets supposed never to fade; the word is a combination of the prefix "a" not, and "mortal," and immortality is a characteristic of which the gardener would gladly rob the pestiferous pigweed, if possible. Whoever named the cranesbill "geranium" did not coin a new word, but only applied the Greek name of the bird to the long, slender beak of the seed-vessels, as the Anglo-Saxon did.

Some words lifted directly from the Greek into English are cyclamen, smilax, chrysanthemum or "gold-flower," polyanthus or "many-flowered," myosotis or "mouse-ear." Celery and parsley both come from the same Greek root, strange as it may seem at first glance; "petroselinum" is the term for parsley, or really "rock-celery," and the last part of the word (selium) furnishes us, by way of the French, with a name for celery, while a contraction of the word into "persil" became in time "parsley." Cherry comes to us from the French "cerise," but they got it from the Greek "kerastus," or "horn," owing probably to the hardness of the wood. Flax, meandering through most of the principal languages, reaches at last the same Greek root as ply, to "bend" or "plait." Box is Anglo-Saxon for "buxus," the Latinized form of the Greek name of the tree: it is from the use of the wood for making cases that the word "box" came to mean any receptacle made of firm material topped with a lid. From the Greek root, which translates into rose, we get not only the name of our most popular flower, but also rhododendron, or "rose-tree," and rhodora. Hellebore is the plant the Greeks honored by bestowing upon it the name of their own country Helle; which was in turn named from the beautiful maiden who fell off the golden-fleeced ram at the Hellespont; perhaps there may be some legendary connection between the name of the plant and that tragic event.

Daffodil comes from asphodel, which it formerly was called. The initial "d" is not satisfactorily accounted for, unless it might have come through the German "der asphodill" and then "d'asphodill." The Greek word for apple translates letter for letter into "melon," from which we get "malus," the Latin for apple. Melon became applied to fruits of the vine through a compound word, "melon-apple," or "melopepo," a name they gave to an apple-shaped species of large melon, and hence it is that to us "melon" denotes gourd-like fruits rather than genuine apples. Here come in several interesting word formations. Camomile is "humble-melon," and translated literally means "earth-apple," or "earth-melon," being so called from the lowliness of the plant and its musk-melon-like odor. From "pepo," the real Greek word for melon, comes pumpkin, by way of

the French; the word originally meant "cooked by the sun," or ripe, mellow, because not eaten until ripe. Apricot, through the Arabic, is a Greek form of "cook," and means "precocious," or early ripe.

Latin, like Greek, is by no means a dead language, since it furnishes hundreds of pretty names for living plants. We are really speaking good Latin whenever we say *laburnum*, *arborvitæ*, *viburnum*, *auricula* (little ear), *gladiolus*, when accented on the second syllable, *cereus* (wax-candle, from the columnar shape of one species of the cactus); *arbutus*, which, if accented on the first syllable, has the same sound it had when first applied by some early Roman to the European straw-berry tree. *Senecio* is from "*senex*," "an old man," in allusion to the silky down of the seed which is supposed to suggest the silvery hairs of age. *Lupin* is from "*lupus*," or "wolf," and indicates the wolfish appetite of the plant for carboniferous soil. *Juniper* is a short form of "*juniperus*"; *gin* is a contraction of *Geneva*, a kind of liquor flavored with juniper-berries, or "*genievre berres*," as the French makes it: Tennyson doubtless had knowledge of this relation between gin and juniper when he wrote:

The gin within the juniper  
Began to make him merry.—Amphion.

Many plant names lead back to the Latin through French, either modern or mediæval. Thus *jonquil* is a direct French descendant of "*juncus*," or rush, the one plant being named from the resemblance of its leaves to those of the other. *Millet* is the diminutive of "*mille*," a thousand, which almost seems the correct number of seeds to each head. *Pansy* is literally "for thoughts," as it is derived from "*pensee*," thought. *Dandelion* is "tooth of the lion"; there is a difference of opinion as to which part of the plant is supposed to represent the lion's tooth; some fancy the jagged leaves gave rise to the name, while others claim that it refers to the yellow flowers, which they liken to the golden teeth of the heraldic lion. In nearly every European and English-speaking country the plant bears a name of similar signification. *Plantain* is from "*planta*," the sole of the foot, perhaps named from its flat leaves, though it may be for the reason that the plant follows man's footsteps so closely; the Indians named it from the latter habit:

"Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them  
Springs a flower unknown among us,  
Springs the White-man's-foot in blossom."—Hiawatha.

Other Latin words that have been changed into flower names are *clove* ("*clavus*," a nail, which the dried flower-bud is supposed to

resemble), cabbage ("caput," head), lettuce ("lactic," milk, from the white juice which flows from the plant when cut), radish ("radix," root), fennel ("fennum," hay) and hundreds of others.

A few of our plant names have retained their original Anglo-Saxon form, letter for letter, such as elm, corn, and bean. But most of the words from this source have changed at least slightly from the early form, and dock, oak, ivy, mistletoe, aspen, woodbine, and scores of others have been adapted to modern spelling. Rowan tree may be derived from "run," a secret, or charm, and doubtless indicates the remedies believed at one time to be found in rowan branches as witch, lightning and demon dispellers. Hollyhock is "holyhock," a "hoc" or mallow that was first brought to England from the Eastern, or "holy," countries. The meadowsweet is apt to be disappointing because of the hopes raised by the plant's common name; Dr. Prior, however, states that this is a corruption of "meadow-wort," or honey-wine herb, alluding to the fact which is mentioned in old herbals that "the flowers mixed with mead give it the flavor of the Greek wines." The derivation of marigold is somewhat obscure; in the "Grete Herball" of the sixteenth century the flower is spoken of as Mary Cowles, and by the early English poets as "gold"; as the first part of the word might be from the Anglo-Saxon "mere," a marsh, it seems possible that the entire name may signify "marsh-gold," which would be an appropriate and poetic title for this shining flower of the bogs. Beech is Anglo-Saxon "boc," the origin of the word "book," because the ancient Saxons and Germans wrote their runes on pieces of beechen board.

The French contributions to plant names, though many, have been mainly in the adaptation of Latin words. Mignonette, however, is a word of their own coining, and is the diminutive of "mignon," darling; it is said that the soldiers of Napoleon impulsively bestowed the name upon the plant as soon as they discovered it blooming in Italy. Fleur-de-lis is "flower of the lily," though some claim that it really means "flower of the Louis," it being the chosen emblem of the French kings of that name. Sainfoin is another one of their words and means "wholesome hay"; the name is derived from this legend: When the Infant Jesus was lying in the manger this plant was found among the grass and herbs which composed His beds; it had opened its little flowers and formed a wreath about His head. Grape has the same French root as "grappin," a kind of hook; the sense perhaps came from the clutching tendrils of the plant.

The most familiar German plant name in general use is the Edelweiss, or "noble-white," a small aster of the Alps. Cranberry is

"kranishberre," and is so called because at the time of blossoming the stem, calyx and petals are fancied to resemble the neck, head and bill of a crane; probably its favorite habitat, a wet marsh, has some influence on the name, as well, the plant and the bird frequenting such places. Dodder is paralleled in the German "dotter," the yolk of an egg, and is probably derived from it.

The Danish language contributes fir, gherkin, bilberry, and Dannebrog. Dannebrog is the name of the national flag of Denmark, and the Dannebrog poppy has red flowers which bear a white cross at the base of their petals. The Dutch "boekweit," or "beech-wheat," from the shape of its seed to that of beechmast, becomes in English buckwheat. Hop is closely related to "hoppe," Hollandese for our corresponding verb and refers to the plant's rapid growth and climbing habits. The Swedish language has given us rotabagge, also krusbar (gooseberry) from "krusig," crisp.

Whin is Welsh, dulse and shamrock are Gaelic, belladonna (beautiful lady) is Italian. The Portuguese are said to have named the coco, which is their word for a bugbear, or an ugly mask to frighten children, and it refers to the ugly monkey-like face at the base of the nut.

Spanish names are common in the West and South, such as madero, manzanita, vanilla, sarsaparilla, yerba, granadilla, and from native Indian names they adapted yucca, guava, banana, papaya, potato, sapodilla. Genuine Indian names are hickory, puccoon, catalpa, tamarack, maize, pipsissewa, petunia, with slight variations; while the natives of Mexico and the West Indies are sponsors for tule, ipecac, zapote, tacamahac, cacao, mescal, mahogany, tobacco, persimmon and cashew. Squash, as applied to the vegetables we know by that name, is the Massachusetts Indian "askutasquash," raw, green, immature, applied to fruit and vegetables used green or uncooked; it has no relation to the old French word "esquaissier," which becomes in English "squash," meaning anything soft and easily crushed, and in Shakespeare's time given to the unripe pods of the pea.

"Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod."—"Twelfth Night."

Tamarind, senna, barberry, artichoke are Arabic in origin; Benjamin-bush, one name for our spice-bush, is not so termed in honor of any person, but is the Arabic name of such plants, "benzoin," corrupted. The Hebrew "esop," after traveling down through the Greek, Latin, French and Middle English, is known in our day as "hyssop"; the Hebrews also gave us cinnamon, cassia, ebony, balm and balsam. The Persians called the tulip "dulband," a turban;

lilac, jasmine and pistachio are also Persian in origin. Curry and mango are Tamil; bamboo, upas, sago and guttapercha are Malay. Tea is Chinese, of course, and so is kumquat, the name of a kind of orange; ginseng, or jin-chen, signifies "like a man," from the fancied resemblance of the forked roots of some specimens to the human form.

Interesting bits of geography are tucked into many a plant name. The guelder-rose, or snowball, was supposed to have come from Gelderland, a province of Holland. The currant is in French "corinthe"; "raisins de Corinthe" were the small seedless raisins first imported from Greece, and the ribes fruit is named from its resemblance to these Corinthian raisins. It is thought that rhubarb was named by the Greeks from the River "Rha" (the Volga), and "barbarous," foreign. Indigo comes from India; candytuft from Candia, dittany from Mount Dicte in Crete, where it is very abundant; spruce from Prussia, either because it was first known as a native of that kingdom or because its sprouts were first used there in making spruce beer. Chestnut is from Castana, a city of Asia Minor, where chestnut trees grew in abundance and whence they were introduced into Europe. Oswego tea, St. Augustine grass, Cedar of Lebanon, Kenilworth ivy, Lombardy poplar, African almond, Swiss pine and such combinations plainly indicate the locality where the plant is common, or the country where first discovered. The Jimson weed was originally Jamestown weed; it is an Asiatic member of the nightshade family, naturalized in this country; it was so associated with civilization as to be called "whiteman's plant" by the Indians, and made its appearance very early in the seventeenth century, if not directly upon the founding of Jamestown.

Gerard, an old-time herbalist, indignantly declares that the grass of Parnassus has been described by blind men, not "such as are blinde in their eyes, but in there understandings, for if this plant be a kind of grasse then may the Butterburre or Colte's-foot be reckoned for grasses—as also all other plants whatsoever." But if it covered Mount Parnassus, the hill sacred to Apollo and the Muses, with its delicate veiny blossoms, as abundantly as it does some moist meadows, the ancients may have reasoned that a plant almost as common as grass must somehow partake of its nature—provided, of course, that they did name the plant.

"Plant me this grass beside my homely fount,  
I shall not care to climb Parnassus' mount."—John Finley.

#### THE NAME TO FIT THE PLANT.

Mark Twain, in his translation of "Eve's Diary," presents to the world our foremother's brief record of how easy she found her

task of naming the newly created things all about her, since she no sooner looked at a thing than she knew just what it should be called. Hundreds of our plants must have been the inspiration of their own names in the same way, since peculiarities of root, leaf, stem, blossom or seed broadly hint the names they should bear. Buttercup, sticktight, twisted-stalk, snowball, goldenrod, coneflower, bloodroot, milkweed, pink, crinkleroot, bunchberry, trumpet-flower, touch-me-not, red-bud, beard-grass, arrowhead, sneezeweed, bluebell, sickle-pod—all seem self-named.

"And then the speedwell blue  
Cheers with its two kind words."—Anon.

"And the fragile speedwell blue  
Bade us on our journey haste."—Florence Tyler.

The roots of the goldthread are yellow and fine; those of the dentaria and toothwort are knotted and scaled in a toothlike manner; those of the rest-harrow are long and tough enough to have arrested many a drag and plow. Hepatica is New Latin derived from the Green word for liver; it is also called liverwort, both names referring to the shape of the lobed leaves. The compass plants have leaves or branches disposed to arrange themselves on the axis so as to indicate the cardinal points of the compass:

"Compass-plants to northward turning."—Lucy Larcom.

"Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadows,  
See how the leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;  
This is the compass-plant, that the finger of God has planted  
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler's journey."

—Evangeline.

The hobble-bush is of struggling growth, and its reclining branches, which often take root in the ground, have suggested its popular names of hobble-bush and wayfaring tree. The ice-plant is named for its glittering foliage; the knot-grass, or "ninety-knot," has jointed stems; hardhack is a woody shrub more difficult to cut than the other meadowsweets to which it is closely related; basswood has overthick layers of bast in its composition; nine-bark separates into many thin layers; the stems of the crossvine often show a conspicuous X in a transverse section of the wood; and many another plant has as apt a name. What could be more appropriate than "herb-impious"; it is a member of the aster family and the successively overtopping flower heads fancifully suggest undutiful children trampling over their humble parent stems. Wordsworth says of the "love-lies-bleeding":

"You call it 'Love-lies-bleeding,'—so you may,  
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,  
As we have seen it here from day to day,  
From month to month, life passing not away;  
A flower how rich in sadness!"

The mountain-laurel is called calico-bush, whose red-marked corollas, to an imaginative mind, might suggest the cheap cotton prints sold in the shops. Nasturtium is a combination of "nasmus" (nose) and "torguere," to twist or torture, in allusion to its causing one to make a wry face. The skullcap is a mint, the calyx of the flower, when inverted, having the appearance of a helmet with the visor raised. In the whorl of leaves that surmount its cluster of pendant bell-shaped flowers at the top of its stalk, the crown-imperial bespeaks itself. Ladies'-tresses is an orchid with small flowers that grow about the spike in spiral lines, giving a braided effect; they are also called ladies'-lâces from the fancied resemblance between these twisted clusters and the lacings that play so important a part in the feminine toilet. Love-in-a-mist, or still better, love-in-a-puzzle, is also called St. Catherine's flower and "devil-in-a-bush," due to the appearance of the flowers with their finely dissected bracts.

"This herb, I think,  
Grows where the Greek hath been. Its beauty shows  
A subtle and full knowledge, and betrays  
A genius of contrivance. Seest thou how  
The fading emerald and azure blent,  
On the white petals are enmeshed about  
With delicate sprigs of green? 'Tis therefore called  
Love-in-a-mist."—Robert Bridges.

Thoreau, however, takes exception to "painted cup": "I do not like the name. It does not remind me of a cup, rather of a flame when it first appears. It might be called flame-flower, or scarlet tip." But the name seems destined to last; indeed, it is too pretty, even if not wholly descriptive, to be lost. People will see likenesses and will coin names, no matter what the more exact scientists would wish, and so the list goes on—puffball, everlasting, lady's-eardrop, moccasin flower, bleeding heart, Indian pipe, Dutchman's breeches, shepherd's purse,—it seems unending. Morning-glory, evening-primrose, four-o'clock, Christmas rose, pasque flower, Easter lily, Pinkster flower (Dutch for Pentecost), mayflower, are named from their times of blossoming; dayflower from their transitoriness of one blossom's life; wallflower, ground ivy, bog-cotton, mountain lover,

prairie lily, water-cress, wood nettle, Alpine rose, indicate favorite habitats. Such designations are very common, particularly those of a geographical nature. Some plants have been named from their uses. The toothbrush tree of the Old World is a good example, clusters of its twigs being sold for toilet purposes. Dogwood is said to have no reference to the animal, but to the "dogs" or wooden skewers made of the wood. The spindle-tree, arrow-wood, bed-straw, soapwort, wax-myrtle are testimonials to the fact that a thing may be both ornamental and useful. The banyan was so called by the English in allusion to the use of the space sheltered by the tree as a market place for the native merchants or "banians." The broad leaves of the butterbur were once used in England for wrapping up pats of butter.

Medicinal value, supposed if not actual, has had its influence in plant-naming. Clary is said to mean "clear-eye," from its effect; so, too, the eye-bright. Comfrey is from the Latin "conferva," meaning "to heal" or "to grow together," from its supposed healing power; from "consolida," "to make solid," comes its other name of consound. Potentilla, another name for the cinquefoils, means "potent"; tormentil comes from "torment" because believed to allay pain; sage is "salvus," or "saved," in allusion to its healing properties; and colicroot, goutweed, throatwort, whitlow grass, spleenwort, kidney vetch, feverfew and pleurisy root are said to have curative effects on the diseases whose name they bear. Heal-all, or self-heal, was used in England as an application to the wound received by rustic laborers, as its common names, carpenter's herb, hook-heal and sicklewort, imply. That the French had a similar practice is proved by an old proverb of theirs to the effect that "No one wants a surgeon who keeps Prunella." Vervain has a time-honored name of "simpler's joy," from the remuneration which this popular plant brought to the simplers or gatherers of medicinal herbs. The boneset is one of the few herbs whose efficacy has not been overrated, as one of its names, thoroughwort, testifies. The Indians called the plant "ague-weed." The botanist Millspaugh says: "It is prominently adapted to cure a disease peculiar to the South, known as 'break-bone' fever, and it is without doubt from this property that the name 'boneset' was derived."

Herb Robert, one of the geraniums, was said to have been of great value in curing a disease known as "Robert's plague," after Robert, Duke of Normandy; in some of the early writers it is alluded to as the "holy herb of Robert." The ugly common name of "shin-leaf" for the pretty pyrola arose from an early custom of applying the leaves of this plant to bruises or sores, the English peas-

antry being in the habit of calling any kind of plaster a "shin-plaster" without regard to the part of the body to which it might be applied. Motherwort, a bitter Old World mint, was cultivated in gardens as mother's first aid to the injured. Castor oil gets its name from confusion with castoreum, a substance obtained from the beaver and used in medicines and perfumeries.

The tway-blade, twinflower, trefoil, trillium, cinquefoil, milfoil, introduce the most elementary mathematics into flower-names; while the other end of this noble science, astronomy, has contributed terms in frequent use—aster, shooting star, blazing star, star-grass, sunflower, heliotrope, turnsole, sundrops, sun-tree, moonflower, moon-seed, moon-fern, daisy or "day's eye"—the number is comparatively small, yet not to be wholly slighted.

Animal-named plants crowd the pages of botany. Frequently these terms have resulted from some fancied resemblance; in other cases the name implies food value, or medicinal or poisonous effect; sometimes the animal prefix means "large, coarse, worthless or false." Cowslip is a variation of "cow's-slop"—the bits of butter that have been scattered about by the cow. Oxlip is a modification of the word, and implies that the one is mated by the other, both being members of the primrose family and closely related:

"As cowslip unto oxlip is,  
So seemed she to the boy."—Tennyson.

"The Cowslip then they couch, and th' Oxlip for her meet."  
—Michael Drayton.

Cowtree is a term applied to any of the several trees yielding a rich milky juice, whether edible or not; the cow-pea is cultivated for forage; the cow-poison and the cow-bane are injurious to stock; and some large coarse forms of different plants are cow-parsley, cow-parsnip and cow-chervil. And so we have, among the multitudes of this class of names: bearberry, oxeye, elephant trunk, skunk cabbage, horse-mint, colt's foot, mustang-grape, deer-grass, sow-thistle, dog-violet, wolfsbane, foxglove, catbrier, tigerlily, harebell, mouse-ear, goat's beard, moosewood, hedgehog cactus. Many harmless plants have been given reptile names — rattlesnake plantain, snakemouth, addertongue, alligator-bonnets, turtle-head, lizard's-tail. Among the insect-named flowers are bee larkspur, fly orchid, butterfly pea, catchfly, moth-mullein (the blossoms appear as though a number of canary yellow or purplish white moths had alighted on the stalk for a moment's rest), fleabane and lousewort, both named from the belief that they were objectionable to insects, and worm-wood.

The Scythian lamb is a strange freak; it is an immense tree fern with a shaggy root-stock above ground, which at a distance resembles a small woolly sheep lying at the foot of the plant. The bee orchis has "a lip in form and color so like a bee that any one unacquainted with it would take it for a living bee." Some years ago a writer, describing the toad-orchis, amusingly spoke as follows of its eccentricities: "Let the reader imagine a green snake to be pressed flat like a dried flower, and then to have a row of toads, or some such speckled reptiles, drawn up along the middle in single file, their backs set up, their forelegs sprawling right and left and their mouths wide open, with a large purple tongue wagging about convulsively, and a pretty considerable approach will be gained to an idea of this plant, which, if Pythagoras had but known of it, would have rendered all arguments about the transmigration of souls superfluous." The adder-tongue lily is probably named from the markings of its leaves; Mr. Burroughs has suggested "fawn lily" for the plant instead, because a fawn is mottled and because the two leaves stand up with the alert, startled look of a fawn's ears. Crab-grass and crab-apple probably get their names from the animal, one having creeping habits and the other a pinching or puckering taste. Eel-grass and pickerel-weed are of course water-loving plants, but the shadbush is so named from the time of its flowering, the season when the shad run. Of course, the birds have not been missed, either; there's larkspur, crowberry, wake robin, cuckoo-bread, old hen and chickens, cock's-comb, duckweed, goosefoot, peacock-flower, cockatoo-bush, cranesbill, pigeonwood, ostrich-egg-gourd, sparrowwort, emu apple, *ad libitum*. The name of the columbine is derived from "columba," a dove; but its significance is disputed. Some believe that it was associated with the bird-like claws of the blossom, but Dr. Prior maintains that it refers to their resemblance of its nectaries to the heads of pigeons in a ring around a dish, a favorite device of ancient artists.

"O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell."—Jean Ingelow.

Both swallowwort and chelidonium, two names for the same plant, are from the Greek word for swallow; Gray says because its flowers appear with the swallow; but if we turn to Gerard we read that the title was not bestowed because it "first springeth at the coming of the swallowes, or dieth when they go away, for as we have saide, it may be founde all the yeare; but because some holde opinion that with this herbe the dams restore sight to their young ones, when their eies be put out." The hawkweed is said, by folklore, to be

able to restore the lost strength of members of the falcon family, hence the name. The corydalis is the ancient Greek name for the crested lark, and refers to the crested seeds of this genus. Then, too, a plant is sometimes called after another vegetable it resembles in some way. The willowherb is a member of the evening-primrose family, with slender, willow-like foliage. And there is the chestnut oak, the cherry laurel, the rose geranium, the grape hyacinth, strawberry-tree, false indigo, and many plants with the distinguishing term American, African, and so on.

Plants have all sorts of pet names; it would require pages to enumerate them all. The yellow lady-slipper is the whipporwill's-shoe; the dog-violet is the cuckoo's-shoe; the Creoles call the yellow tangled stems of the dodder "angel's-hair"; mullein is velvet plant and witch's taper; the dandelion is the peasant's clock; sorrel is bread-and-cheese; toad-flax is bread-and-butter; one of the narcissi having two shades of yellow is "butter-and-eggs"; the cuckoo-pint is "lords and ladies," the purple-tinged ones being the lords and the light green ones the ladies; Dutchman's breeches are "white-hearts"; pitcher-plant is "hunter's-cup" and "side-saddle flower"; the bitter yarrow is "old man's pepper"; pansy is "kiss-me-quick." Throughout Europe the wood sorrel bears the odd name of "halles-lujah," on account of its flowering between Easter and Whitsuntide, the season when the Psalms sung in the churches resound with that word. Lady's smock is termed "bread-and-milk" from the custom of country people having that simple fare for breakfast about the season the flower first comes in; it is also cuckoo-flower, meadow-cress and milkmaid. The ribwort plantain is the "chimney sweep," as the blackened stalks of the ripe seed-heads clearly indicate. In England they call the hawkweed "Grimm the Collier," on account of its black hairs and after a comedy of the same title which was popular during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The snowdrop has been nicknamed "Fair Maid of February" from its early blossoming. The foxglove is the digitalis (French for finger-stall or thimble), and its nicknames are fairy finger, finger flower, finger root and fairy bell.

"So our old Mullein, here of deference scant,  
Struts 'round in England as 'The Velvet Plant.'"

—Will Carleton.

"Many, many welcomes,  
February fair-maid,  
Ever as of old time,  
Solitary firstling,

Coming in the cold time,  
 Prophet of the gay time,  
 Prophet of the May time,  
 Prophet of the roses,  
 Many, many welcomes,  
 February fair-maid."—Tennyson.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

## SIDNEY LANIER AND HIS POETRY

**A**LTHOUGH the poems of Sidney Lanier are fairly familiar to readers of poetry, it can hardly be said that he has really come into his own. He was no intellectual pauper whose ready rhymes and facile fecundity foredoomed him to neglect; neither was he a "jingle-man" (in Emersonian phrase) with whom sense was subservient to sound. He was a true poet, touched by the sacred fire, who strove in his brief hour to utter worthily the thoughts and feelings which stirred his ardent soul. Like Churchill, "the marvelous boy who perished in his pride," and Keats and Shelley, he died young, but not before he had won from fame a niche among the immortals. When he died, in 1881, he had reached only his thirty-ninth year, and almost half of his short life was a vain struggle against disease. The malady that sent Keats to an early grave and condemned Robert Louis Stevenson to exile in Southern seas marked Lanier for its prey while he was a prisoner during the Civil War; and the hardships which he then endured, with the privations of his later life, no doubt hastened its progress. On his return home after the war he had the opportunity of taking a place in his father's law office, but the prospect was abhorrent to him.

"How can I," he wrote, "settle myself down to be a third-rate struggling lawyer for the balance of my little life as long as there is a certainty almost absolute that I can do some other thing so much better?" The "other thing" which Lanier felt it would be better for him to do was to devote himself to literature. He felt indeed that in following his literary bent he was consecrating himself to a noble calling. Lanier was not deceiving himself in choosing his path in life. Of course, no sane man sits down to write poetry for a living. The poet sings because he must; he thinks in numbers and the numbers come. Fugitive verse wins recognition slowly. Goldsmith has told us how poetry "found him poor and kept him so." Lanier's experience was no exception. It is a heroic figure that he presents to the world—a brave man fighting against sickness and poverty. He felt no bitterness, however, even though he spoke of

"The praise a poet wins too late  
Who starves from earth into a star."

We can forgive him for punning when he could jest, even grimly, at his misfortunes. His first success came with the long

poem entitled "Corn," which speedily brought him into notice. Meanwhile, and even to the last, he had to work hard to keep from starving. Being an accomplished flautist, he found work in a symphony orchestra. He also gave a series of lectures, published some essays on poetry and music, and edited a few classics for the booksellers. These included boys' editions of the "Chronicles of Froissart," "Legends of King Arthur," "The Mabinogion" and "Percy's Reliques." He even prepared for a railroad company a guidebook to Florida, whither he had gone in search of health. The trade of authorship ever has been a precarious one. As Sir Walter Scott shrewdly said, it is a useful walking cane, but a poor staff. Literary history is full of the miseries of those forced to depend on it for support. From the days of Homer (who sang in the streets) to our own he who spins his brains for bread will often go hungry if he would keep his independence and self-respect. It was not until the appearance of this poem entitled "Corn" that the public awoke to the fact that a true poet was amongst them whom they had hitherto failed to recognize. It is a long poem—too long for quotation. Its theme is a simple one, but its phrasing is masterly. Gazing on a Georgian field of waving corn, the poet contrasts its promise of plenty, "The slow reward of patient grain," with the uncertain harvest of the cotton field, whose planter "sowed his heart with hopes of swifter gain." He points the moral with telling effect, and closes with

"Visions of golden treasuries of corn—  
Ripe largesse lingering for some bolder heart  
That manfully shall take thy part,  
And tend thee,  
And defend thee,  
With antique sinew and with modern art."

Having won public attention, Lanier held it to the end. Each succeeding poem secured his reputation, for although he wrote almost constantly, he had the artist's soul and strove for perfection. He did not, however, make it a fetich. He did not polish to attenuation, neither did he neglect the *labor limae*. He had a high idea of the function of poetry. He sought by its means to kindle an enthusiasm for beauty, purity, nobility of life. These he regarded as the poet's first duty to teach and to exemplify. His theory of poetry is more correct than that of Poe, who held that poetry has no concern whatever with duty or with truth. Lanier believed that in poetry truth is beauty and beauty is truth; but he had an even

higher conception of beauty than Keats had, for he speaks of the "beauty of holiness." Many of his poems reveal the religious turn of his mind and the rapture with which he looked upon the work of the Creator in the beauties of nature. A true lover of Nature, Lanier devoted several poems to her worship. They afford abundant proof of his fidelity of observation and power of vivid word-painting.

Here is a little gem from a poem entitled "Clover," inscribed to the memory of Keats:

" 'Tis a perfect hour.  
From founts of dawn the fluent Autumn day  
Has rippled as a brook right pleasantly  
Half-way to noon; but now with widening turn  
Makes pause, in lucent meditation locked,  
And rounds into a silver pool of morn,  
Bottom'd with clover fields. \* \* \*"

The impetuous onrush of the mountain stream is admirably suggested in the "Song of the Chattahoochee":

"Out of the hills of Habersham,  
Down in the Valleys of Hall,  
I hurry amain to reach the plain,  
Run the rapid and leap the fall,  
Split at the rock and together again  
Accept my bed or narrow or wide,  
And flee from folly on every side  
With a lover's pain to attain the plain  
Far from the hills of Habersham,  
Far from the Valleys of Hall."

The atmosphere of the country, its sights and sounds, come to us as we read these few lines from a poem entitled "The Waving of the Corn":

Unseen, the farmer's boy from round the hill  
Whistles a snatch that seeks his soul unsought,  
And fills some time with tune, howbeit shrill,  
The cricket tells straight on his simple thought—  
Nay, 'tis the cricket's way of being still;  
The peddler-bee drones in, and gossips naught:  
Far down the wood, a one-desiring dove  
Times me the beating of the heart of love:  
And these be all the sounds that mix each morn  
With waving of the corn.

Characteristically fanciful is "Tampa Robins." It is worthy of a musical setting:

The robin laughed in the orange-tree:  
Ho, Windy North, a fig for thee:  
While breasts are red and wings are bold  
And green trees wave in globes of gold,  
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—  
Sunlight, song and the orange-tree.

Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,  
My orange-planets; crimson I  
Will shine and shoot among the spheres  
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)  
And thrid the heavenly orange-tree  
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

If that I hate wild winter's spite—  
The gibbet trees, the world in white,  
The sky but gray wind over a grave—  
Why should I ache, the season's slave?  
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree,  
"Gramercy, winter's tyranny."

I'll South with the sun, and keep my clime;  
My wing is king of the summer time;  
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold,  
And I'll call down through the green and gold,  
"Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me;  
Bestir thee under the orange-tree."

In the little poem "Ireland," written at the time of the Irish famine in 1880, Lanier sent this cheering message to that land of so much suffering and sorrow:

Heartsome Ireland, Winsome Ireland,  
Charmer of the sun and sea,  
Bright beguiler of old anguish,  
How could Famine frown on thee?

As our Gulf Stream drawn to thee-ward,  
Turns him from his northward flow,  
And our wintry western headlands  
Send thee summer from their snow,

Thus the main and cordial current  
Of our love sets over sea,—  
Tender, comely, valiant Ireland,  
Songful, soulful, sorrowful Ireland,—  
Streaming warm to comfort thee.

His warm, vibrant nature was stirred to sympathy with suffering and sorrow wherever found. His first book, "Tiger Lilies" (a rather jejune affair), was the outcome of his experiences during the Civil War, in the course of which, as already mentioned, he was made prisoner.\* It is in part an allegory in which he likens war to "an enormous terrible flower, with damp shade and unhealthy odour." So deeply did the *insania belli* impress him he "could wish that it might perish utterly out of sight, and life, and memory, and out of the remote hope of resurrection, for ever and ever." *Alta sedent civilis vulnera dextrae.*

"Thoughts that fray the restless soul" troubled Lanier regarding the mystery of man, and the Divine ordination of things which will one day be made plain to all:

"\* \* \* How God can dumbness keep  
While sin keeps grinning through His house of Time,  
Stabbing His saintliest children in their sleep,  
And staining holy walls with clots of crime?  
Or, how may He whose wish but names a fact  
Refuse what miser's-scanting of supply  
Would richly glut each void where man hath lacked  
Of grace or bread?

Genuine in impulse, fervid in temper, "his song was only living aloud," and it was the flame of the fire that consumed him. "A thousand songs are singing in my heart," he wrote in the year before he died, "that will certainly kill me if I do not utter them soon." Though he loved life, and sought to prolong it by changes of climate, he did not fear death, as is beautifully shown in the little lyric, "The Stirrup-Cup," written when he was in Florida:

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare;  
Look how compounded, with what care!  
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee  
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

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\* While confined in the Federal prison at Point Lookout he became acquainted with Father Tabb, the Maryland poet-priest, who was also a prisoner there. They became firm friends.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:  
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;  
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me,  
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

Knowing that his years were to be few, Lanier strove to make good the faculties that he possessed. He lived a crowded, strenuous life, each hour filled with his efforts to prove himself worthy of what he believed to be his destiny—to win the poet's crown.

There can be little doubt but for the tragic conditions of his life he would have struck a chord and sounded a note that would forever echo in the hearts of men. His swan song, "Sunrise," has an impassioned fervor of utterance that only needed a serener atmosphere for self-criticism to have made it a perfect poem. He had the critical faculty in a high degree, as can be seen in his University lectures. In "The Crystal" his winged shafts of pointed criticism find their mark in Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Milton, Aeschylus, Lucretius, Emerson, Keats and Tennyson. Great Homer nodded, and not even Shakespeare and Dante are so sacrosanct that we may not be shown their imperfections. Even when we are unable to share his point of view, we have to admit the force of his reasoning, which is, in the main, almost invariably sound. All his life he was an omnivorous reader. He absorbed and assimilated a vast deal of literature in many languages, which gave him confidence and poise without impairing his originality. *Abeunt studia in mores.*

He was no mere worker for effects. His sincerity gleams on every page. He knew that a poet must be a student of men and things, not a dreamer. That poetry must be a criticism of life. That the end of Art is not in itself, but in what it teaches; for the true poet cannot fail to be a teacher. He indicated exactly the flaw in Poe when he said that he did not *know* enough. "He needed," said he, "to know a great many more things in order to be a great poet." A great poet Poe is not, of course; neither is Lanier; but he strove sedulously in the little time allowed him to be worthy of the poet's high vocation. "Unless," he says to the artist, "unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness and love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist." An artist Lanier undeniably was. That he hoped for immortality in his verse is plain, for he gave conscientiously of his best, not hesitating to live laborious days. "The artist's market is the heart of man," he said. If this were the whole truth, many who rank as poets are not poets at all. It is, of course, a supreme test of a poet to touch the heart while satisfying the intellect. The topmost heights of poetry are reached only by the great. Among the lower slopes there is much

to charm and gladden us if we do not disdainfully pass by. Lanier has vital human interest, though his appeal is more directly to our delicate perceptions, our artistic instincts. He stirs us mostly from without, while he pleases our ear and delights our fancy. Earnestness, spirituality and imagination unite in his work and give it the tone and color which distinguish it. Those who fail to read him miss much pure pleasure.

P. A. SILLARD.

New York.

## JACQUES CARTIER.

ONE DAY when Francis I., King of France, was sitting with his courtiers and listening to their account of the progress made in the New World by English and Spanish enterprise he angrily exclaimed: "What! how coolly they divide among themselves the vast territories of America, without allowing me to share with them as a brother. I would like to see the article in Father Adam's will that excludes me and bequeaths to them this vast inheritance." Thus, it came to pass that we are indebted to a royal outburst of wounded pride for the first two voyages of Jacques Cartier, in the name of France, and the exploration of the country known as New France, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Montreal.

The explorations of Verazzano,<sup>1</sup> though undertaken at the command of Francis I. of France, in the hope of depriving his rivals, the other sovereigns of Europe, of all the glory and some of the wealth, at least, to be found in the New World, did not result very profitably to France. Then came a period of civil and foreign wars and no end of misfortunes to the French king, so that he had little time to give to far-off America. Ten years elapsed after the cruise of Verazzano along our Atlantic coast before France was again in a position to follow up the work of the Italian explorer. Thus it was not until 1534 that Francis I. was able to fit out two vessels, under the command of Jacques Cartier, to make further explorations, and, if possible, triumph over former explorers by discovering that long sought for, but never to be found, passage to India. Jacques Cartier sprang from a family of intrepid sailors, for which the port of St. Malo, in France, had become celebrated throughout all Europe. He was born in 1491, some day between June 7 and December 23; the church records are missing, hence it is impossible to state the exact day. It is still more difficult to fix with certainty the place of his birth. The town of St. Malo, St. Servan and Paramé, two neighboring localities, claim, with equal probability, the glory of having been his birthplace. His parents were Jamet Cartier and Josephine Jansart, both devout Christians.

Beyond all doubt, Jacques Cartier is a native of the vicinity of St. Malo. His childhood was spent in sight of the vast ocean; his infant footsteps were first tried along the golden sands along the strands that stretch from the fortress of St. Anne de Bretagne to

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<sup>1</sup> A brother of Verazzano, Hieronimo by name, in 1529 made a map of the world, a copy of which may still be seen in Rome in the College of the Propaganda. The discoveries of Verazzano are indicated upon it.

Point Cancale. It was amid scenes like these that he had his first dreams, that culminated in the great undertakings that the future had in store for him. The dreams of his early youth were soon followed by a period of practical life—laborious and full of hardships. It is conjectured that before his twenty-first year he had already crossed the Atlantic and set foot on Newfoundland. It is also claimed that he had made a voyage to Brazil, as he spoke the Portuguese language fluently. In April, 1520, Cartier married Catherine des Granges, of a prominent family of St. Malo. The wedding is supposed to have taken place in the Cathedral, and, though the bride was not able to write her own name, she was none the less a good wife and a good housekeeper.

Cartier was early in life filled with a desire to explore the coasts of the New World, about which he had heard so much, and in the course of time he attracted the notice of Admiral Philippe de Brion-Chabot, who recommended him to the king as a suitable person to carry on His Majesty's design of placing France on an equality with her European maritime rivals. Cartier shared this desire, for he is known to have expressed regret that a great maritime nation like France was having no share in the wealth and glory of the New World. Great was his joy, then, when he found himself in command of an expedition to explore the coast of North America and "to determine a northwest passage to India." His fleet consisted of two small vessels of sixty tons each and which he found no difficulty in manning, because the fisheries along the North American coast now offered greater and more profitable inducements to the sailor than its exploration. On April 20, 1534, Cartier mustered his crew and found that he had sixty men. With these he crossed the ocean and steered for the coast of Newfoundland, with which some authorities think he was already acquainted, and which he reached after a voyage of twenty days, in such rough weather that, as soon as he reached Cape Buonavista (May 10), on the east coast, he was obliged to make for a harbor in which to make necessary repairs. This done, he turned northward along the coast and, sailing through the Straits of Belle Isle, discovered the mainland of Canada, which he took possession of "for Christ and the King of France" by solemnly planting a large cross and unfurling, with military honors, the white banner of France. Upon the cross he placed the inscription: "Vive le Roi de France." It may not be amiss to maintain that on his way to this point he touched at several places and noted on his way the islands of Bryon and Madeleine and then continued his way to the south.

Shortly after raising the cross referred to above Cartier came in contact with some Indians, but the aspect of the country was

so uninviting that he changed his course for a more northerly one, and for the coast of Newfoundland, till he reached the vicinity of Cape Breton, and he seems to have been the "first to define the coast." Turning now to the west, he soon sighted the shores of Prince Edward's Island. On July 2, having changed his course to the west, he entered a large bay which he called Chaleur Bay, on account of the great heat experienced in that indentation. A few days later he entered Gaspé Bay, which he mistook for the mouth of a great river. At the entrance of the bay he planted another cross bearing the inscription: "Vive le Roi de France," to indicate that he had taken possession of this region in the name of religion and of the French sovereign. While here Cartier exchanged presents with the Indians. Passing Anticosti Island he finally turned backward along the cheerless coast of Labrador, and thence emerged once more into the great ocean. His disappointment at having spent some two months and a half in cruising around the coast waters of the New World and not finding any indication of a northern passage to Cathay may be readily imagined, but "he had done more, perhaps, to map out the Gulf of St. Lawrence than any of his predecessors, and he had laid the foundation for future cartography."<sup>2</sup> Thus on the feast of St. Peter he was in the strait between Anticosti and Labrador, and called it St. Peter's Channel. Fearing to spend the winter in so cold a region and his supplies being well nigh exhausted, Cartier decided to return to France. On August 15, the feast of the Assumption,<sup>3</sup> Mass was celebrated by the chaplain of the expedition, the first, perhaps, ever heard in these regions. It was an act of thanksgiving for the safety of the expedition and a prayer for a safe voyage home.

Cartier arrived at the port of St. Malo on September 5, after an absence of six months. His expedition had not been as successful as he had hoped it would have proved, but he was by no means discouraged by the report he had to make to his superiors. There was enough in it to justify his own enthusiasm for the future and to hold out hopeful prospects to his sovereign. Admiral Chabot again espoused his cause, explained the condition of the explorer's affairs to the king and soon succeeded in securing from him a commission authorizing Cartier to complete his exploration of Newfoundland. This commission was dated October 30, 1534, and allowed him fifteen months in which to accomplish his purpose.

On Pentecost Sunday, May 16, 1535, the pious captain and his companions repaired in procession to the Cathedral, where Mass was

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<sup>2</sup>"Cartier to Frontenac," by Justin Winsor, 1894.

<sup>3</sup>"Jacques Cartier and His Successors," by Rev. B. F. De Costa, D. D., in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History." Vol. IV., p. 50.

celebrated and all received Holy Communion. At the close of the Mass Cartier and his followers knelt before the altar and received the blessing of the Bishop of St. Malo. Three days later this intrepid mariner sailed on his second expedition. This time he had three ships, the Great Hermine, of about one hundred and twenty tons, under his immediate command; the Little Hermine, of sixty tons, commanded by Macé Jalobert, and a small galley, the Ermerillon, commanded by Jacques Maingart. Cartier insisted that this expedition was destined to bring new souls into the Church to take the place of those which had been led away by the so-called Reformation. His progress across the ocean was slow and tedious, owing to head winds and violent storms, and for a time his ships became separated; but finally, on July 26, the three vessels were reunited at the port of White Sand, the place of rendezvous appointed before the separation. From here the fleet steered westward along the coast of Labrador, until finally it reached a little bay opposite the island of Anticosti, which Cartier named Assumption Island. After exploring this coast Cartier arrived on September 1 at the mouth of a river which Taiguragny and Domayaya told him was the entrance to the kingdom of Saguenay. To the bay opposite to Anticosti Cartier gave the name of St. Lawrence. Subsequently this name was given to the entire gulf and the majestic river nearby. Parkman in his "Pioneers of France and the New World" (p. 202) tells us that Cartier called the St. Lawrence the "River of Hochelaga," or the great river of Canada. He confines the name of Canada to a district extending from the Isle aux Coudres, in the St. Lawrence, to a point at some distance above Quebec. The country below, he adds, was called by the Indians "Saguenay," and that above "Hochelaga." On the map of General Mercator (1569) the name Canada is given to a town, with an adjacent district, in the River Staden (St. Charles). Lescarbot, a later writer, insists that "the country on both sides of the St. Lawrence from Hochelaga to its mouth bore the name of Canada."

With no pilots save the two Indians captured the previous year, Cartier boldly undertook to sail up this great river, still intent upon finding that long-looked-for passage to the Indies. By September he had reached the Saguenay, bounded by towering cliffs which cast their shadows across the deep and gloomy waters at their base. Continuing his way past the Isle aux Coudres, or Isle of Hazelnuts, Cartier dropped anchor off a densely crowded island, which, on account of the abundance of grapes that met his eyes, he called the Island of Bacchus, now known as the Island of Orleans. A few days later Cartier came to anchor at the mouth of the little river Ste. Croix, now known as the St. Charles, at the foot of a promon-

tory, on the slope of which was the Indian village of Stradaconna, now Quebec. As Cartier looked up at the heights above him how little did he dream of the grand historical events that were destined to be enacted upon them. And yet seventy-three years later (1608) Champlain transformed that village into the city of Quebec; eighty-two years later (1609) and the fiery Frontenac repulsed the British invaders from its rock-bound shores; but sixty-nine years later (1759) Wolfe defeated Montcalm upon these same heights and ended French rule in Canada. Here, too, in 1775 the gallant Montgomery attempted to storm "the strongest fortified city in America" and fell while fighting heroically at the head of his troops.

On September 14 Cartier's ships dropped anchor under the rocky promontory upon which Stradaconna was built. Indian canoes swarmed around the vessels. After exchanging presents and expressions of mutual friendship with Donnaconna, the chief of the place, Cartier resolved to proceed further up the river to Hochelaga. The chief was sorely displeased, inasmuch as he was anxious to profit by whatever trade could be made with the strangers. Finding that neither persuasion nor threats nor false representations could avail to dissuade Cartier from his purpose, he appealed to his fears and resorted to fantastic processions of members of the tribe attired in the garb of devils, whom they said were emissaries from the god Gudsagny, supposed to dwell at Hochelaga. But the good old Breton sailor was too good a Christian to be frightened by goblins and, leaving a sufficient number of men to guard his ships, he started with a pinnace and two boats manned by fifty men and, on October 2, after a sail of thirteen days, he made a landing some three miles from Hochelaga. Here he built his camp fires and resolved to pass the night. "Just below where now are seen the quays and storehouses of Montreal a thousand Indians thronged with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize, and as it grew dark fires lighted up the night, while far and near the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing in the blaze."<sup>4</sup> In the morning "one of the principal lords of the city, accompanied by a number of persons," came out to meet the strangers. Cartier, with five gentlemen and twenty sailors, went to visit the Indians in their homes and to see a "certain mountain that is near the city." To this mountain Cartier gave the name of Mount Royal, now, as applied to the city, contracted into Montreal. To what nation these people belonged has been a subject of no little discussion. Some authorities have regarded them as Algonquins, but the Abbé Faillon

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<sup>4</sup> Parkman's "Pioneers," p. 20.

"holds them to be Hurons and the weight of opinion seems to sustain the Abbé."

The Hochelagas (people of the present Montreal) led Cartier into the very heart of their town, where women and young maidens and children gathered around the white strangers, touching their beards, feeling their faces and kissing them heartily, and weeping for joy and imploring Cartier "to touch" their children. Agauhanna, the chief of the village, was now brought forward, borne upon the shoulders of some of his subjects. He was a man of some sixty winters and stricken with palsy. On approaching Cartier he besought him to lay hands upon him, believing that the white men possessed some supernatural powers. In a little while there came from the surrounding cabins a woeful procession of sick, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the impotent, as if, as Cartier says, "God had descended from heaven to heal them." Moved with compassion, as *Caleza de Vaca* had been in the south on his celebrated journey across the continent, Cartier read the Gospel of St. John, made the sign of the cross over the afflicted and offered up prayers for their recovery and for the salvation of their souls. This done, he "read all the Passion of Our Lord word for word from the prayerbook." This was followed with presents of hatchets, knives, etc., to the men, pewter rings and beads to the women and *Agnus Deis* to the children. The trumpeters now blew blasts upon their trumpets, which filled the ears of the natives with amazement, but also made them all "very merry." Cartier next ascended the "mount" and contemplated the magnificent prospect before him. Mantling forests, broad rivers like the St. Lawrence on the one side and the Ottawa on the other, verdure-covered islands, and at his feet the village of Hochelaga, now the flourishing city of Montreal. More than once has the writer of this paper stood upon that same "mount" and looked down with admiration on the scene before him. The Indian village of Hochelaga has given way to the white man's busy city of Montreal, its quays bristling with its forests of masts which tell of the commercial importance of the Canadian metropolis. Add to this the imposing Cathedral of St. Jacques, the venerable towers of Notre Dame, the historical monuments linking the past with the present, the abbés and members of religious orders one meets on the streets in soutane and "habit," telling of the growth of Christianity and at the same time carrying the beholder back to the old Catholic cities of Europe. Cartier saw what Nature had done for this beautiful region, but the tourist of today sees the result of Cartier's discovery in the development of Christian civilization.

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"Cartier to Frontenac," by Justin Winsor.

"Which way must I go to find Cathay?" was now the question that Cartier asked himself. Having acquired all the information possible from the natives as to the course of the river, he realized the impossibility of "shooting" the great rapids that lay in his path, and warned by the short days of October that were now at hand and also the signs of a Canadian winter with its dangers and hardships, Cartier deemed it prudent to leave his new-found friends at Hochelaga and prepare to pass the winter at Stradaconna. Bidding them farewell, he heaved anchor and, drifting with wind and current, by the 15th of October his fleet was once more in the Havre de Sainte Croix, where he found that his men had not been idle during his three weeks' absence, for they had built a fort and mounted it with guns. The ruins of that fort were seen by Champlain in 1608. Here the French explorers were to pass the winter, and a hard one, indeed, it proved. In the meantime Cartier encouraged the friendship of the natives by visiting their cabins and propitiating their chief, Donnaconna, who was still smarting over the visit of the white men to Hochelaga. Cartier did not fail to notice the manner of living of these Indians and also that their walls were decorated with the scalps of their enemies. He found, too, that they had provided supplies enough to last through the winter. Nor did he lose sight of their spiritual needs, and finding them inclined to religion he instructed them as best he could. Having explained the nature and importance of baptism, some of the natives desired to be baptized, but as he had no priest with him at that time and as none were in danger of death, he promised to bring priests with him on his return from Europe the next year.

The rigors of a Canadian winter were soon upon them. Deep snows covered rocks and shores, the pine trees and the frozen river, and rose in drifts along the sides of the ships. Mast and spar and cordage were covered with icicles. For a time the Indians paid frequent visits to their white visitors. They were "hardy as so many beasts," and waded, half naked, waist deep through the snow, but gradually these visits grew less frequent, until towards Christmas they ceased altogether. To add to the horrors of the situation of the French, a malignant scurvy broke out among them and carried off one after another, until twenty-five had died and only three or four of the crew remained in health. They comforted one another as best they could and offered up fervent prayers to God for a cessation of their affliction. In the meantime Cartier feared that if the Indians became aware of their deplorable condition they might attack the fort and complete the work of destruction that disease had commenced. None were allowed to enter the fort, and on one occasion when a party of Indians came

near the fort Cartier ordered his men to beat against the walls with sticks and stones so as to create the impression upon the minds of the savages that they were engaged in hard labor. Heaven heard their prayers and sent them relief through the very Indians they so much dreaded. They, too, had suffered from this terrible disease and they had found a cure in a certain concoction made from the bark of the white pine, called "amedda" by the Indians, and Cartier soon realized that "if all the physicians of Montpellier and Louvain had administered all the drugs of Alexandria the effects would not have been so great in a year as the doses of amedda accomplished in six days." With the return of spring Cartier's men improved in health and regained strength, and on May 3, the feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, they erected a cross and the arms of France with the legend: "Franciscus Primus Dei Gratia Francorum Rex Regnat," thus taking possession of the region in the name of the sovereign of France.

We may be pardoned for making a digression here to call attention to the many evidences of Cartier's lively and active faith as seen in all his voyages. It is manifested in the care he always took to have a chaplain when possible with him on all his explorations; the prayers we have seen him offer up over the sick brought to him by the Indians; the processions and the pilgrimages he ordered in 1536 when his crew was cruelly decimated by disease; the names he gave (according to the custom of all Catholic explorers) to rivers, gulfs and capes he discovered. To him "the capture of forts, the gaining of victories, nor the conquest of countries were nothing compared to the salvation of souls, and the conversion of a single heathen was more than the conquest of a kingdom." He had made the firm resolution "with the aid and assistance of God, the author, protector and distributor of all kingdoms, to have all peoples dwelling in darkness instructed in the Christian religion."<sup>6</sup> It is to be regretted that the act of Christian devotion recorded above in taking possession of the country in the name of France and of religion should have been marred almost immediately by an act of treachery and ingratitude. But the ideas of the sixteenth century were not those of the twentieth.

Cartier now resolved to return to France, and desiring to give double import to the report he would have to make to his sovereign of his discoveries and of those still to be made, he resolved that Donnaconna should accompany him to the French court. The Indian king and some ten or twelve of his chiefs were lured on board the vessels and kept prisoners there until the French were ready to sail. The outraged and indignant natives vainly offered

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<sup>6</sup> "Lettres Patentes du 6 Novembre, 1603, au Sieurs des Monts."

ransom for their chief, but they were put off with the assurance that he would return to them the next year, on Cartier's return.

After destroying the Little Hermine, Cartier heaved anchor and on May 6 bade farewell to Stradaconna. On July 16 he was again under the walls of St. Malo. He found France at war with Spain, so that four years elapsed before it was possible for him to return to Canada. On his arrival, at the king's command, Cartier prepared a report of his voyage, and this account has come down to us as the "Bref Recis," which did not create the enthusiasm that might have been expected. This was probably due to the disturbed condition of the country. Francis I. realized that he must bestir himself if he expected to establish any claims in the New World. He now (four years after Cartier's second expedition) made considerable sacrifices to found a colony of artisans and farmers in Canada. He appointed a seigneur of Picardy, Jean Francais de la Roque, better known as the Sieur de Robervale, one time governor of Vimieux, as "Lieutenant General of all the countries situated beyond the seas," and, moreover, furnished him the means of fitting out with supplies for two years a fleet of some eight large vessels. Unfortunately the right man is not always at hand, and Champlain was still unborn. Robervale may have been an excellent officer, but he was far from possessing the qualities necessary to the founder of an empire.

On October 17, 1540, Cartier was appointed captain general and pilot of the imposing fleet that was to leave France with no little éclat, and which at once aroused the suspicions of the Spanish king, who was beginning to feel uneasy as to how far west of Pope Alexander's lines of demarkation the Spanish claims might be infringed upon. He watched this expedition, therefore, with no little interest. This new expedition was carried out partly at Robervale's and partly at the king's expense. Robervale's idea seemed to be the mighty organization of the future colony. He selected an imposing staff of gentlemen, of sailors and of educated men and tried to procure a sufficient number of soldiers to protect his people, but so far as recruiting colonists, properly so called, of people who were to form the nucleus of a settlement, he proceeded with the most disastrous results. True, volunteers may not always be found in sufficient numbers, as in this case, and the Viceroy supplied the deficiency with subjects from the prisons of Nantes and elsewhere. Some two hundred and fifty persons of both sexes were thus enrolled, *nolens volens*, and embarked for Canada.

Good, honest Cartier, who had always seen in a new country a vast field for the work of the missionary, must have regarded

this lot of strange pioneers of civilization with many misgivings, but he consented to sail with them.

In the spring of 1541 Cartier was again at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Robervale was not ready to start with him and did not reach America until June, 1542. In the meantime Cartier built a fort near the present Quebec and named it Charlebourg. A few necessary buildings were erected and a garden laid out in which the colonists expected to raise what vegetables they needed. Harassed by the Indians, who loudly demanded their chief whom Cartier had kidnapped on his former voyage, and who died in France, Cartier resolved not to spend the winter in Canada, nor to wait for Robervale. Here authorities differ. Some claim that Cartier spent the winter in Canada and did not start on his home voyage until spring, others that he sailed in the fall. The fact remains that when near Newfoundland he encountered the three ships comprising Robervale's fleet and his colonists. Notwithstanding Robervale's command to turn back, Cartier saluted him, wished him all manner of good luck and continued his homeward voyage. Whether Cartier made any more expeditions to New France is not known definitely. Some historians claim that he returned to the assistance of Robervale in the following autumn. Lescarbot says that he made a fourth voyage, but this statement is unsupported by other authorities.

Jacques Cartier was now fifty-three years of age, and more than thirty of these years had been spent at sea. He retired from active service after having his accounts settled by the courts, because one can hardly believe that the man who had given France a country almost as large in extent as the whole of Europe had to fight for the compensation for his services. But the great explorer enjoyed a comfortable income of his own. He possessed, through his wife, Catherine des Granges, a house and some lots in the town of St. Malo, rue de Buhen, the same in which Chateaubriand was born in 1769, and Lamennais in 1782. Besides, he inherited some other property from his father, and now, after years of wandering over the seas and exploring the wilds of a new world, we find this hardy mariner enjoying his well-earned retirement and enjoying the society of his ever faithful spouse, Catherine des Granges. Only one cloud seemed to darken his old age. Heaven had not blessed him with children; he never knew the happiness of having grandchildren climbing his knees and listening to the story of his marvelous adventures, but he consoled himself with the affection shown him by the children of his neighbors. He became the godfather of twenty-seven little ones and acted as "witness" at fifty other baptisms. It was at Limoulon that this il-

lustrious discoverer and explorer dictated to his nephew, Jacques Nouel, the interesting account of his voyages. Thus did the last years of this eventful life glide along peacefully and happily, spent between his modest home at Limoulon and St. Malo, "beau port de mer," where he spent many an hour looking out from the ramparts upon the sea, watching the ships coming and going, perhaps, to the very lands he had given to France. He was a hero to the last, at the hour of death, as he had been amid the perils that beset him in life. In 1557 an epidemic broke out at St. Malo, and Cartier, unmindful of the consequences, devoted himself to the care of the sick and dying, and finally fell himself a victim of his devotion. In 1903 there was found among the records of the cathedral chapter the permit for his burial: "On September 1, 1557, permission is granted to Michel Audiepure (Audieure or Odieur) to bury Jacques Cartier within (from?) this Church." The deceased was sixty-six years of age. Catherine des Granges survived her husband some eighteen years. She died in 1575. On July 23, 1905, a handsome statue was unveiled with imposing ceremonies at St. Malo. It is the work of the well known sculptor M. George Bareau.

Robervale's attempt at colonization ended disastrously and imposed a loss of 50,000 levies upon the king. But it is hardly fair to Robervale to write him down as a vulgar adventurer. The result of the soundings he made in the gulf and along the river St. Lawrence were of great assistance to those who came after him. Robervale is supposed to have died at sea or to have been assassinated in Paris some time after the death of Cartier. The discovery of Canada will be forever associated with the name of Cartier, the great navigator and zealous Catholic. His "Recis" of his several expeditions may be classed as among the most interesting accounts that have come down to us of the early voyages to New France.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> In the second map of Ortelius, published about the year 1572, New France (Nova Francia) is thus divided: Canada, a district on the St. Lawrence above the river Saguenay; Chilaga (or Hochelaga), the angle between the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence; Saguenal, a district between the river of that name; Moscowa, south of the St. Lawrence and east of the river Richelleu; Avacal, west and south of Moscowa; Norumbega, Maine and New Brunswick; Apalachen, Virginia, Pennsylvania, etc.; Terra Corterealis, Labrador; Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida. Mercator confines the name of New France to districts bordering on the St. Lawrence. Others give it a much broader application. The use of this name, or the nearly allied names of Francisca and La Franciscaine, dates back, to say the least, as far as 1525, and the Dutch geographers are especially free in their use of it, out of spite to the Spaniards. The derivation of the name Canada has been a point of discussion. It is undoubtedly not Spanish, but Indian. In the vocabulary of the language of Hochelaga appended to Le Journal of Cartier's second voyage Canada is set down as the word for village. It bears the same meaning in the Mohawk tongue. Both languages are dialects of the Iroquois. Lescargot affirms that Canada is simply an Indian proper name, of which it is vain to seek the meaning. Belleforest also calls it an Indian word, but translates it to "Terre," as does also Theret ("The Pioneers of France in the New World." P. 202).

The Canadians of the present day revere the memory of Jacques Cartier. In 1889 a monument was erected at the ancient capital of Quebec to this earliest French explorer and to a Jesuit missionary who fell at the hands of New York Indians more than a century after him. The Cartier-Brebeuf monument is twenty-five feet high, eight feet six inches square at the base and is adorned with fine bassi-relievi. At the top, on a cornice of *fleur-de-lis*, is a group representing Cartier's three vessels, Grande Hermine, la Petite Hermine and l'Ermerillon. The inscription tells the story: "Jacques Cartier and his brave companions, the crews of the Grande Hermine, the Petite Hermine and the Ermerillon, wintered here in 1535-1536."

Another inscription is as follows: "On September 25, 1625, Fathers Jean de Brebeuf, Enemond, Massé and Charles Lalemont solemnly took possession of the property called Fort Jacques Cartier, at the confluence of the St. Charles and Loiret rivers, to erect there the first residence of the Jesuit missionaries at Quebec." This identifies Father Brebeuf with the historic winter quarters of Cartier.

Another inscription says: "In May 3, 1536, Jacques Cartier planted on this spot, where he had wintered, a cross thirty-five feet high, bearing a shield with *fleur-de-lis* with the inscription 'Francis I. by the grace of God reigns.'" The fourth tablet has, under the palm branch of the martyrs, the names of the Jesuit martyrs: Jogues, Girnier, Massé, De Noue, Brebeuf, Lalemont, Buteux and Daniel.

Hundreds of years have passed since these noble Jesuit Fathers perished at the stake or fell beneath the tomahawk, victims of the fiendish cruelty of the Iroquois, but the flames that illumined their path to Paradise still shine as a beacon light to searchers of the truth. By the water's edge, in the clearing in the forest, by the mountain's side, the Cross of Redemption planted by the Catholic missionary and explorer towers above all the works of man. Over hill and dale, over town and hamlet, the sweet tune of the Angelus bell is wafted on the breeze and calls the white man and the Indian to prayers, and reminds them of the devoted pioneers of France who braved the dangers of the Canadian forests to carry the glad tidings of man's redemption there.

"Pensif dans son canot, que le vague balance  
L'Iroquois sur Quebec lance un regard de feu.  
Toujours reveur et sombre, il contemple en silence  
L'étandard de la France et la Croix du vrai Dieu."

MARC F. VALLETTE.

## THE BOY CHOIR AND GREGORIAN CHANT

IN AN article which appeared in a well-known music journal some months ago a recognized authority on boy voice training made this startling statement: "Gregorian enthusiasts claim that plain chant is not detrimental to purity of treble tone. Many choirmasters of experience maintain that it is, because it works the boy voice too much between middle C and the D an octave above, and too little between the D mentioned and the A above it." He attributes "a certain preponderance of coarseness" in the vocal timbre of boy choirs to the fact that they sing a great deal of plain chant.

With all due regard to the reputation of the authority just quoted, his statement will be challenged by not a few organists and choirmasters. He makes the confession that there is one Catholic choir that makes a specialty of Gregorian chant, and the boys of that choir are celebrated for their beautiful tone quality: "Services that are entirely Gregorian in character are a very severe test of the choirmaster's ability. Indeed, the only Catholic choir we know of that sings a great deal of plain chant in a highly artistic manner, from the voice-trainer's point of view, is that of Westminster Cathedral, London. Dr. Terry's choir boys are celebrated for their beautiful voice quality. Yet they are largely confined to music of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and thrive upon a literal diet of plain chant."

Now, if plain chant is detrimental to the tone quality of any choir boys it is detrimental to the tone quality of all choir boys. Why is it that in one choir which has come under his notice, and which makes a specialty of plain chant, "the choir boys are celebrated for their beautiful voice quality." His very admission in this one case proves that the "preponderance of coarseness" which he finds in boy choirs that sing a great deal of plain chant is not due to the fact that they sing plain chant, but rather to the fact that they do not sing it correctly. He should place the blame where it belongs. Choirmasters ignorant of the spirit and genius of Gregorian chant will teach boys to sing the chant in such a way as to coarsen the boys' voices. Boys can sing Gregorian chant on a medium register with a perfectly natural tone production. Correct teaching of Gregorian chant will do no more harm to the boy voice than the teaching of any other style of music. On the other hand, if not correctly taught it will do the same amount of harm as the incorrect teaching of other styles of music.

The dull, heavy style of execution so common in these days with boy choirs who specialize in Gregorian chant is the real cause

of the coarse singing of boys. Joy is the fundamental characteristic of liturgical chant, and therefore it should reflect bright and pleasant effects. The arch-enemy of plain chant, and that which has long robbed it of its good name, is the bad mode of rendering. Shouting, singing anyhow, in a mechanical manner, without the least expression, defects in phrasing, principles which have been extolled as correct in singing Gregorian chant, would not be tolerated for a moment in any other music. Is it any wonder, then, that there is "a certain preponderance of coarseness" in the vocal timbre of some boy choirs? It would be more surprising if such coarseness were not present.

Gregorian chant is prayer, and therefore in its execution it should take on the spirit of prayer. We sing in the Preface: "With the angels and archangels, with the thrones and dominations, and with all the troop of the heavenly army, we sing a hymn to Thy glory." Is our prayer of a dull and a heavy type? On the contrary, prayer is a speaking to a loving Father, with a consciousness that the supplication will not be in vain. Plain chant therefore serves in the first place to glorify God, and should possess those characteristics that awaken devotion and promote edification. By means of the chant the Christian spirit of prayer reveals itself in such convincing manner, that the heart, glowing with the love of God, finds in its sublime melodies the expression of its feelings when the spoken word no longer suffices. Hence there is but one correct mode of rendering Gregorian chant—namely, in the same manner in which we would naturally supplicate God, and when rendered correctly it is detrimental to no voice, no matter how delicate that voice may be.

Because the boy-choristers of Westminster Cathedral, London, render Gregorian chant in a correct manner, "they are celebrated for their beautiful voice quality." The objection that Gregorian chant "works the boy voice too much between middle C and the D an octave above, and too little between the D mentioned and the A above it," has no reality in fact. Dr. Terry's choir boys when singing Gregorian chant alone sing it in a very high register, so that the boys are using their voices on those tones that are most comfortable. It is only in Gregorian selections when they alternate with the men that the boys use their voices between middle C and the D an octave above. Personally, I have never favored alternating boys' and men's voices in Gregorian chant. There is no doubt that singing in unison with men's voices injures boys' voices, for the range of unison music is necessarily limited to the neighborhood of the lower break. The same can be said concerning the practice of alternating men's and boys' voices.

Tastes differ; but, considering the advantages and disadvan-

tages, Gregorian chant is best rendered either by men alone or boys alone. There is nothing more beautiful than two parts of a boy choir, alternating the verses of a solemn "Credo" on the tones of their register, where the beauty and sweetness of their voices are given full sway. Far from injuring their voices, it seems to be most fitting that Gregorian chant should be sung by them. Boys' voices and boys' natures have ever suggested the kind of music that they ought to sing. There is a certain dignity of tone, born of innocence and beauty, which suggests pure thoughts and has been deemed especially suitable for voicing religious worship. Gregorian chant is by its very nature out of place everywhere but in the atmosphere of God's temple. The same must be said of the boy voice. Both are essentially religious, both have their place in church and nowhere else. Grand and solemn and beautiful as the chant is, it seems to take on added purity when produced in the limpid and bell-like tones of the boy voice. One is worthy of the other. When the chant is sung by the boy voice we have the nearest approach to the sweetness and beauty of the heavenly strains sung by angelic spirits.

A great writer has paid this glorious tribute to the beautiful chant of the Church: "Gregorian chant purifies the mind. It transports us into a region of supernatural beauty and immateriality; it vivifies and strengthens the life of the soul. No other music penetrates so deeply and so intimately, or causes to vibrate so harmoniously, the heart of man; no other music carries him so swiftly on its wings to the mysterious worlds of prayer and mysticism. It is exquisitely tender, full of peace and trustfulness; it reawakens faith and hope; it satisfies the heart and the intelligence, for expression and form are here living in peace together. The human element is entirely absent; there is no preoccupation or distraction of things belonging to material life or conditions. Those who go to drink of the waters of this stream come back fortified with a great spiritual ardor, with sincerity of mind and simplicity of heart. Here there is nothing conventional, nothing superfluous, nothing ephemeral; through plain song we pass from the finite to the Infinite."

F. J. KELLY.

Washington, D. C.

## THEORY OF JUDGMENT IN MODERN LOGIC

**M**ODERN logic is not a new science discovered or founded in recent times and entirely devoid of all connection with the past. As in the case of not a few other movements of thought, its origin really is a modification of a preceding system. But there is a question as to how far it differs from the traditional or Aristotelian logic. This problem ought to be elucidated somewhat by a historical treatment of one of the fundamental problems of modern logic. I say one of the problems, because in modern logic there are two questions of paramount importance—the theory of judgment and the theory of inference. Here it is proposed to discuss only the theory of judgment and that only in its broader aspect—the general definition of the judgment.

It might be well, however, to point out some of the features which are commonly recognized as giving a distinctive character to modern logic. Conception is regarded by modern logicians as an infinite process. Scientific knowledge goes on and on, ever approaching, never reaching the absolute. This is the orthodox viewpoint of critical idealism. In their attempt to understand the world critical idealists go some distance beyond experience. Absolute idealists, of whom there are some among modern logicians, as, for example, Bradley and Bosanquet, go the whole way to infinity and say what happens there. Pragmatists, such as Dewey, are forever solving problems ever new; they apply concrete solutions to particular problems, and refrain from going on to the thought web. All modern logicians are experimental. Hence, Dewey is a bit presumptuous when he claims that he alone is experimental.

There are a number of distinctions drawn between the traditional system and the modern movement. Aristotelian logic is an empirical, scientific method. Modern logic deals only with theory; it is an attempt to be true and to deal with error and chance. It endeavors to square with modern metaphysics and science. Again, the traditional system places much emphasis on verbal forms, whereas modern logic takes reality into account all the time. The former might be called a species of grammar; the latter, theory of knowledge or even epistemological metaphysics. Whether these differences are real or only verbal, whether doctrinal or only in

point of view may be clearer after discussing the theory of judgment.

HERMANN LOTZE (1817-1881).

The modern movement in logic began when in 1843 Lotze published his first book on *Logic*.<sup>1</sup> The novelty of his work arises from the new point of view taken rather than from original content. His viewpoint—which became that of modern logic—may be summed up by saying that the theoretical question for man to solve is how to make sense out of the world around us. Man must try to explain the world as presented in sensation. This he can accomplish, as far as he is able, by the intellectual organization of sense data. He takes the fragmentary experiences of sense perception and puts them together; he builds an intellectual structure from the facts given in sense perception. But the thinking mind does not stop here; it advances one step farther and gives the ground for the combination of ideas it has made. Thought “always consists in adding to the reproduction or severance of a connection in ideas the accessory notion of a ground for their coherence or non-coherence.” (*Logic*,<sup>2</sup> p. 6.) Hence, the characterizing feature about thought lies in its production of the justificatory notions which condition the form of apprehension.

Since the mind is obliged to gather its knowledge from fragments of the world given in sense presentation and then to infer cautiously what lies beyond experience, it doubtless makes many excursions in paths that do not lead directly to truth. It must be admitted, then, that, despite the objective reference of concepts, there may be much in our knowledge which does not reproduce actual reality. Hence, logic cannot solve the problems it raises; it leads straight into metaphysics. And the metaphysical impulse in us spurs us on to make serious attempts to understand the world. In arriving at truth—the conformity of thought with reality—two mental processes are concerned, judgment and inference. Of these two judgment is the more elementary and fundamental. In the judgment a connection is made with reality; for judgment expresses a relation between the matters of two ideas, not a relation between the ideas themselves. The ideas too are related in some way—this follows from the relation of the objects to which they refer. But

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<sup>1</sup> Lotze subsequently (1874) published another work on logic in two volumes. Its doctrine, however, is the same as that in the earlier book. He says in the preface to this second work: “I have followed in essentials the line of thought of my short work on *Logic* of 1843.”

<sup>2</sup> References are to the *Logic*, second edition, in two volumes, English translation by Bernard Bosanquet.

the relation of the ideas as such is of slight importance. It is the matter of fact which is the essential meaning of the act of judgment. In the judgment, "gold is yellow," the idea yellow is not asserted to be a property of the idea gold, but yellow is a property which belongs to (real) gold, is what we wish to express in this judgment.

But logic deals with thought, and so the function of the logical judgment is to explain and express what it is that makes the relation between the idea yellow and the idea gold possible, justifiable or necessary. It accomplishes this task by showing through the copula the relation between the object-matters of the two ideas, a relation due to that which the ideas represent. And it is only between object-matters that a logical copula is conceivable; for between the ideas themselves there can be only a psychic connection or a meaningless relation of inclusion. The judgment is, then, an answer to a question about reality. It is an experiment—an ideal construction applied to reality. If the ideal content of the predicate can be attached to reality, the experiment is successful, the judgment is true within the limits of our knowledge. It is in judgment, then, that connection is made between thought and things, between knowledge and reality. This is possible because thought is a means to knowledge. Like a tool, its two ends are differently adjusted. The one is adjusted to reality, the other to the mind. Thought has an objective reference, but due to the fact that we come in contact with reality only through sense experience, which is a piecemeal method, the road to complete knowledge of reality is interminable.

Lotze is generally labeled an epistemological logician, and it is as such that he is subject to criticism. He does away with some of the valueless verbal forms of the traditional logic, and thereby turns the attention of logicians more to content than to form of thought. But has he bridged the chasm between the world he tries to know and the thought by which he seeks to know it? He does so only by the natural assumption that thought is a means to knowledge. Furthermore, when he speaks of the judgment as expressing objective relations between things, he fails to say that the judgment expresses the relation between the matters of two ideas as that relation is known. It does not deal with objective relations as such but as known, and that despite the objective reference of ideas. Thought, the tool, has one end adjusted to reality, but it is not identical with reality. There seems to me no valid grounds for saying that judgment deals with objective relations as such. On

the contrary, if he could mean that it deals with these relations as known in the mind, there is little departure from the traditional logic, save in the point of view. And there is a difference in attitude or emphasis. Lotze's doctrine is concerned more with the content of thought; the Aristotelian system gives more consideration to the formal side of thinking.

## SIGWART.

In 1873 Sigwart published the first edition of his *Logic*, of which the first volume deals with the judgment, the concept and inference. The principles underlying his logical doctrine are the same as those of Lotze. Sigwart mentions this specifically in the preface to the second edition (1888). The new viewpoint, as understood by him, is that logic is grounded "not upon an effete tradition, but upon a new investigation of thought as it actually is in psychological foundations, in its significance for knowledge and its actual operation in scientific methods."<sup>3</sup> As Sigwart conceives it, thought is for the most part attempting to arrive at propositions which are *certain* and *universally valid*. But, if left to its natural development, thought frequently fails. Thus it becomes important to discover the conditions under which the essay can be successful, and to determine the rules which will direct to success. And to find such regulative rules is the aim of logic. Yet to be certain and valid thought must make contact with reality. This cannot be done directly, "since the possibility of comparing our knowledge with things as they exist apart from our knowledge is forever closed to us."<sup>4</sup> What we can do is to find agreement among the thoughts that presuppose existence; for the very assumption that an external world exists is arrived at by means of thought; it is derived by unconscious mental processes from the subjective side of sensation. And this should be sufficient, just as it is satisfactory in the realm of outward action when our behavior and ideas, together with their consequences, are in harmony with themselves and with the ideas of others.

If, then, the world is known to exist only by a reference to thought which is governed by laws, the existent is the same for all thinking subjects, and all who know it must think alike in reference to the same object. Hence, thought which knows the existent must necessarily be universal and valid. In other words, if all we can reach is necessary and universally valid thought, then knowledge of the existent is included in it. Thought of this kind results in judgments. In fact all knowledge consists in judgments. But

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<sup>3</sup> Preface to the second Ger. edit. 1888.

<sup>4</sup> Eng. trans. of the second Ger. edit., p. 7.

in order to make true judgments there is needed a system of rules for avoiding error—this is the science of logic. Much as this seems like a guide-book to the royal road to truth, it is not so in fact; for experience teaches us that thought often misses its aim. Hence, all that logic assures us of is the formal correctness of our thought, not the material truth of the results.<sup>5</sup> It really appears, then, that after all he has said logic for Sigwart is a formal discipline.

All knowledge, all intentional thought is carried out as judgments. And the judgment takes the same form whether the thought it expresses be successful or universally valid or if it fail to attain its purpose.<sup>6</sup> It is only in the judgment likewise that truth and error have a place. Judgments, then, are all important and may be described broadly as all propositions which claim to be true and to be believed or acknowledged as valid. All statements are judgments, and all fall within the scope of logic, not merely those in which the particular is subsumed under the general. More specifically, however, the act of judging consists in the thought by which the two ideas—subject idea and predicate idea—are consciously unified. And the judgment always states that the idea of the predicate agrees with that of the subject in such a way that the predicate, as a whole, is one with the subject. In addition to this every complete judgment includes also the consciousness of the objective validity of the unification; it claims that the connection is true of objects themselves. This consciousness of objective validity in turn rests on the necessity of the unification, which has its root in the principle of agreement. Still, the objective validity of the judgment is really determined in a specific case by sensory experience. If we judge, "This is snow," the correctness (objective validity) depends upon our vision. If we see rightly, *i. e.*, as normal people see, then our judgment corresponds with fact as far as we can know it.

In Sigwart as in Lotze we see a definite attempt to deal with judgment from its psychological and content sides rather than from the angle of mere formal consistency. There is a definite broadening of the scope of logic. And yet, is this anything more than a new place for emphasis or a new point of view? It is true he would ground every judgment in reality by means of experience, but he admits frankly that it is not the function of logic to say what we must think but only how we must think to reach valid conclusions.

BRADLEY.

About the same point of view is taken in logic by F. H. Bradley.

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<sup>5</sup> *Cfr. Eng. trans. of the second Ger. edit. pp. 13-14.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid. p. 17.*

In his *Principles of Logic*, published in London in 1883, he sets down his logical doctrines. For the logician the judgment as a psychical fact has no direct importance; it is rather the logical significance that interests him. Viewed from the side of logic, the judgment exists, strictly speaking, only where there is knowledge of truth and falsehood. Again, since truth and falsehood depend upon the relation of our ideas to reality, there can be no judgment without ideas. More than that, we cannot judge until we use ideas *as* ideas—not as mental realities, but as signs of an existence other than themselves. And as such a meaning the idea is universal—the mind has fixed one portion of the content, and that is in no sense an event in time. It is precisely this universal meaning that is used in judgment. And “judgment proper is the act which refers ideal content (recognized as such) to a reality beyond the act.”<sup>7</sup> Ideal content is meaning. It is recognized as such when we know that by itself it is not a fact, but a wandering adjective. In assertion we unite the adjective to a real substantive. And the relation set up holds beyond and independently of the act of putting together. In the statement, the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, the affirmation says this idea of equality is a quality of the real. It is not true, however, that every judgment has two ideas. All have but one; for the whole before our mind is ideal, and so is a single idea.

Bradley maintains about the same position as Lotze and Sigwart. He tries to make connection between the ideal and the real by means of the judgment. The judgment either connects with reality or fails. In fact, his treatment is quite metaphysical, so much so that he is not quite sure whether he should call his work logic or metaphysics. He differs from Lotze and Sigwart in that he is an absolute idealist. Yet he is aware of the limited capacity of human reason and of his own shortcomings. He says in the preface to the *Principles of Logic*, “On all questions, if you push me far enough at present I end in doubt and perplexities.”<sup>8</sup> But the most interesting question is, how does he attach that wandering adjective to reality? Certainly he does not tack it on objective things as such. No, he says it is attached to a substantive, *i. e.*, to reality. The adjective then is connected with reality, because the idea means something objective. But stated in this way the solution seems to me sufficiently ancient to be venerable.

#### BOSANQUET

In his two works, “*Logic or the Morphology of Knowledge*”<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *The Principles of Logic*, p. 10.

<sup>8</sup> *The Principles of Logic*, p. 7.

<sup>9</sup> First edit., Lond., 1888.

and "Essentials of Logic,"<sup>10</sup> he elaborates a doctrine of the judgment that is somewhat more Hegelian than any we have so far considered. Still, in the preface to the first edition of the *Logic* he says that he has derived much from Lotze and that he owes much in the fundamental theory of judgment to Bradley. For Bosanquet all judgments are intellectual organizations and limitations of primitive sensory qualitateness. There is in knowledge no transition from subjective to objective; there is only a development of the objective. Knowledge, to be sure, is a mental construction of reality. But it consists of what we are obliged to assert in thought; and, since we all have to think it assertorially according to the same methods, the results of our thinking form systems that correspond *inter se* and with reality. For him reality is nature experienced and organized; not an unknown something.

Now, knowledge is a judgment, an affirmation about reality. And a judgment, he says, is the act of thought which is capable of truth and falsehood.<sup>11</sup> In the judgment are used ideas which have a general signification, a fixed reference. And the act of judgment consists in affirming the idea as meaning to be a real quality of that which is perceived in perception. So in the perceptive judgment at least the objective reference of the concept is seen to characterize some reality present in sense perception. Still, judgment has a wider signification than this. It is a standing affirmation about reality; it may be described as "the continuous affirmative judgment of the waking consciousness."<sup>12</sup> In other words, judgment is an intellectual act which extends the sensory experience presented in perception. It is thus co-extensive with waking consciousness, carrying on at all times this process of organizing sense data. But it never quite reaches the complete or perfect reality; for reality (in the full connotation of the term) is what a fully intellectual judgment would be. More specifically, the distinctive character of judgment is that it claims to be true. This means, first of all, that the judgment claims to be in harmony with reality—the system of intellectually organized experience. And it is not true when it is discordant with this system. Furthermore, the claim to truth is made by attaching the meaning of an idea to reality, by showing the identity between our meaning and reality.

In common with other modern logicians, Bosanquet treats the content side of judgment rather than the formal side. He seeks to ground the judgment in reality. And reality for him is the

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<sup>10</sup> First edit., Lond., 1895.

<sup>11</sup> Cfr. *Logic*, second edit., p. 67.

<sup>12</sup> *The Essentials of Logic*, p. 33.

system of intellectually organized experience as set over against the particular psychic process of judging.<sup>13</sup> Now, if judgment is a psychic process—and most people will grant that it is—and if reality is a system of intellectually organized experience, what is it that is given in sensation or what acts on the senses? He would seem to answer that it is some point in the real world. For example, in the judgment, "this table is made of oak," he says, "this table is given in perception already qualified by numberless judgments; it is a point in the continuous system or tissue which we take as reality."<sup>14</sup> Granting that it is a point in our intellectual system which we take as reality, it can not as such be the stimulus of the organ of vision; for it is clear that no point in an intellectual system can stimulate the retina. And Bosanquet himself seems to imply that the objects of sensation are some things distinct from what he calls reality; for reality is derived from sense experience by an intellectual act of organizing and extending what is given in perception. But no matter what answer he might give to the question what stimulates the senses, he seems to have put his epistemology in place of metaphysics in such a way as to make the latter impossible.

WUNDT.

In the third edition of his *Logik*,<sup>15</sup> Wundt defines judgment as the analysis of a complete presentation into its essential parts.<sup>16</sup> By this definition he means that the content of the judgment is given in perception and the intellect picks out the mental counters. It is, then, a mechanism for interpreting the given. From this viewpoint it is relatively easy to ground the judgment in reality; for judgment is an analysis of reality as given in perception. We analyze in judgment that which presents itself piecemeal to the senses. We distinguish objects from their qualities, and these we differentiate from changing circumstances as being relatively permanent. So the most original form of judgment is that in which the concept of an object as subject is separated from an occurrence or a passing condition as predicate. But as the function of judgment rises from primitive objective conditions to a higher degree of abstraction, it finally arrives at a plane on which it can not be regarded as the intellectual analysis of perception. It is rather a mental whole which is then analyzed into its essential parts. In this sense a judgment is the analysis of thought into its elementary

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<sup>13</sup> Cfr. *The Essentials of Logic*, p. 67.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 70.

<sup>15</sup> First edit. published in 1893.

<sup>16</sup> Cfr. *Logik*, dritte Aufgabe, I. Band, p. 147.

concepts. Thus every judgment may be called an analytic function; consciousness and its content are given as one and then separated mentally.

Like others of the modern school of logicians, Wundt is more concerned with the content than with the form of judgment. Like them too he seeks to ground the judgment in reality. He differs from Bosanquet rather markedly in so far as he regards judgment as a mechanism for interpreting what is given in perception, whereas Bosanquet thinks that by means of judgment we actually construct reality. Like Bradley, he distinguishes between the psychic and the logical side of judgment, but he goes farther than Bradley and discusses this psychological aspect in his *Logik*.<sup>17</sup> He is, however, more critical than Bradley; for he confines thought very largely to the interpretation of immediate sense data.

ERDMANN.

For Erdmann the elementary judgment of formulated thinking is a process of "setting" (*Einordnung*) the content of the predicate "in" that of the subject.<sup>18</sup> Hence, in every elementary judgment the content of the subject is the determining part; the content of the predicate is that which is determined by the subject's content. Every single determination which is thought as predicate forms according to this doctrine a part of the content of the subject. The relation between the subject and the predicate is one of incomplete identity—identity of the predicate's content with one part of the subject's content. Erdmann's view of judgment turns the subsumption theory of judgment on its head—a fact which he observes with no little satisfaction. His theory makes not the extent of the predicate but the content of the subject the determining factor in the predictive relation. But the partial identity relation of subject and predicate does not constitute the essence of union by predication. Rather predication is the "setting in" (*einordnung*) of the content of the predicate in that of the subject. And the copula expresses that "set in" relation. The judgment is grounded in reality too, because it is the "setting in" of an object in the content of another. Moreover, he justifies his theory by the consideration that it agrees with his psychological exposition<sup>19</sup> of the same mental process.

However, he makes a very sharp distinction between the psychology and the logic of the judgment. The end-point for psychology is the idea, but this is the starting point for logic. Hence, from

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<sup>17</sup> *Logik*, I. Band, Abschnitt I., Die Entwicklung des Denkens.

<sup>18</sup> *Cfr. Logik*, I Band, p. 359.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibidem*, II. Buch, I. Abtheilung, 39 Kap.

his point of view Lotze and Bosanquet approach the problem psychologically whereas a logician should put the logical, the ideal first. This attitude makes Erdmann's system weak unless he is omniscient, for only omniscience contains all possible predicates. For humans the psychological method is the only feasible one. We start of necessity with partial knowledge. Consequently, he cannot know if his theory is true unless he possesses unbounded knowledge. On the other hand, his method of treating the matter first psychologically and then logically is superior to other methods. And his psychology is better than that of most logicians.

#### CREIGHTON

In his book, "An Introductory Logic," Creighton attempts to put modern logic into text-book form. His doctrine follows Bosanquet rather closely; it is, in fact, very largely a simplification of Bosanquet's teaching. And it may be said to the credit of Creighton that he does make Bosanquet clearer in many places. Creighton regards the judgment as the most elementary process of thought; it underlies the formation of concepts. It is not an external process of joining one part to another, but "an intellectual reaction by which we recognize that something, not previously understood, has a certain meaning or significance."<sup>20</sup>

Again, all judgments are necessary and universal, *i. e., a priori*. Sensory experience just gives thought the stimulus to start; it offers the occasion for thought. Though he professes to be a critical idealist, Creighton really admits transcendent elements into his system. This contradiction leaves his thought inconsistent, a defect that is quite contrary to idealistic canons. For consistency of thought as based on the principle of contradiction is obviously an essential quality in any idealistic system.

#### DEWEY.

Dewey's theory of the judgment as set down in his "Essays in Experimental Logic" differs not a little from the theories considered above. For him judgment is an intermediate stage in experience. And one verifies one's judgment by living through the experience. In hypothetical judgments we construct experience—if this is so, that will follow. There are three kinds of judgment: Simple judgment as found in primitive morals; intuitive judgment seen in activities requiring skill; and the reflective judgment. True to his pragmatic viewpoint, he is more interested in the practical value of the judgment, and devotes a long section<sup>21</sup> to the discussion of

<sup>20</sup> *An Introductory Logic*, p. 326.

<sup>21</sup> *Essays in Experimental Logic*, Chapt. XIV.

the judgment of practice. It is turned to the solution of present problems, without thinking of remote consequences.

In criticism of this attitude, it may be fair to insist on the fact that in our ordinary life we are partly idealistic and partly practical. We do not consider what is best in the long run; not always, perhaps, but with sufficient frequency to influence some writers, as Sidgwick, to maintain that one should consider all the results of action in space and time. But Dewey would not cease his endless struggle with small practical problems to think out intellectual systems.

#### CONCLUSION

After comparing these various theories, it is clear, I think, that the one element common to all is the attempt to get away from logic as a formal science. They make a definite effort to deal with the content side of thought. They strive to ground the judgment in reality as they severally conceive it. The fundamental problem, then, is how to arrive at truth, how to make sense out of the world, and not what are the laws of consistent thought. Again, their treatment of judgment is to some extent psychological. However, some of the writers—as Erdmann and Bradley—draw very sharp line of distinction between the judgment in psychology and that in logic. Conception is regarded as an infinite process by all except Dewey, who confines himself to the solution of practical and particular problems. Still, there is a difference concerning the extension of the intellectual construction beyond experience. Critical idealists go only some distance beyond experience, while Bosanquet, Bradley and Creighton go right on to infinity. All regard reality as a flux or development, but they show little consonance in the precise nature of reality, varying from intellectual creation in Bosanquet to matter of fact things in Wundt.

As contrasted with Aristotelian logic the modern movement is less formal—has less to do with verbal forms. Modern logic is written from the viewpoint of theory, of knowledge and of metaphysics. Allowing for this difference of viewpoint, there is little antagonism, and both are substantially correct from their own standpoints. The traditional logic tends to become so formal as to make nonsense out of psychology, whereas the modern view is inclined to become a universal science of the knowable. This leaning of modern logic is quite evident in Bosanquet. For him reality is but an intellectual construction. Hence, the laws of valid thought become identical with the laws of reality, and logic is the only

science. But even in less extreme forms, if logic must deal with content as well as with form, if it must tell us what to think as well as how to think, it seems to be a substitute for the special sciences and metaphysics. Hence, there is less opposition between the traditional logic and the modern view than between the latter and the special sciences and metaphysics. In fact Bosanquet's logic seems definitely to have usurped the field which metaphysics was wont to occupy.

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## TWO DISTINGUISHED RUSSIAN CONVERTS.

ALEXANDER I., Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias and King of Poland, was born in 1777 and succeeded his father, the Emperor Paul, to the throne in 1801. From 1805 to 1855 his name and influence were connected with all the most important political transactions of Europe. As Emperor of Russia he was virtually head of the Greek Church, and as such the question as to what religion he professed at the time of his death is a matter of interest. It is reported that he died a Catholic, and this question has occupied the attention not only of numerous historians, but of many men prominent in European political life. Let us examine the documents that come within our reach and that have a bearing upon the case. We will be strongly impressed by the evidence upon which the Emperor's conversion is based. The Rev. Father J. Gagarin, S. J., has published a highly interesting letter on the subject which we here translate from the "Dictionaire de Moroni": "Monsieur le Redacteur-in-Chef: You will not be surprised at the importance I attach to having the question as to whether Alexander I. died a Catholic or not definitely settled. We have on this point the testimony of Pope Gregory XVI., preserved by Moroni ("*Dxzionarii di storia ecclesiastica*") and that of Count de l'Escarene, published by the *Civiltà Cattolica*. The *Germania*, of Berlin, gives us the testimony of Prince Jules de Polignac, affirming that he saw in Paris, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a dispatch from the French embassy to St. Petersburg stating that the Emperor Alexander I. on his deathbed had abjured the schism at the hands of a Catholic priest, and that he afterwards received the last sacraments from the priest.

"To all this testimony I can add still another, signed by a most respected name, but which I do not feel at liberty to disclose. Here it is:

"I certify to have learned from the lips of General Michaud that he (the above-named personage), aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, had from this sovereign the mission to bear to the Pope then reigning (I think it was Leo XII.) the homage of his perfect submission to his spiritual authority. The general saw him kneeling before the Pope and recognizing him, in the name of the Emperor, as head of the Church.

"Moreover, I have learned from a reliable source that the Emperor Alexander in his last illness was attended by a Greek-Uniate monk, and on his deathbed he confided to the Empress regnant, the companion of his journeys through the southern provinces of the empire,

a secret which she was to communicate to the Empress' mother and to the Senate of St. Petersburg. The Empress, overcome by the death of the Emperor, fell sick on her way back and was continually saying: 'I will not arrive in time to fulfill the mission entrusted to me by Alexander.'

"'In testimony whereof I sign, etc.'

"Finally, a Catholic of St. Petersburg, who was in Italy, wrote me the following letter:

"'Your last letter has brought to my mind some old but faithful memories. You refer to the audience given by the Holy Father to General Michaud, and of the request made by the latter, in the name of the Emperor Alexander. I can add that there is a tradition preserved in my family which affirms General Michaud's account. Here it is as I have heard it many times in St. Petersburg:

"'Before starting for the south the Emperor Alexander sent for the prior of the Dominicans of St. Catherine's and commanded him, under the most absolute secrecy, to have a room ready for an ecclesiastic. The prior fulfilled the imperial commands with fidelity, and it was only a long time after the Emperor's death that he revealed the secret to a few intimates.'

"Under present circumstances I feel that I am not revealing the duties of discretion by making known all the proofs, since recent publications have removed all doubts.

"There is nothing left for me now but to hope that new revelations will make known all the details of an event so interesting as the conversion of the Emperor Alexander I. to the Catholic faith.

"Accept, M. le Redacteur-in-Chief, the assurance of my highest consideration.

"J. GAGARIN, S. J."

In 1824 Alexander I. fell seriously ill, and that year, too, occurred the disastrous flood that ravaged the port of Cronstadt and did much damage to the city of St. Petersburg. In the autumn of 1825 the Emperor went to Taganrog, where the Empress had resided for some time; from here he went to the Crimea, and on his return to Taganrog he brought with him the germ of the disease that was to cause his death. On November 27 it became evident that he was in great danger, and on the 30th he expired in the arms of the Empress Elizabeth. His death caused great and sincere sorrow throughout the empire, and nearly all of Europe, over the districts of which Alexander exerted a real and noble influence, joined in regrets. Napoleon once said: "If I die, he will be my heir in Europe."

Fine-looking and well-formed in person, like all the members of the imperial family of Russia, the Emperor was endowed with many admirable qualities; he was courteous and considerate; he spoke and wrote French and English correctly. The history of this great ruler is intimately connected with the entire history of Europe during the early period of the nineteenth century. There are a dozen or more works in various languages in which are recorded the acts and sayings of this sovereign. In some of these works credit is given to the rumor that prevailed that Alexander had been poisoned; in others this assertion is rejected. Others again claim that the malady which caused the Emperor's death was due to the profound pain he experienced on hearing of the conspiracy hatched by the very man he had loaded with favors. Some even went so far as to make special reference to his strong leaning towards Catholicity, and there are those who assert that the Emperor was beyond doubt a Catholic at heart. In the "*Annales des Sciences Religieuses*" there is an article entitled "*Sentiments religieux de l'Empereur Alexandre I.*" From this article we learn that "God had touched his heart to such a point that in all his great troubles and necessities the Emperor appealed to Him with great confidence and that he derived help and comfort, that he had a lively faith, sincere, enlightened, corroborated by his profound religious knowledge drawn from the Holy Scriptures, and in an especial manner from his constant habit of reciting the Ninetieth Psalm with devotion.

The magnanimity of his soul was manifested in an especial manner in an article published in Rome, on page 39 of the "*Roman Constitutional*" of 1849, entitled "*Faits historiques: Lettres autographes de l'Empereur Alexandre I., Sa Mort Catholique.*" This article, after describing his eminent qualities, his public and private virtues, the respect and love he inspired, and for all of which he has already received his reward in heaven, goes on to say: "On one occasion when reference was made to a person devoted to such acts as the Church will one day be called upon to pronounce the sentence of beatification, a venerable religious declared what he had learned from her . . . 'She sees the most remote events as well as the nearest; she foresaw the death of the Emperor as well as the causes of that death.'

"The soul of that sovereign has been saved because he exercised mercy towards his neighbor; because he revered the Sovereign Pontiff, and extended his protection over the Catholic Church in his dominions. The Lord gave him the light and grace necessary for his salvation. Moreover, we know with very certainty that in Rome and elsewhere there are documents that prove the Catholic death of

this pious monarch. 'I have no hesitation,' said Pope Gregory XVI., 'in praying for him with full confidence.'

"I cannot say that I heard these words myself from the lips of the Holy Father, but I can say that he often declared that Alexander I. died a Catholic. In his touching kindness towards me His Holiness deigned to confide to me, under the seal of secrecy, this important fact, with the injunction not to reveal a single word about it during the life-time of Cardinal Orioli. Both Pope and Cardinal having now gone to their reward, for the glory of the Holy See and of the three personages aforesaid, I now deem it useful to reveal this secret. I have copied it carefully from a memorandum made by me immediately after the communication was made to me, so that I might not some day change so much as a syllable of the words of Gregory XVI."

The Emperor Alexander I. of Russia sent General N. to Pope Leo XII. to inform him secretly of his earnest desire to become a Catholic and of his yearning to receive the most complete religious instruction. The personage here referred to General N.'s having been granted an audience by the Pope, and was hardly in his presence when he laid aside his sword, announced himself a Catholic, asked to be permitted to go to confession, and made known his mission to the Pope, adding that the Emperor expressly desired a Camaldulian monk as his religious instructor (perhaps because St. Boniface, the apostle of the Russians, a Camaldulian monk, accompanied by other monks of his order, suffered martyrdom, or perhaps because the famous Cardinal Zurla was made a Cardinal by Pius VII. at the request of the Emperor Alexander I.).

In case a monk of the desired order was not available, then a Minor Conventual would be acceptable. This proposition was joyfully welcomed by Pope Leo XII., who on the night of the very day of the guest's visit sent one of his pontifical carriages to the Camaldulian Monastery of St. Gregory of Monte Celio for Father Maur Capellari, abbot of said monastery and vicar general of the order, a man fully conversant with the ecclesiastical affairs of Russia. On arriving in the presence of Leo XII. the pious and learned abbot was made acquainted with the secret, and he was requested to go to Russia and perform the desired holy mission, assured in advance of the success that awaited him. The father abbot, Capellari, modestly begged to be excused from this charge, and among the reasons he gave for his request was that he did not speak the language of the Russians and the impossibility of learning it at his age. The Pope then asked him if he knew any one compe-

tent to undertake this work or whether a Conventual friar had better be sent for. The good abbot recommended Father Antonio Francesco Orioli, a choice which the Pope heartily approved. Father Orioli having been informed of the work he was to do, and having accepted the task, the Pope put him in communication with General N.

While the general was instructing the good Father Orioli in all it was necessary for him to know, and while they were preparing to set out for Russia, the sad news of the sudden death of the Emperor reached Rome. The death was sudden and perhaps not a natural death, as many believed, and thus vanished the bright hopes that had been entertained in regard to the deceased, but this sad event in nowise threw the least doubt upon the fact of the Emperor's conversion to the Catholic faith.

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Another distinguished Russian convert and one well known to the American Catholic of a generation ago is Prince Gallitzin, the second priest ordained in the United States and the first to receive all orders here. Father Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained to the priesthood in this country, received some of the earlier orders in France. Prince Demetrius Augustin Gallitzin, the son of the proudest and most powerful nobleman of the Russian Empire, was born in December, 1770, at The Hague, where his father was the Russian Ambassador. He was a member of the Orthodox Greek Church, to which his father belonged; his mother was a Catholic. For several years the young Prince was brought up in the Greek Church, but at the age of seventeen he was confirmed by a Catholic Bishop. It may be interesting to hear the fact of his conversion told in his own words:

"I lived during fifteen years in a Catholic country, under a Catholic government, where both the spiritual and temporal power were united under the same person. The reigning prince in that country was our Archbishop. During a great part of that time I was not a member of the Catholic Church. An intimacy which existed between our family and a certain celebrated French philosopher (Diderot) had produced a contempt for religion. Raised in prejudice against revelation, I felt every disposition to ridicule those very principles and practices which I have adopted since. I only mention this circumstance to convince you that my observations at that time being those of an enemy, and not of a bigoted member of the Catholic Church, are, in the eyes of a Protestant, the more entitled to credit; and from the same motive I shall also add that during those unfortunate years of my infidelity particular care was taken not to permit any clergyman to come near me. Thanks to the God of infinite

mercy, the clouds of infidelity were dispersed and revelation was adopted in our family. I soon felt the necessity of investigating the different religious systems in order to find the true one. Although I was born a member of the Greek Church, and although all my male relations were either Greeks or Protestants, yet did I resolve to embrace that religion only which, upon impartial inquiry, should appear to me to be the pure religion of Jesus Christ. My choice fell upon the Catholic Church, and at the age of about seventeen I became a member of that Church.

When the time came for him to make a tour of the Continent revolution had converted Europe into a vast battlefield, and the Prince was sent to the United States to make the acquaintance of Washington and Jefferson and to study the institutions of this country. He sailed from Rotterdam for America in August, 1792. After an intimate acquaintance of just two months with Archbishop Carroll, at that time Bishop of Baltimore, young Gallitzin resolved to relinquish a princely fortune, forfeit the highest rank of nobility and devote himself body and soul to the service of God and the salvation of souls in America. He was gladly accepted by Bishop Carroll, and he became the true pioneer of civilization, to carry the word of God and the means of salvation through the untouched forests of Pennsylvania.

In his apostolic trips, which often took him from Maryland to the tablelands of the Allegheny range, Gallitzin came upon a settlement composed of a few Catholic families. He selected this group as a nucleus for a permanent colony which he hoped to make the centre of the missions he hoped to establish. Several poor families whose affection he had won determined to follow him, and with the consent of his Bishop he took up his line of march from Maryland in the summer of 1799. As soon as his little caravan had reached its new home the settlers devoted themselves to the work before them. Their little settlement received the name of Loretto, by which it is still known. Father Henry Lemke, a son of St. Benedict, told me many stories about Father Gallitzin and his experiences with him. In describing this place he says: "Out of the clearings of these untrodden forests rose up two buildings constructed out of the trunks of rough-hewn trees; of these one was intended for a church, the other a home for their pastor. On Christmas Eve of the year 1799 there was not a winking eye in that little colony. The new church, decked with pine and laurel and blazing with such lights as the scant means of the faithful could afford, was awaiting its dedication to the worship of God. Father Gallitzin now offered up the first Mass, to the great edification of his flock and to the astonishment of the few Indians

who had never dreamed of such pageantry. There the energetic missionary labored amid privation, hardship and disappointments for nearly half a century. In spite of his many and varied occupations, he found time to write and give to the world his "Defense of Catholic Principles" and his "Letters on the Holy Scriptures." They exerted a very great influence even among the upper classes of society, but they were especially dear to the humble members of the community, for whom they were written. One of his biographers says: "The curiosity of readers increased their circulation everywhere, and I myself have found Gallitzin's works as perfectly thumbed as any spelling-book in spots where I never dreamed of meeting with them."

Years passed and the prince-pioneer could mark the slanting shadows of declining life when a young missionary came over from Europe to help him in his arduous labors. This was Father Henry Lemke, a Benedictine, and also a convert, as he told me himself. After acting as Father Gallitzin's assistant for some time, he became his successor, and, after years of trial in the Alleghenies, died, full of years and good works, in the seventies, at the Benedictine monastery at Elizabeth, N. J. Father Lemke set out from Philadelphia, and after a journey of several days over rough and almost impassable roads reached Munster, where he came across an Irish family who received him kindly. In that village he procured a guide and started for Loretto. "After we had gone a couple of miles through the woods," to use Father Lemke's own words, "I caught sight of a sledge drawn by a pair of vigorous horses and in it I saw a half-recumbent traveler, on every lineament of whose face could be read a character of distinction. It occurred to me that some accident had befallen the old gentleman. He was dressed in a threadbare coat and a dilapidated hat, and it seemed to me that some injury compelled him to resort to this singular mode of conveyance. While I was racking my brain for a satisfactory solution of the problem my guide turned to me and, pointing to the old man, said: 'There is the priest.' I immediately coaxed my nag up to the sledge and asked, 'Are you the pastor of this place?' 'I am, sir, Prince Gallitzin, at your service,' he replied with a smile. 'You are probably astonished,' he continued, 'at the strangeness of my equipage; but there is no help for it. You have already found out that in these wild regions you need not dream of a carriage road. You could not drive ten yards without danger of upsetting. I am prevented by a fall which I have had while riding on horseback, and it would be impossible for me to travel on foot. Besides, I can carry along everything required for the celebration of Mass. I am now going to a place where I have

a mission and where the Holy Sacrifice is announced for to-day.'” This was the first meeting between the old pioneer-priest and the young Benedictine who was to be his assistant during his declining years and who was to be his worthy successor.

In 1839 the venerable missionary’s heart failed him. The weight of years and of untold hardships bore heavily upon him. His once erect form became gradually bent; his step became unsteady; his voice failed him, and the last scene of his eventful life closed in his seventy-first year, May 6, 1841, when the missionary-prince left this world followed by the prayers of his parishioners gathered around him. Every room in his house and the chapel attached to it was thronged with a wailing, weeping and praying community. The supreme hour revealed the depth and sincerity of the love which dwelt in every heart for this man of God. On the day of the funeral people came from every quarter within fifty miles to pay to their devoted friend and father a last tribute of the affectionate respect which had attended him through life. His grave is now surmounted by a handsome monument—a credit to the good people he served so faithfully in life by their descendants, who have been taught to hold his name in veneration. This prince-priest was the founder of Loretto, and the town of Gallitzin, Pennsylvania, has been named in his honor. His kinswoman, the Princess Elizabeth Gallitzin, became a member of the Order of the Sacred Heart. She came to this country in 1840, founded four houses of her community, and died of yellow fever in Louisiana in 1843. Perhaps the character of this man of God may be illustrated by the provisions of his will, which is here appended. Among the provisions in this will is one for Masses; be it noted that these Masses were not for himself, but “for the souls of the faithful departed”—those who had no one to pray for them. One part of his belongings is devoted to “the relief of widows and orphans,” and another part to several persons, named in the will, as “raised by me.” The will is as follows:

“In the name of God, Amen. I, Demetrius Augustus Gallitzin, parish priest of St. Michael’s Church, near Loretto, in the county of Cambria and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do make and publish this, my last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by me at any time heretofore made. And as to such worldly estate as it has pleased God to entrust me with, I give and bequeath as follows:

“First, I direct that all my debts and funeral expenses shall be paid as soon after my decease as possible, and for the purpose of enabling my executors to do so, I hereby authorize them to sell and convey by sufficient deed or deeds to the purchaser or purchasers

thereof any part of my real estate, except such part as is hereafter disposed of. I give and bequeath to the Right Reverend Bishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, Bishop of Arath and Coadjutor of the Bishop of Philadelphia and his successors, or to the Bishop that may be appointed for the western diocese of Pennsylvania and his successors, when such appointment shall be made, in trust forever, for the support and use of the Roman Catholick clergy duly appointed by the said Bishop or Bishops or their successors, according to the rites of the Holy Roman Catholick Church to officiate at St. Michael's Church above mentioned, all the farm whereon said church is erected, together with the lands and appurtenances thereunto belonging. I give and bequeath to the Bishop or Bishops above mentioned, in trust forever, for the purpose of erecting a church thereon, all the square of six lots in the town of Loretto, known and numbered in the plan of said town as Nos. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30.

"I give and bequeath to Mary Wharton the sum of five hundred dollars to be paid by my executors to her. I give and bequeath to Catharine Wharton the sum of two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"And whereas, there is money due me from Europe, the receipt of which is doubtful, I therefore direct my executors to exercise a sound discretion in distributing, according to circumstances, the residue of my estate as follows: One part or portion towards the relief of poor widows and orphans; one for Masses for the souls of the faithful departed; one other part for to aid in the erection of a Catholic church in the town of Loretto, upon the lots above described, and one other part to Susannah Christy, Sarah Durbin, Elizabeth Durbin, Ann Storm, Francis McConnell and Hugh McConnell, all of whom were raised by me. And I do hereby appoint Michael Leary, William Todd and Henry J. McGuire executors of this my last will and testament.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 25th of April, A. D. 1840.

"DEMETRIUS AUG. GALLITZIN.

"Sealed, declared and delivered in the presence of us, who in the presence of the testator and of each other subscribe their names as witnesses:

"Patrick Shields,

"Peter Christy,

"Augustine Holt."

This will was made eleven days before his death, and a copy of it written by his own hand is still extant among some other of his papers.

His life shows how divine grace had moulded him into one of

earth's most perfect men. He gave up the worldly wealth and prominence to which his noble birth entitled him, to devote his life to God's poor far from his native land. In the then wilds of Pennsylvania he "sought out God's poor" and dwelt among them, labored among them, suffered all manner of privations and hardships for their sakes and finally died among them. Beneath the old trees at the very door of Loretto church, which he dedicated to St. Michael, he sleeps in simple pomp his last, long sleep of death. May he rest in peace.

The two distinguished converts with whom this paper deals so briefly have in their lives many characteristics in common. They were both natives of the same country; both belonged to the most illustrious of Russia's proudest nobles; both were inspired by the deepest religious feelings and aspirations, and both sought and found light and rest in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. They were both anxious to save souls—the one to save his own, the other to save the souls of his fellow-men; one as head of a schismatic church could not follow the dictates of his conscience openly without grave consequences to himself and to the State; the other had the happiness of not only being able to follow the dictates of his own conscience, but of leading others into the Church of his choice. They were both model Christians leading saintly lives and they left an example to posterity worthy of imitation. It would seem as if heaven had thought it meet to reward these two heroic souls that exemplified the principle of St. Ignatius Loyola that the Christian should have the faith which hopes everything from God and then acts as though he expected nothing save from his own exertions. They toiled and trusted and then with beating hearts awaited the opening of the Golden Gate.

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In addition to the two distinguished Russian converts above mentioned, we might add still another, the Rev. Augustine (Count) Schouvaloff. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1804, and after no end of trials and afflictions found rest and peace in the Catholic Church. After the death of his wife he abandoned the Greek faith and was received into the Catholic Church in Paris by the well-known and saintly Jesuit, Father de Ravignan, on January 5, 1843, in the presence of two other Russian converts, Madame Schwetchine and Prince Theodore Gallitzin. A few years later he retired from the world, and being admitted into the Order of Barnabites, some members of which he had learned to love and respect some years before in Milan, he made his vows of religion on May 2, 1857, and on September 18 of the same year was ordained priest. He was

immediately sent to Paris by his superiors, and during the rest of his life, which unfortunately was not destined to be long, he was a perfect model of humility, charity and zeal for the conversion of sinners. He was an eloquent and convincing preacher and perfectly familiar with French, German, Italian and English, and was thus able to hear many confessions in these languages, besides giving missions and retreats in French at Paris, Orleans, Amiens and other cities of France. He never ceased to love and pray for Russia, and after his conversion he used to offer his life every day to Almighty God, if He would accept it, as some sacrifice for the reunion of Russia to the Holy See. It was for his fellow-countrymen particularly that he wrote an account of his conversion and vocation, which has been translated into several languages. The English translation is entitled "My Conversion and Vocation. By the Rev. Father Schouvaloff, Barnabite."

Of Madame Schwetchine we may say that she belonged to a family distinguished for all that is intellectual and cultured. Her life, so far as her exalted social position permitted, was devoted to deep study. She was profoundly interested in philosophical and controversial subjects; she denounced the works of German rationalists and her logical mind was able to estimate them at their proper worth. An early acquaintance with De Maistre brought the doctrines of the Catholic Church to her attention and she was not long in accepting them, and she became a devoted Catholic and a staunch defender of her new faith. She went to Paris in 1816 and at once became the centre of a most celebrated circle. Her travels in Italy are charmingly described in her "Life and Letters." Her intimate relations with such men as the pious Abbé Desgardins, with the eloquent and persuasive Lacoédairé and with the unfortunate De Lamennais lend a historic interest to her memory. She was a happy solution of the woman question, inasmuch as she was independent, intellectual, strong-minded, but without losing her womanhood and becoming mannish. "A knowledge of her life," says William Rous-serville Alger, a non-Catholic, "would dispel the narrow prejudices which exist in many circles against the Roman Catholic Church."

H. B. N.

New Orleans, La.

RIGHT REVEREND AND HONORABLE ALEXANDER  
MACDONELL, FIRST BISHOP OF ONTARIO.

IT IS just ninety-two years since Pope Leo XII. erected Upper Canada, now known as the Province of Ontario, into a diocese and appointed Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, D. D., its first Bishop, Kingston being chosen as the episcopal see. The diocese comprised the whole of the present Province of Ontario, which has since been subdivided into the ten dioceses of Kingston, Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Peterboro, North Bay, Pembroke, Alexandria and Haileybury. From 1820 to 1826 Upper Canada was under the care of a Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Macdonell having been consecrated Bishop of Rhosina and Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada in the Ursuline convent of Quebec on December 31, 1820. Three years previous to this two other vicariates had been established—one in Nova Scotia and the other in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the Magdalen Islands. In 1819 Québec, the mother diocese of Catholicity in North America, was erected into a metropolitan see, with Most Rev. Dr. Joseph Octave Plessis, eleventh Bishop of Quebec, as its Archbishop, having as suffragan Bishops the Vicars Apostolic of Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and the Magdalen Islands. It should, however, be stated here that owing to the attitude of Great Britain at this time towards the Catholic Church the title of Archbishop was not assumed till more than twenty years later by the Bishop of Quebec. On the erection of Upper Canada into a diocese in 1826 there were but seven priests in the whole province, namely, Father William Fraser at Kingston, Father Angus Macdonell at St. Raphael, Father John Macdonald at Perth, Father James Crowley at York (now Toronto), Father Patrick Haran at Richmond, near Ottawa, and Fathers Joseph Crevier and Louis Joseph Fluet, in charge of the missions at Sandwich and Malden.

More than a century and a half had elapsed since Recollet and Jesuit Fathers had labored among the Huron, Neutral and Cayuga Indians on the shores of the Georgian Bay, in the peninsula of Niagara, and along the Bay of Quinte. The names of Fathers Chaudmont, Brébeuf, Lallemand and Fenelon, the latter a brother of the illustrious Archbishop of Cambrai, lived only in the annals of the missions and the span of years which intervened between these twilight days of the Cross and the advent of the pioneer Bishop of Ontario. Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell created new duties and a new field of labor for the missionaries—the needs of religious

ministration among the early Catholic settlers being paramount to every consideration of missionary work among the Indians. Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, the first Bishop of Canada, who laid the foundations of the Catholic Church in this Province deeply and securely, was in every sense of the word a remarkable man. He was born in Inchlaggan, in Glengarry, Inverness-shire, Scotland, on July 17, 1760, and being from infancy destined for the Church, was at an early age sent to Douai, thence to the Scottish College at Paris, and subsequently to the Scottish College at Valladolid, Spain, where he was ordained priest on February 16, 1787. On leaving Valladolid he returned to Scotland and served for four or five years as a missionary priest at Badenoch and the Braes of Lochaber so celebrated in the old Jacobite song, "Lochaber No More." By the way, it is worth noting that it was this Continental training which Bishop Macdonell received at such renowned seats of learning as the colleges of Douai, Paris and Valladolid that gave him that fine and solid scholarship which as a missionary Bishop marked with distinction all his sermons, addresses, pastorals and letters. It can be said with truth that Bishop Macdonell both wrote and spoke elegant French, was no mean Spanish scholar and had a command of strong, clear and vigorous English, reminding one very much in his style and turn of thought of his scholarly and militant though not immediate successor in the See of Kingston, Monsignor Cleary.

When Bishop Macdonell, then Father Macdonell, arrived in Canada in 1804 he found but two wooden Catholic churches in the whole Province of Ontario, then known as Upper Canada. As early as 1772 emigration from the Highlands of Scotland had taken place to North America, the first points of settlement being New York, the Carolinas and Prince Edward Island. It was in 1792 that Father Macdonell, then a missionary priest in the Braes of Badenoch, Inverness-shire, seeing his people dispossessed of their little agricultural holdings by a law passed which converted small farms into large sheep walks, went down to Glasgow and found a place for his Catholic laborers in the manufactories of that city, accompanying them at the same time in order to minister to their spiritual needs. Conditions in the manufactories of Glasgow brought about by troubles in France, Holland and other parts of the Continent soon obliged the cotton manufacturers of Glasgow to dismiss the greater part of their hands, and so the Catholics thrown out of employment were obliged to enlist through necessity in the several new corps then being raised for the defense of the country. It was then that Father Macdonell went to London and called upon the Secretary of War, the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, and offered to raise a Catholic

regiment. This offer was accepted by the English Government, and so Father Alexander Macdonell soon found himself, as chaplain, at the head of the first Catholic corps raised in the British dominions since the Reformation. This Catholic corps, known as the Glengarry Regiment, with Father Macdonell as its chaplain, did honorable service for the Crown in those stirring times, when the peace of Europe was shattered and the chaos of the French Revolution threatened the stability of monarchical government in England. Because of services rendered, when the Scotch fencible regiments were disbanded following the treaty of Amiens in 1802, Father Macdonell was able to obtain from the Crown a grant of land for the disbanded Catholic fencible regiment in Upper Canada.

Here is the letter of Lord Hobart, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to Lieutenant General Hunter, then Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, apprising him of the agreement and gift:

"Downing Street, March 1st, 1803.

"Sir: A body of Highlanders, mostly Macdonells and partly disbanded soldiers of the late Glengarry Fencible Regiment, with their families and immediate connections, are upon the point of quitting their present place of abode with the design of following into Upper Canada some of their relatives who have already established themselves in the Province. The merit and service of the regiment in which a proportion of these people have served give them strong claims to any mark of favor and consideration which can consistently be extended to them; and with the encouragement usually afforded in the Province, they would no doubt prove as valuable settlers as their connections now residing in the district of Glengarry, of whose industry and general good conduct very favorable representations have been received here.

"Government has been apprised of the situation and disposition of the families before described by Mr. Macdonell, one of the ministers of their Church and formerly chaplain to the Glengarry Regiment, who possesses considerable influence with the whole body. He has undertaken, in the event of their absolute determination to carry into execution their plan of departure, to embark with them and direct their course to Canada. In case of their arrival within your government, I am commanded by His Majesty to authorize you to grant in the usual manner a tract of the unappropriated Crown lands in any part of the Province where they may wish to fix in the proportion of twelve hundred acres to Mr. Macdonell and two hundred acres to every family he may introduce into the Colony.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"Lieutenant General Hunter, etc." (Signed) "HOBART."

With respect to Highland Scotch emigration to America, it may be worth noting here that the first took place, as we have already noted, in 1772. The Scotch who arrived then all settled in South Carolina. They were Protestants. Flora McDonald, who had given shelter and aid to "Bonnie Prince Charlie," was among the number. The following year a shipload of Highland immigrants came to Prince Edward Island, then called the Island of St. John's. These were all Catholics and came chiefly from South Uist, Scotland, where for years they had maintained their faith in the face of the severest persecution. Many of those later on moved from Prince Edward Island to Nova Scotia. This Highland contingent on leaving Scotland was in charge of John Macdonald, of Glenaladale, who had purchased a tract of 40,000 acres in Prince Edward Island, upon which he settled his persecuted fellow Catholics from South Uist. Sir William Johnson, having been created a baronet for services rendered to the British Crown, was also given a gift of one thousand acres in the Mohawk Valley, New York. Sir William desired tenants, and, turning his eyes to the Highlands of Scotland, easily prevailed upon the persecuted Highland Catholics to emigrate and settle upon his estate. So in August, 1773, we learn that four hundred Highlanders embarked for America to settle in the Mohawk Valley, New York. Sir William died in 1774, and the title descended to his son, Sir John Johnson. It does not appear, however, that either Sir William Johnson or his son made any effort to secure the ministration of the Catholic religion for their Catholic tenants. This only came with their settlement in their new home in Canada.

As soon as the Revolutionary War of 1776 flamed out, the people of each colony had necessarily to declare themselves either as pro-Continentalists or pro-United Empire Loyalists. The Scotch of South Carolina very largely supported the Continentalists, while those in the Mohawk Valley, in the County of Tryon, stood loyally by the Crown. In truth, the Scotch Catholics who had settled in the Mohawk Valley, joining their forces with those who had come to Canada through their fathers, had fought against the house of Hanover at Culloden, and many of them were descendants of those who had escaped from the bloody massacre of Glencoe, now fought in support of their king against the American revolutionary party. General Howe, who was commander-in-chief of the forces in British North America, authorized Sir John Johnson to raise a regiment in the Mohawk Valley. But the Continental party was watching closely, and resolved that Sir John should declare himself in no equivocal manner as either friend or foe of those who were struggling to cast off the yoke of Britain. At this critical juncture, in

order to prevent his loyal followers from falling into the hands of the Continentals as prisoners, Sir John determined to set out for Canada through the woods. We learn from the "Documentary and Colonial History of New York," Vol. VIII., page 683, that the party consisted of three Indians who served as guides, one hundred and thirty Highlanders and one hundred and twenty others. Nineteen days were consumed in this trek from the valley of the Mohawk to Montreal, during which they suffered every manner of hardship, and arrived in the Canadian city in a most pitiable condition early in May, 1776. Mrs. Johnson, wife of Sir John Johnson, was kept as a hostage at Albany as a surety for the good behavior of her husband. Next year the residue of the Catholic Scotch settlers in the Mohawk Valley, together with a number of German loyalists, made their way also to Canada.

One has but to glance at the names of the officers of His Majesty's Regiment of Royal Highland emigrants and those of the first and second battalions of the King's royal regiments of New York to realize how much those Highland Scotch Catholics did to keep Canada loyal to the Empire. In truth, one of the first things that Bishop Macdonell, then Father Macdonell, did soon after his arrival in Canada in 1804 was to urge upon the British Government, through Colonel John Macdonell, the Lieutenant of the county of Glengarry, the wisdom of raising in Glengarry a fencible regiment. This suggestion, though set aside for the moment, was later on acted upon by the Canadian Government, and the Glengarry Light Infantry Regiment was raised. This regiment, which had for chaplain Father Alexander Macdonell, who later became the first Bishop of Ontario, served in the War of 1812-14 and took part in fourteen engagements. It was present at the taking of Ogdensburg, Fort Covington and Oswego, at the attack on Sacketts Harbor and at the battle of York. They lost three companies at the landing of the Americans at Fort George and were also at the battles of Stoney Creek and Lundy's Lane.

In connection with the taking of Ogdensburg a writer relates the following story of the chaplain of the Glengarry Fencibles:

"When Ogdensburg was taken by the Glengarry Fencibles and the Glengarry Militia, under Colonel George Macdonell, on the 23d of February, 1813, the chaplain being with his clansmen, a Mr. Ross, one of the Glengarry Fencibles, being wounded, was carried into the house of an innkeeper near Prescott who had American sympathies like some along the borders. The chaplain saw that the wounded man was as much in need of stimulants as of priestly counsel, and went at once in search of some brandy. Excuses of various kinds were made by the woman of the house. Her husband

was absent and had the keys and so on. The chaplain told her he would take no denial and that if she did not procure the brandy forthwith he would have it in short order. She still demurred, whereupon he walked to the taproom door and with one kick lifted it off its hinges, and not only Mr. Ross but all others of His Majesty's liege subjects had all the brandy they required after their hard day's fighting."<sup>1</sup>

It was a tradition in the Macdonell family in Scotland that every son should be either a soldier or a priest. The Macdonells had been from time immemorial a great fighting clan. They were of the house of Glengarry, a branch of the clan Donald, now generally recognized as inheriting the chieftainship of the whole clan. For services rendered to the royal house of Stuart they were rewarded by Charles II. with a peerage under the title of Lord Macdonell and Arross. Bishop Macdonell was every inch a soldier in stature and bearing, and had he not been a great missionary in the Church of God he would have become, like his kinsman, Colonel Alexander Macdonell, known as Allastair *Ruagh* (the red), the young chief of Glengarry, a great military leader.

Referring to the soldier element in the character of Bishop Macdonell, his biographer says: "Bishop Macdonell had all the qualities of a soldier. His stature was immense and his frame herculean. He stood 6 feet 4 inches and was stout in proportion; he had undaunted courage, calm, cool judgment, resolute will and a temper almost imperturbable; he had the endurance of his race; fatigue and privation were as nothing to him; he was a man of great natural ability, great parts and a great personality which impressed all brought in contact with him; he inspired confidence, admiration and respect, but above all he was a born leader of men. The gain to the Church was great, the loss to the army correspondingly great when he was ordained at Valladolid."<sup>2</sup>

The chief settlements of the Highland Scotch Catholics were made in Glengarry in 1786 and 1803. In 1786 two ships sailed from Scotland filled with emigrants. The first reached the American coast too late to make Quebec harbor and landed its passengers at Philadelphia. Next year they went through to Lake Champlain in boats and were met at Ile-aux-Noix by their friends who had already established themselves in Ontario. The second band were from Knoydart and were under the leadership of Rev. Alexander MacDonald, of the family of Scothouse, a cousin of the chief of Glengarry. As the ship sailed out of the harbor of Greenock, Father Macdonald addressed his flock and placed them under the protection of St.

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<sup>1</sup> "Sketch of the Life of Bishop Macdonell," by J. A. Macdonell.

<sup>2</sup> "Sketch of the Life of Bishop Macdonell," by J. A. Macdonell.

Raphael, the guide of the wanderer. A few moments later there was a wail of terror; the ship was aground. "*Sios air er gluneau agus dianibh urnaigh!*" ("Down on your knees and pray!") thundered the priest. St. Raphael interceded, the ship slid off, and in the *Quebec Gazette* of 1786 appeared a chronicling of the arrival in that port of the good ship Macdonald, laden with its precious burden of Highland Scotch immigrants. They settled some miles north of Lancaster in what is now known as St. Raphael's parish and fell to work to build their houses and construct a pioneer church called "Blue Chapel"; of course, the church and parish were dedicated to the Archangel Guardian. In 1803 came another party of emigrants from Glengarry in Scotland who settled near the earlier comers. Along with these came Rev. Alexander Macdonell (Allastair), who became later the first Bishop of Upper Canada.

It should be mentioned here, however, that the first band of Highland Catholics to arrive in Upper Canada was in 1776. An Irish priest, Father McKenna, had charge of them. They were about three hundred in number, and their arrival is noted by Rev. Father Montgolfier, the seventh superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice and Vicar General of Montreal, who furnished Father McKenna with "the ordinary powers for ministering to his ambulating parish." We mention these facts as entirely relevant to the subject of this paper, seeing that the episcopal work of the great missionary Bishop Macdonell was closely bound up with the early Catholic life and history of Glengarry County in Ontario. As soon as Father Macdonell arrived in Canada in 1803 his first thought was to secure the land stipulated for his friends. He discovered, however, on his arrival that few of the emigrants who had preceded him and had located themselves on lands allotted them had obtained legal tenures for their possessions. All this Father Macdonell had to adjust with the Government, so that after considerable trouble and delay Father Macdonell not only obtained patent deeds for 160,000 acres of land for his new clients, but obtained patents for the lands of his own immediate followers. Soon after Father Macdonell's arrival he was appointed to the mission of St. Raphael in Upper Canada and in 1807 became a Vicar General. Here he devoted himself with ardor and zeal to the duties of his sacred office. "For more than thirty years," says his biographer, "his life was devoted to the missions of Upper Canada. He traveled from the Province line at Coteau-du-Lac to Lake Superior through a country without roads or bridges, often carrying his vestments on his back, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot or in rough wagons then used, and sometimes in Indian bark canoes, traversing the great inland lakes and navigating the rivers

Ottawa and St. Lawrence to preach the Word of God and administer the rites of the Church to the widely scattered Catholics, many of whom were Irish immigrants who had braved the difficulties of settling in our Canadian woods and swamps."<sup>3</sup>

It is not known whether Bishop Macdonell visited on this episcopal tour the old Indian missions on Manitoulin Island and along the shores of Lake Superior. We have evidence, however, that on a later episcopal tour Bishop Macdonell visited Fort William; but it was not till 1835 that a priest attended these missions regularly, the first to do so being Father Proulx, who had his residence at Penetanguishene. In 1837, as his own request, Father Proulx took up his residence at the Manitoulin Island and remained among the Indians till 1845, when all the Northern missions on the lakes were given over to the Jesuits. In connection with the missions of Lake Superior we find a letter addressed to Bishop Plessis, of Quebec, from Bishop Macdonell, then Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada, and dated March 28, 1821, for the purpose of receiving the approbation and consent of a Mr. McGillivray, of Quebec, to a Rev. Father Provencher being received at Fort William. This great missionary became afterwards the first Catholic Bishop of St. Boniface, Manitoba. At this time the Catholic census of Perth, Richmond and Lanark gave 1198 souls and the Catholic population of St. Raphael's and St. Andrews, including Caledonia and Finch, was 5,000. In the following year Father William Fraser, who had been doing mission work on the Bay of Quinte, was sent to Perth and Richmond. Throughout his whole life Bishop Macdonell of necessity as a Catholic Bishop stood for law and order and respect for authority. He counseled, under every circumstance, loyalty to the Crown and for a redress of grievances resort to constitutional methods. He saw as a chaplain at the head of the Glengarry regiment sent to Ireland in the uprising of 1798 how disastrous are these uprisings to the people who foment them when a mad soldiery is let loose among them. Because of this he advised the Catholics of Upper Canada to give no aid to William Lyon Mackenzie and his followers in the rebellion of 1837.

Touching Bishop Macdonell's love of law, order and respect for authority, a writer tells us: "Bishop Macdonell had a marked dislike for lawlessness. When in the Scots College, Paris, he and other inmates were disturbed by the revolutionary rabble. He there observed the first effects of the French Revolution which a few years later brought wreck and ruin in its train. Hence we find him a staunch supporter of law and order in his long and useful career. From his first years as a young priest in Badenoch; when at the age of twenty-

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<sup>3</sup> *Reminiscences of Bishop Macdonell*, by Chevalier Macdonell.

seven he put his foot on the threshold of his lifelong labor to the age of eighty years, his aim was to uplift the moral and social condition of his fellow-men."<sup>4</sup> We cannot fully understand or realize the herculean work performed by this great pioneer and missionary Bishop if we do not appreciate the obstacles with which Bishop Macdonell had to contend and the times in which his life had setting. As the great Daniel O'Connell had first to create an Irish people—lift them as serfs from their knees—so this heroic Bishop of God's Church had first to allay all prejudice and give strength and courage to the Catholic believers whom he found scattered in the wildernesses and grouped in settlements along the shores of Canadian lakes and amid primeval and impenetrable forests. Let us remember, too, that those were the days of pre-Catholic emancipation—days when a Catholic could not hold any high office under the British Government unless he took an oath abjuring his religion. Even Catholics entering the army were subjected to an oath odious to their convictions. Nor was this condition of things peculiar alone to Great Britain and Ireland. It had extended to the colonies. The position of the Catholic Church at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth century was to say the least a peculiar one in Quebec. The ruling powers endeavored to enforce the Royal supremacy. They refused to the Bishop of Quebec his proper title. As parish priests died out it was intended to replace them by Protestant ministers—in short, to make the Church a mere State machine. So sure were these gentlemen of success that a project for letters patent drawn up during the administration of Governor Craig contained the following words:

"By these presents we constitute and nominate our ecclesiastical superintendent for the affairs of our Church of Rome in our Province of Lower Canada, and we authorize the said . . . and his successors to exercise spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction in our said Province according to law, and we have given and accorded to our said ecclesiastical superintendent full power and entire authority to confer the order of deacon and priest to institute by himself or his delegate the priests and deacons that we shall present and nominate to benefices in the Province with charge of souls."

In 1825 Bishop Macdonell, who had been created Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada in 1819, paid a visit to Europe for the purpose of obtaining aid for his vast diocese and to induce the English Government to withdraw its opposition to the appointment of titular Bishops in Canada. He succeeded in both and returned to Canada in 1826. At the same time he was created Bishop of Regiopolis, or Kingston.

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<sup>4</sup> "The First Catholic Diocese of Upper Canada," by Rev. G. Corbett, V. G.

But what became a source of great solicitude and anxious care to Bishop Macdonell was the need of securing a sufficient number of priests for the ministration of religion in his vast diocese with its ever-increasing Catholic population. To meet this need the Bishop founded the modest little Seminary at St. Raphael's in Glengarry, which bore the name of the College of Iona. To take charge of this college Bishop Macdonell brought with him on his return from Europe in 1826 Rev. Peter Macdonald, who was for twelve years Vicar General of the Kingston Diocese. Speaking of this Seminary and its work, Chevalier Macdonell in his "Reminiscences of Bishop Macdonell" says :

"This seminary was a very modest affair ; but it had the honor to produce some of the most efficient missionaries of the time, among whom may be mentioned Rev. George Hay, of St. Andrews ; Rev. Michael Brennan, of Belleville, and Rev. Edward Gordon, of Hamilton." During its existence the little College of Iona educated and fashioned in all fourteen priests. We understand that the old seminary building at St. Raphael's still stands and is now used as a home for aged and retired religious of the Diocese of Alexandria. As the years weighed upon the venerable form of Bishop Macdonell he looked for the appointment of a Coadjutor to aid him in the episcopal administration of his vast diocese, stretching from the boundary of Quebec on the St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Superior. With this in view, a Mr. Thomas Weld, a descendant of one of the oldest Catholic families in England, who on the death of his wife had taken orders, was selected and consecrated Bishop of Amycla and Coadjutor of Upper Canada the 6th of August, 1826. By the advice of his friends and medical advisers, Bishop Weld, however, remained for some time in England and then went to Rome, where in March, 1830, he was nominated Cardinal by Pope Pius VIII. This proved a severe disappointment to Bishop Macdonell, who, it is said, had built the presbytery and Church of St. Raphael's in anticipation that Bishop Weld would be his Coadjutor. Dr. Murdoch, of Glasgow, was then nominated by the Propaganda as Coadjutor to Bishop Macdonell, but his nomination proved only a second disappointment to the venerable and aged Bishop of Kingston, as Dr. Murdoch was appointed Bishop of Glasgow. Bishop Macdonell finally sought to secure as Coadjutor Father Larkin, of the Sulpician Seminary, Montreal, but in this he met with but a further disappointment. At length in the autumn of 1833 the Bulls arrived for the consecration of Bishop Gaulin as Coadjutor Bishop of Kingston.

All this time Catholicity had been growing apace in the wide-extended vineyard committed to the care of this great missionary

Bishop whose life had been spent in toil and sacrifice in every field whither God's finger had pointed the way. Owing to the great influx of immigrants, the Catholic population of Upper Canada had increased rapidly between the years of 1826 and 1834. According to Dr. Thomas Ralph's valuable work, "Canada and the West Indies," the Catholic population of Upper Canada in 1834 was 52,428 and the total population of the Province as given in the official census 321,145. As an evidence of the rapid growth of Catholicity during the episcopal reign of Bishop Macdonell it may be pointed out that the seven priests who constituted the entire clergy at the time of the erection of Upper Canada into a diocese in 1826 had in eight years increased to twenty and more than twenty-five churches had been built or were in course of erection. In this good work of building churches, of course, the Government aided and granted an allowance also to each Catholic clergyman and teacher. Father Corbett, in his interesting and valuable brochure on "The First Catholic Diocese of Upper Canada," gives us the following facts regarding these Government grants:

"On Bishop Macdonell's return to Canada in 1826 he was appointed the first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada and the Government settled upon him a salary of £400 per annum, which was afterwards increased to £600. Bishop Macdonell then succeeded in obtaining an increase to the number of his clergymen; some he educated at his own expense and others he received from Europe; and the Government allowed him the sum of £750 to be distributed among his clergymen and ecclesiastics. In the year 1830 this sum was increased to £1000. In the year 1832 the Provincial Government granted £550 towards the building and repairing of Catholic churches, and in the following year the grant was increased to £900; but shortly afterwards William Lyon Mackenzie and his radical associates prevailed upon the home Government to issue no more money for religious purposes, and in consequence several churches which were then in progress could not be finished."

And now we have well-nigh reached the eve of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837. This flamed out almost simultaneously in Upper and Lower Canada. The respective leaders were William Lyon Mackenzie and Joseph Louis Papineau. The latter had been already the bearer in 1823 of a petition to the Prime Minister of England, Right Hon. Viscount Sidmouth, signed by 60,000 French Canadians, giving expression to their opposition to the legislative Union of Upper and Lower Canada. That there had been grievances in both Quebec and Ontario goes without saying. It was the old, old story of a ring or "family compact" endeavoring to control legislation in

their own interests. Bishop Macdonell well knew of these abuses and wrongs, but he rightly believed that these grievances should and could be redressed by a resort not to arms, but to constituted methods. In Bishop Macdonell's address issued to the Irish Catholics of Upper Canada the year following the Rebellion the great prelate-statesman, whose patriotism and wisdom had been recognized in 1830 by Sir John Colborne, the Governor General of Canada, in his appointment as a member of the Legislative Council, sets forth in these words his opinion of the work of the Government at this time as well as the character of those who had fomented the Rebellion :

"In exculpation of the Canadian Rebellion little can be said—the Canadians had no real grievances to complain of ; they paid no tithes but to their own clergy. No taxes or any other burden but what was imposed upon them by laws of their own making ; their religion was not only free and uncontrolled, but encouraged and protected by the Government when threatened to be shackled by their own Catholic Assembly ; parishes were multiplied by the consent of the Government and subscriptions were raised by Protestants and even by representatives of His Britannic Majesty to build the churches ; in a word, the French Canadians lived freer, more comfortably and more independently than any other class of subjects perhaps on the whole surface of the globe ; and they were perfectly contented and seemed quite sensible of the blessings they enjoyed under the British Government till the folly and madness of irreligious Papineau, atheistical Giraud and Camelion O'Callaghan, of the Protestant Nelsons, Browns, Scots and others of that kind who, taking advantage of the ignorance and simplicity of the unfortunate *habitants*, made them believe that they were groaning under a galling yoke which they did not feel but in imagination and succumbing under unsupportable burdens which had never been laid upon them."

Notwithstanding, however, Bishop Macdonell's loyal defense and support of the Government, he well knew that all was not well in the legislation of the country, but he believed that these wrongs could be best righted by constitutional means. Indeed, in this same address the Bishop states that one of the causes which aided the leaders to foment the Canadian rebellion was the abuse and reviling poured upon the Canadians by the ultra-loyalists and the utter contempt in which they were held by persons of different extraction. And in this Bishop Macdonell was decidedly right. It was the arrogance of the "family compact" that brought on the Rebellion. In Upper Canada, too, both the alien law and the clergy reserves gave much dissatisfaction. Add to this a little coterie or "family compact" represented in the Legislature were cornering all the good things. Members of

the Legislative Assembly were voting on their own appointments to fat offices and places of emolument. Even Sir Francis Bondhead, the Lieutenant Governor of the Province, had the effrontery and folly to tell the members of the Executive Council that it was their duty to serve him and not the people. In a word, the great evil lay in the lack of a Government responsible to the people.

Of course, the Rebellion ended in a fiasco in both Upper and Lower Canada. The rebels made something of a stand—but a futile one—at St. Eustache, a few miles from Montreal, and at Montgomery's Tavern, a few miles north of Toronto. The net profit of the Rebellion was the introduction into Canada of responsible government which followed Lord Durham's report to the home Government. Not only did Bishop Macdonell bear a conspicuous part in quelling the Rebellion and holding the Catholics in loyalty to the Crown, but it is said that when the regular troops went from Kingston to dislodge the rebels or "patriots" who had entrenched themselves near Prescott, Bishop Macdonell took charge of the Kingston garrison entrusted to the Frontenac militia. Bishop Macdonell, it may be truly said, had but a sole aim in all his work—the advancement of his people and the advancement of his adopted country. He was both a great churchman and a great patriot. Heedless of himself, given to every sacrifice, he labored in humility, suffering innumerable privations as a true Bishop of the Church of God for the salvation of souls. His was indeed a true self-denial, a true humility.

Writing to Rev. Father La Sournier, of the Sulpician Seminary, Montreal, soon after his consecration as Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada in 1820, this truly great and humble Bishop said:

"I not only excuse and forgive all those who take the liberty of thinking and speaking unfavorably of me, but I am perfectly satisfied that I ought to receive curses and contradictions and even persecutions for justice sake with joy and perfect submission to the will of the Almighty. What gives me real concern and makes me tremble is my own deficiency and the reflection that my unworthiness may be the cause of retarding the course of religion in these missions."<sup>5</sup>

As we have already stated, Bishop Macdonell was called to occupy a seat in the Legislative Council of Upper Canada in 1830, hence his title of "Honorable." He did not seek it—in truth, he but accepted it that he might be the better able to advance the interests of his Catholic people. Referring to his appointment to the Legislative Council in a letter dated July 29, 1830, to his friend, Mr. John Menzies, of Blair, near Aberdeen, Scotland, the Bishop wrote:

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<sup>5</sup> Church Archives, Kingston.

"It is an honor of which at my time of life and succumbing under an overwhelming load of business in the way of my calling I ought not to be ambitious, nor would any other consideration induce me to accept of it but the hopes of being able to carry measures for the benefit of the Catholic religion through the Provincial Parliament with greater facility and expedition than I could otherwise do."<sup>6</sup>

Bishop Macdonell was indeed ever on the alert to see that Catholics received just representation in public offices and his personal influence as Bishop and citizen holding ever the broadest and most patriotic views gave the Catholics of Ontario a prestige and place in the public esteem and favor of the Province which they otherwise never would have held.

As an instance of this watchfulness on the part of the Bishop to secure proper representation for the Catholics, the following letter addressed to the Very Rev. W. J. O'Grady, of York (now Toronto), will bear witness:<sup>7</sup>

"St. Raphael's, Nov. 30th, 1830.

"Rev. Sir: I beg you will thank His Excellency for mentioning the reasons why he did not make certain appointments to the magistracy. You may also say to His Excellency that, being personally acquainted with the major part of the magistrates of Upper Canada, I do not hesitate to say that one-half of them, not to say more, are not better qualified to discharge the duties of Justice of the Peace than every one of those I recommended in Kingston, and you may add that it is my full conviction that until a certain portion of Catholics get into the commission of the peace there will never be peace and security in the Province.

"There are secret foldings in the magistracy of Kingston which I could develop if necessary; for the present suffice it to say that there is a knot or junta of magistrates in Kingston as exclusive and hostile to Catholics as any corporation in Ireland who will never admit a Catholic into their body if they can, more especially an Irish Catholic. I remain, reverend dear sir, yours sincerely,

"ALEXANDER MACDONELL, Episp. Reg."

Bishop Macdonell lived at St. Raphael's, in Glengarry, till 1830, when he took up his residence in the see city of Kingston. During the remaining ten years of his life the Bishop resided part of the time in Kingston and part of the time in Toronto, taking up his residence in the latter place because his duties as a member of the Legislative Council demanded his presence at the seat of Government. In every corner of Ontario linger abiding memories of this great

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<sup>6</sup> Church Archives, Kingston.

<sup>7</sup> Church Archives, Kingston.

missionary-prelate who, cradled amid the vales and hills of Inverness-shire, Scotland, and educated under the alien skies of France and Spain, brought with him to the New World the strong and endearing gifts of a Celtic soul—the burning faith that flamed in Catholic Highland hearts through the darkest nights of persecution, building in a newly found home new altars of sacrifice, new altars of divine service, erecting temples to God upon the shores of the Georgian Bay, where the Manitou Spirit haunts the lakes and isles or where early missionary Jesuit and Recollet blessed the soil with footsteps of faith, where Quinte's placid tide lies in deep and peaceful dream and its fringing waters once reflected its dark and forest-clad shores. But nowhere are the memories of this great statesman-prelate and man of God so strong, sacred and vital as in his beloved Glengarry, which in missionary sowing has been so fruitful in heroism and faith. St. Raphael's, his pro-cathedral for many years, is still a shrine for pilgrims. Here is a pen picture of St. Raphael's and its setting from a gifted Catholic writer who visited more than thirty-five years ago this goodly vineyard once tilled and watched over by Bishop Macdonell: "Alongside of the military road you go under elms of giant height until you reach the quaint old hamlet dedicated to 'Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide.' Village there is none; only a postoffice and store, an inn, a schoolhouse, two cottages with a church presbytery and college. The former stands on the brow of a hill and is remarkably large and lofty for a country church. Entering you are struck by the grandeur of the vast roof unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by a rood screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. . . . Near the church there was a building called a convent, but Bishop Macdonell never succeeded in obtaining nuns for the mission. The enclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and the college is now used as a chapel, in which Mass is said daily and in which when the writer first saw it the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The Bishop's house is a spacious stone mansion capable of accommodating many persons. . . . From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old Bishop's portrait looks down on his people. It shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to pictures of Sir Walter Scott."<sup>8</sup>

But the sun is hastening down the west and the golden jubilee of Bishop Macdonell has illumined the skies. Fifty years have stretched across the centuries from 1787 to 1837 and rounded out in the vine-

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<sup>8</sup> Mrs. Berlingust (nee A. M. Pope) in "Catholic World," October, 1881.

yard of God this great and good man's life and labors. The celebration of the event touched with joy irrespective of race or creed the heart of the entire people of the Province. The ceremony took place in the parish Church of St. Raphael in the presence of two thousand people. The Bishop of Montreal and many of his clergy desired to be present, but were prevented by the severity of the weather. The Bishop addressed his countrymen before Mass in Gaelic, their maternal tongue. After narrating the progress that had been made in religion in the Province during his episcopal reign, Bishop Macdonell begged the forgiveness of his people for any bad example he had given them and for any neglect or omission of his duty during his ministry among them for so many years, begging of them their prayers and supplications at the throne of mercy in his behalf. In 1837 a project very dear to Bishop Macdonell's heart was put into practical effect. It was the establishment and endowment of a seminary at Kingston for the education of the clergy. Having obtained a charter from the Legislature, the corner-stone of the college was laid on June 11, 1838, Bishop Macdonell officiating, assisted by his Coadjutor, Monsignor Gaulin, Vicar General Angus Macdonell and others of his clergy. This seminary, known as Regiopolis College, which for thirty years was the nursery of some of the most zealous, pious and gifted priests and prelates of the Province, was obliged through lack of funds to close its doors in 1869 on the withdrawal by the Legislature of all grants to denominational institutions. In the summer of 1839 Bishop Macdonell set sail for England for the purpose of collecting funds for his newly established seminary. From England he went to Ireland, accepting the invitation of the Earl of Gosford, former Governor General of Canada, to visit him at Gosford Castle near Armagh. While traveling in Ireland, Bishop Macdonell contracted a cold which settled in his lungs. He shortly after set out for Scotland, arriving at Dumfries on January 11, 1840. Under the care of Rev. William Reid, the parish priest of that town, whose guest the Bishop was, he seemed to have become apparently restored to his usual health. On the night of the 14th, however, he grew weak and, a physician being called in, Father Reid administered to him without delay the rites of the Church. A few minutes after the great and heroic Bishop Macdonell breathed his last peacefully as a child. The funeral service was held in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, the sermon being preached by Bishop Murdoch, of Glasgow. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the body was removed to St. Margaret's Convent and placed in the vaults beneath the chapel pending such arrangements as should be made for its removal to Canada. In 1861 his remains were brought to

Kingston by Bishop Horan and committed to their last resting place beneath the Cathedral, in the midst of the people he had loved so well in life.

The first Bishop of Ontario was indeed a great and noble personage. He laid the foundations of Catholicity in this Province wisely and well. Bishop Macdonell became the chief pastor of Upper Canada when there were in it but seven priests and about twenty-five thousand Catholics. Now Ontario has a Catholic population of five hundred thousand, attended to spiritually by nearly six hundred priests. The mustard seed planted by the great and heroic Bishop and patriot has indeed blossomed and burgeoned till it has become a mighty tree of spiritual comfort and joy to the many who seek a quickening life and shelter beneath its heavenly branches. The old Diocese of Kingston, or Regiopolis, now an archdiocese, benignly ruled to-day by Most Rev. Archbishop Spratt, D. D., has broadened and expanded into other episcopal sees; Catholic colleges, convents and schools crown our cities and towns with their turrets and towers; the life of Catholicity has grown apace intellectually as well as spiritually, but it never should be forgotten that the triumphs and conquests of the Cross to-day in Ontario have been made possible through the zeal, heroism and devotion of the Right Rev. and Honorable Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Ontario.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Toronto, Ontario.

## FLOWERS FROM "LITURGICA HISTORICA."

SOME of the best books that have been written are sometimes said to be books about books. This is an article about a recent most important book, and in no sense a critical review, for the many recondite questions with which it deals are fraught with burning controversy (the author was an expert of European fame in liturgiology and ecclesiology), so that the present writer has no desire to step in "where angels fear to tread." The book for various reasons is not within the reach of every one, nor would some of the subjects with which it deals interest the so-called general reader; nevertheless, learned as it is, it contains so much of genuine human interest that we hope a short account of it will be acceptable. It is a collection of liturgical and antiquarian articles, the posthumous work of the late much-lamented Mr. Edmond Bishop; the first part consists of antiquarian papers, originally published in the "Downside Review."

Incidentally, short biographical sketches of various mediæval writers, monks, abbots, Bishops, are introduced, persons with whom most educated people have a bowing acquaintance and are glad to learn to know them a little better, curiosity in some form or other being a universal trait. Mr. Bishop had a happy knack of seizing on interesting personal characteristics and of illuminating his sometimes rather dry matter with pen-pictures of men, places and scenes. He had the prophet's gift of resuscitating dry bones and making dead men live and speak. To change the metaphor, to turn the pages of "*Liturgica Historica*"<sup>1</sup> is like walking through a garden of herbs, redolent of lavender, marjoram, of basil and rosemary, interspersed with old-fashioned flowers. It is the flowers we propose to gather here.

Mr. Bishop's marvelous memory, his indefatigable zeal in ransacking libraries, his extraordinary eyesight, which enabled him to read faded manuscripts and detect suspicious glosses and superscriptions, his industry in taking notes of all he read, combined to give him remarkable power for describing the long dead people and past scenes with which his studies brought him in contact. Yet all this is only the lighter side of his work, the ripples on the deep waters of liturgical study. Into these depths we shall not presume to plunge, though we may occasionally, when the stream is very clear, catch a reflection of them here and there. In the first chapter the author deals with the genius of the Roman rite, which he sums up as characterized in two words, soberness and sense, and he dis-

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<sup>1</sup> "*Liturgica Historica*," by Edmond Bishop: Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1918.

criminate between what is Roman and what is Gallican, or evidently non-Roman in our present missal. It will certainly surprise many readers, especially Protestants, to learn that it is precisely those things in our religious services which are popularly believed to constitute "Romanism," and are supposed by them to show sensuousness in Catholic ritual, which are originally not Roman at all, but in the course of the ages have been imported and added to the original simplicity of the Mass, which was more consonant with the genius of the old Romans.

All censuring of the altar, of the elements, of persons, was alien to the spirit of Roman rite, and was of later introduction; only twice during Mass was there any elaborate ritual—once at the processional entry of the celebrant to the altar and again at the singing of the Gospel. And here we get our first pen-picture, a vignette of this entry. Seven acolytes bearing lighted torches, seven deacons, seven subdeacons, one carrying a censer, preceded the celebrant, often the Pope himself, and his ministers to the altar, all vested in chasubles, as the Introit was sung by the choir ranged on either side of the sanctuary. Here, too, we get a hasty sketch of Charlemagne, said to be "ten times more the sacristan than Joseph II., who was called on one memorable occasion "*mon frere le sacristain*." Charlemagne "made wars, he made laws, he made himself Roman Emperor, he loved letters; but he enjoyed his ecclesiastical administration and Church business of all sorts, in every detail, ritual and other. Never was he more pleased with himself than when presiding in his own chapel and setting everybody to rights." Charlemagne adopted the Gregorian Mass book used in Rome, but to suit the French he caused additions to be made to it from the liturgical books already found in France.

In another paper we get a glimpse of Charles as a pilferer, robbing the art treasures of Ravenna, then "the Queen of the Adriatic," to enrich his new church and other buildings at Aix-la-Chapelle. To do this he salved his conscience by asking permission of Pope Hadrian I., who gave him leave to pull up and down and take away the marbles and mosaics of the palace, on the floors and on the walls and other examples of Ravenese art. Charles, says our author, "was full of greed, and there was none to say him nay or effectually thwart his will." There were three early sacramentaries or Mass-books of the Roman Church—the Leonine, the Gelasian and the Gregorian. There was a Supplement attached to the Gregorianum which was composed by the Englishman Alcuin, and sent by this same Pope Hadrian I. to Charlemagne at his request. Mr. Bishop also considers that Alcuin was the author of the celebrated Preface, "*Hucusque*," to the Supplement to the Gregorianum.

Alcuin or Albinus was a Yorkshireman (735-804). He was educated at the York Theological School, of which, as of the library attached to it, he eventually became the master until he was invited by Charlemagne to settle in France. He did so in 782, and received the abbeys of Ferrières, St. Loup at Troyes, and St. Martin at Tours. He was a great scholar and had had access to all the best English libraries. At one time he was abbot of St. Josse-sur-Mer, but he was frequently an absentee; when there he was on intimate terms with the monks of St. Riquier, whose abbot was a great friend of his, of whom, as we shall presently see, Mr. Bishop gives one of his charming little sketches. An item in the inventory of St. Riquier quoted by our author confirms his opinion as to the compiler of the Gregorian and Gelasian missal, and as to the reviser of these two sacramentaries, for the inventory includes "A Gregorian and Gelasian missal arranged by Alcuin." To sum up Alcuin's part in arranging our present missal, we must quote the following paragraph from the article on the Gelasian Mass-book:

"In liturgy after Alcuin all is changed; a leveling hand has passed over the particularism that before prevailed; liturgical texts assume a more uniform tenor, their color is less varied and local. The older liturgies have almost everywhere been put out of use and the copies of the Missal become uniform 'under reserve.' But at least this result was attained: since Alcuin, the only Missal in use is the Gelasian-Gregorian compilation. The older liturgies, the pure Roman, the Gallican, and at length the Mozarabic, disappear to give place to a common and universally accepted rite, based as its main factor on Roman observance. And this is what Charlemagne had willed should be. In a word, it is the Englishman Alcuin who had been the instrument to settle the structure and tenor henceforth of the liturgy of the Western Church." Surely this is a most interesting fact for all English-speaking peoples, and one of which the English may well be proud. The work of the English Protestant reformers when they swept away the Mass must have made Alcuin turn in his grave. He was not overfond of revising sacramentaries, for when asked by Eanwald, Archbishop of York, to do so, he refused and asked what need there was to draw up a new when an old would suffice. True, he obliged Charlemagne when asked by so powerful a monarch to do so, but this was because, Mr. Bishop says, "he had a strong sense of powerful and paying patronage." He had an eye to the loaves and fishes; moreover, Charlemagne was not a person a wise man would thwart, especially in a matter in which the Emperor took so keen an interest as liturgy. Alcuin was a great letter-writer, and his style at times seems to have been exceedingly direct, judging from a letter to Eliphandus, Bishop of Toledo, with whom he had a controversy as to the To-

ledan missal, in which he alludes to Hildephonsus and the Adoptionist theory in terms of fine scorn. As an example of dealing faithfully with an opponent in the eighth century, we quote the following passage from the paper on "Spanish Symptoms":

"It is better," says Alcuin to Eliphandus, "to give credit to the testimony of God the Father as to His own Son than to your Hildephonsus, who composed such prayers for you in your Mass as the holy and universal Church of God knows not. Nor do we think God listens to you when you say them. And if your Hildephonsus in the prayers he wrote called Christ 'adoptive,' our Gregory, Pope of the Roman See and doctor renowned throughout all the world, in his prayers never hesitated to call Him the sole begotten One." Alcuin also compiled the burial service in the Caroligian Supplement, and in so doing "made a clean sweep of nearly the whole of the twenty or twenty-one prayers found in these services in Gaul throughout the eighth century, and substituted for them new Mozarabic material." In the article of Angilbert's *Ordo* we get a full-length portrait of Alcuin's great friend, the abbot of St. Riquier, who was also one of Charlemagne's most intimate friends, if not his greatest. Angilbert was brought up in the Frankish court from his earliest years and was chosen by Charlemagne to be the "governor, ruler, guide and mentor" of his son Pepin, while he was quite young himself, and Pepin had just been crowned King of Italy, so that Angilbert's office was no sinecure. But he appears to have been quite equal to the task, for he was a most courteous knight, a polished courtier, a great scholar, and evidently a man of great charm and fascination for men as well as for women. Alcuin's letters frequently allude to his great affection for Angilbert, calling him "his sweetest son, his most dear son, inheritor of my scholarship." Charlemagne seems to have shared this admiration, since he sent for Angilbert to his court and placed his son under his care. Another task he set Alcuin was to correct the current version of the Bible. But Angilbert found favor with the gentler sex also, although gentleness does not appear to have been the leading characteristic of the lady who married him. Charlemagne had two daughters, and Bercta, the younger of the two, seems to have been a very masterful young woman, the "very picture of her father." A feminine Charlemagne must have been a difficult problem to tackle, and this one, having chosen to fall in love with the most attractive man in her father's court, wooed and won him. She was evidently a somewhat masculine woman, with a deep voice and a proud, imperious manner, fond of the chase and exceedingly fond of splendid attire. She bore Angilbert two sons, one of whom inherited his father's literary talents.

Angilbert had among his numerous gifts a talent for diplomacy, for which his personal charm well fitted him, and three times he was sent by Charlemagne as Ambassador to the Pope. In 793 he became lay-abbot of the great and most famous monastery of St. Riquier, near Abbeville. This monastery he practically refounded and enriched it with costly vestments, altar plate and a large collection of valuable books. For eight years while living as a courtier enjoying all the pleasures of a wordly life he continued to restore and contribute to the enrichment of St. Riquier, and then quite suddenly he left the world, the court, his wife, children and all that had hitherto been his interests and buried himself as a monk in the monastery of St. Riquier, of which he of course became the abbot. It was partly by Alcuin's advice that he did so, but he was always a man of deep religious feeling, and when Alcuin wrote warning him against the dangers of the world to his soul, in an age when people thought more about their souls than they do now, and Adalbert, afterwards abbot of Corbie, seconded Alcuin's appeal, Angilbert gave up his imperious spouse and left the world and its temptations and went and buried himself in St. Riquier. History, so often silent when we most wish her to speak, does not tell us what Bercta had to say to this, but in any case Angilbert followed Alcuin's advice. A faint idea of the splendor of this old monastery may be gathered from the inventory of St. Riquier, taken while Angilbert was abbot, when to mention only one item in 800, no less than 200 cappas are mentioned, which had increased to 371 in 831. These cappas are sometimes believed to have been copes, but Mr. Bishop thinks they were more likely cloaks worn by the monks in choir; one is described as of "castanea" ornamented with gold, and this he thinks was not a cope, but a grand ornamental cloak, worn by one of the princely abbots of this great monastic house.

One of the earliest allusions to an Office for the Dead with matins and lauds as we have it is in the Ordo of St. Riquier, drawn up by Angilbert, in which he prescribes it to be said every day. In his article on this Ordo of Angilbert, Mr. Bishop describes this monastery of St. Riquier, a very handsome pile of buildings just outside the little village of that name near Abbeville. Part of the monastery is Gothic and part Renaissance, but the beautiful church is pure fourteenth century Gothic and well worth visiting. Mercifully it is too far west of Amiens to have suffered from the iconoclastic propensities of the modern Huns in the Great War, who if they had had a chance would doubtless have delighted in destroying such an architectural gem, but the inhabitants of the little village of St. Riquier on the Somme must often have trembled, for they were well within the noise of the guns and the reach of air-raids. Angilbert was

buried in the church in front of the choir, but no monument marks his resting place; nothing but an humble flagstone.

In a long note to the article on Angilbert's *Ordo* is a description of the Rogation days' procession in the village of St. Riquier in Angilbert's time, and a very imposing sight it must have been. Seven parishes took part in it, and the number of the monks alone was so great that had they walked in pairs their part of the procession would have been a mile almost in length. So they and all the rest who took part in it walked in sevens. It was headed by seven crosses, then came seven thurifers with thuribles, then seven deacons, then seven subdeacons, and then the monks in sevens, and then the inhabitants of the seven parishes in sevens, according to their social ranks, being less democratic than we now are. They sang psalms and prayers and several long litanies, all the people joining in as they proceeded from the monastery all round the village back to the monastery again. They sang in Latin, of course, the language of the Church, and had no nonsense about not understanding it, familiar as the responses to the litanies are to all Catholics. But we must not linger more over Angilbert and his friend Alcuin, St. Riquier, and Charlemagne. There was a certain Honorius of Autun, a most voluminous writer of the twelfth century, who once lived part of his life as a recluse, and whose obscure history must have provoked the curiosity of some readers who have come across him, on whom a sidelight is cast in the paper on the Cope. He was a secular priest living in France till 1120, when he passed into Germany. From his own writings we gather that he lived for some years of his life as a recluse, but he does not tell us where. From other sources we learn that he filled the office of dom scholasticus in the church of Autun. A dom scholasticus was that canon of a cathedral chapter upon whom devolved the superintendence of the schools in connection with it. After Chrodegong's chapter was constituted each cathedral had connected with it an educational establishment to which boys or youths who wished to consecrate themselves to the priesthood were sent and subjected to proper training; there were also colleges for clerics and collegiate schools, all of which were under the direction of a canon and the general superintendence of this dom scholasticus. Honorius filled this office, as we have said, at Augustodunum, which Mr. Bishop in common with French writers decides to be Autun, while, on the contrary, German authors, anxious to claim Honorius as one of themselves, believe it to be Augsburg, but the Latin name for Autun is Augustodunum, and for Augsburg, Augusta, so the German claim to him falls to the ground. It is true that the most numerous copies of his works are found

in Austria and Bavaria, and there he seems to have left great influence on the spiritual life.

On the title page of his "*Gemma Animæ*" he describes himself as a solitary and a recluse, "*solitarius et inclusus*." Recluses were sometimes enclosed for a time only; sometimes for a penance, sometimes their health failed, and sometimes they lacked perseverance in this severest form of asceticism. In the case of Honorius it was probably the lack of books and the use of a library, which was indispensable to him to continue his literary work, that induced him to return to the world. He was a scholar, a theologian, an historian, and we may perhaps say a poet, for some of his works were written in blank verse. He wrote specially for the benefit of poor priests, who had no access to books. He left France in 1120, and passed into the territory of the Emperor, and wrote his most popular work, "*Gemma Animæ*," and his "*Sacramentarium*," which last, the author of "*Liturgica Historica*" says, has been unduly neglected. Honorius describes "the cope as the proper vestment of cantors, with a hood at the top, open in front, reaching to the heels and with fringe at the bottom."

It would seem from the evidence that mediæval communities considered it the proper vestment for monks, for they were exceedingly fond of decking themselves out in copes, as our author shows. For instance, at Cluny on the greatest feasts, such as the Assumption and All Saints, all the community wore copes at High Mass, and twelve of them, all in copes, sang the Introit in the middle of the choir. At Vannes the brethren assisted at Mass in copes on Palm Sunday. At Einsiedeln, on the feast of the Purification, on Palm Sunday, at Easter, and at the third Mass on Christmas Day all the brethren wore copes. One wonders where these large monasteries got all these copes from, and if they were as gorgeous as some of our modern vestments. This practice does not appear to have been introduced into England; at any rate, not to the extent it prevailed in France and Italy. A curious example of the irony of life is exemplified in the history of the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady. This doctrine is well known to be one of the greatest stumbling blocks of English Protestants on their way to the Catholic Church, and yet England was the country in which this beautiful feast was first celebrated. In his article on the Immaculate Conception Mr. Bishop says he believes the origin of the feast was due to the monks of Winchester, the disciples of St. Ethelwald. All the evidence goes to prove that it was established in England before the Norman Conquest. It is mentioned in several old calendars of pre-Norman date, which he cites as conclusive evidence of the antiquity of the feast in England.

This does away with the theory which attributes its origin to St. Anselm, and also with another document which attributes it to a rather pretty legend.<sup>2</sup> The story goes that a certain abbot of the abbey of Ramsey, named Helsin or Elsi, was sent on a diplomatic mission to Denmark by William I. soon after the conquest of Britain, and that on his return journey there was a storm and the ship was in danger, when an angel appeared to the abbot and told him that if he would establish a feast in honor of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady the lives of all on board and the ship should be saved. The abbot vowed to do this, and the storm subsided and all landed safely, and the abbot subsequently fulfilled his vow and established the feast, which became one of the most popular in mediæval England, our Lady's dowry.

In the present day the Divine Office is usually considered sufficiently long, especially by those who are also bound to say on certain days the Little Office of Our Lady as well, but in mediæval times the accretions to it were very numerous and must have been a great burden to some of the monks and nuns. For instance, from the "*Concordia Regularis*" we learn that in the tenth century in England the preliminaries to the Divine Office of Matins were the seven penitential psalms, certain prayers and the fifteen gradual psalms. Besides Lauds of the day, the monks said Lauds of All Saints at another chapel, and Lauds of the Dead, Prime, the penitential psalms and the Litany. In the evening after the preliminary prayers, Vespers of the day, Vespers of All Saints, Vespers of the Dead and Matins of the Dead were sung. The time-table varied in summer and winter, not in the quantity of devotions, but in the time at which they were said or sung. At Easter and the great feasts these supplementary devotions were omitted, but on all the ferial days throughout the year they were "*de rigueur*." By degrees the office for All Saints was replaced by the office of the Blessed Virgin. In England from the close of the tenth century to the Conquest devotion to Our Lady spread in a very noticeable manner, but whether the office of Our Lady was said in addition to the Divine Office daily or as the votive office on Saturday is uncertain. One thing Mr. Bishop says is certain, namely, it was not introduced here by Norman monks; on the contrary, if they found it the custom they probably abolished it as "*Englishry*," of which they seem to have had great contempt. It was in use on the Continent, at least as a private devotion of priests, in the middle of the tenth century, as a little story cited by our author goes to prove. It is told of Berengarius, Bishop of Verdun (940-962), who going into the church one night, long before matins were

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<sup>2</sup> Catholic Encyclopedia.

due, for private prayer as was his custom, he stumbled over the Provost Bernerius, who was lying prone on the floor in the dark, saying the Little Office of Our Lady. All these additional devotions, psalms, etc., were found in the Prymer, the favorite lay folks' prayer-book of the Middle Ages in England.

In this article on the Prymer we are examining we get a pen-picture of St. Benedict of Aniane, with whom some of these additional devotions appear to have originated. He was born in the south of France in the middle of the eighth century and became a monk in a Benedictine monastery near Dijon, but he was of so ascetic a temperament that he was wont to say that the rule of St. Benedict was only for weaklings, and he adopted a much severer rule for the monasteries he founded. He left Dijon after a time and founded a monastery near Aniane, in his own country; here he built a church and an abbey and adopted a very strict rule, resembling that of the Cistercians. At first he allowed no silk vestments, and would only permit the use of a wooden chalice; then he got to a glass one, and finally permitted it to be made of tin, possibly because of the danger of the glass ones being broken, and wooden chalices were forbidden. As time went on he mitigated the severity of his rule. He dedicated the church to the Holy Trinity instead of to any saint, which was an innovation quite unheard of at that time. He now came under the notice of Lewis, King of Aquitaine and son of Charlemagne, and gained a great and increasing influence over him. When Lewis became Emperor he summoned Benedict to live at his court, not indeed in the palace, but in a monastery for thirty monks, which he founded at Aachen or Aix in order to have Benedict near him, and here he spent the rest of his life. It was Benedict's accretions to the Divine Office which afterwards found their way into the English Prymer. Incidentally we learn from this paper that all popular devotions took their origin from monasteries; it was the piety of the monks which prompted them, and by degrees they were introduced to the people.

In an article on a Benedictine confrère of the ninth century an interesting sketch of the sort of life led in the early Middle Ages by people in the world desiring to lead a stricter life and enjoy some of the spiritual benefits of the order were admitted as confrères to the Benedictine Order, in a similar way as later Dominican and Franciscan tertiaries became part, a very humble part, but still a part of these orders, though still living in the world. The Benedictine rule for confrères does not appear to have been a very strict one. This particular confrère was one Count Heccard, a rich nobleman of the second or third rank, the owner of an estate at Pecrecy,

by which he was much enriched, given him by the King of Aquitaine. One of Heccard's first acts after receiving this estate was to build a Benedictine priory on it, dependent on the abbey of Fleury. He never lived at Pecrecy, but on another estate at a place near Macon. He was twice married, but had no children by either marriage. His two brothers predeceased him, and his only sister, Ada, was a nun at Faremoutier. The little that is known of him is gathered from his will, from which we learn that he had a good many books for the time in which he lived, and that his taste in books was universal. He had books on law, agriculture, the military art, medicine, canon law, hagiology, besides a good many devotional and religious works. He left a German version of the Gospels to the abbess of Faremoutier, showing that German was understood in French convents by some of the members. Some of his devotional books he left to his sister, then the nun, Ada. He had some engraved jewels and two belts studded with gems; one, "my great belt," was inlaid with jewels which once belonged to his wife Richildis, to whom he leaves it for her life and afterwards to Fleury. He had horses and hounds, falcons and sparrow-hawks, so he was evidently a sportsman. He had also several swords and some military antiquities. He had drinking cups and carpets which he left to several bishops. One very interesting item appears on the list—a gold fork and spoon left to his wife, Richildis. This is interesting, because it is usually said that the first mention of the use of a table fork in Europe occurs in the course of a sermon by St. Peter Damian, wherein he upbraids a certain lady who brought to Venice from Constantinople "a certain gold prong wherewith she actually conveys her food to her mouth, instead of using the fingers God had given her for that purpose." Heccard lived one hundred and fifty years before St. Peter Damian, but that does not say that the use of the fork was general in St. Peter Damian's time; it only proves it was not so rare as the saint thought. Heccard left his domestic chapel and its furniture to his wife first, and then to Fleury. His chapel was by no means richly furnished in comparison with that of one Count Evred of Friuli, quoted in this article, wherein a good many gold and silver articles are mentioned—a comb enriched with gold, a silver fan and a gold reed for Communion. This last item was of course used for administering Communion before the chalice was denied to the laity. In two articles on "Spanish Symptoms" Mr. Bishop has much to say on the influence of the Visigothic Church of Spain on the insular churches of England and Ireland. The extent of this influence on Ireland is gathered from a miscellaneous work known as the Book of Cerne of the

ninth century, but both these papers are too learned and technical, not to say also controversial, to be dealt with here, where we are only touching on the lighter side of this interesting book.

Another article is on "Leaves from the Diary of a Papal Master of Ceremonies," in which we get some delightful bits of mediæval, dare we say it, gossip? Fortunately for the curious, these masters of ceremonies at the Papal court had the habit of keeping a diary, to which they sometimes confided some of their opinions of men and things, but one Catullus, a liturgist, summed them up as "an ignorant set," which was impolite and not exactly true. Our author quotes from one of these diarists named Paris de Grassis, who was master of ceremonies to Pope Leo X. in the sixteenth century. Mr. Bishop describes de Grassis as "fussy and a flunkey-born, but a faithful servant," although self-satisfied. He describes the meeting of the Pope with Francis I., King of France, at Bologna, at a time (1515) when the Bolognese were in a sulky mood, and after saying that he had been busy for two or three days preparing for the meeting, "there was no order, no preparation, no sign of joy or festivity." In fact, the Bolognese seem to have left undone all those things which they ought to have done on such an occasion, and done all those things which they ought not to have done. The Pope happily took it all very sensibly and good-humoredly, which was more than his master of ceremonies did, as an excerpt from his diary will show: "The clergy did not come to meet him at the gate of the city, though the Cardinal was there to offer him the cross to kiss, but no cross had been brought, so a simple rude one was fetched from a church close by. Two canopies were brought by the *facchini*, or public carriers, things at the sight of which the Cardinals (there were twenty in Leo's train) burst out laughing. The one for the Blessed Sacrament was of serge, the one for the Pope was of a common stuff, old and worn, and covered with stains. To offer such a thing to the Pope was not only ridiculous, but most infamous. I said to the Pope that it was nothing less than criminal, and all the Cardinals were most indignant. But the Pope took it very quietly, and only ordered an equerry to give a canopy of gold and silk for the Blessed Sacrament, and said he himself had no need of one."

Nor was this all; the master of ceremonies had ordered one hundred young men to meet the Pope, and of these only twenty appeared, and these were not suitably clad. The Bolognese seem to have recovered their temper on the following day and to have behaved better. The visit lasted several days, in all of which the master of ceremonies was apparently in his glory, for he gives pages of description of what he said and did, how he instructed

first the Pope and then the King again and again as to what they were respectively to do at the High Mass and at various other ceremonies. The King, however, did not always obey the master of ceremonies, but in his zeal to show his devotion to the Holy Father insisted on holding the Pope's train and handing him the towel at the Lavabo, etc. Once when de Grassis told the King he should take off his cap on meeting the College of Cardinals the King turned on him and told him he was not so uncivilized as not to know that, and there was no need to remind him of it, which was decidedly a snub for the unfortunate ceremoniarus. It did him no harm, for he was evidently quite satisfied with himself and all his arrangements for this august occasion. On his departure Francis promised to send de Grassis a horse as a present from Milan, which we will hope he received in due course as a reward for his exertions on this historic occasion.

In the course of "*Liturgica Historica*" we get occasional peeps at some of our old Saxon saints, e. g., St. Ethelwald, St. Dunstan, St. Elphege, St. Edmund of Canterbury, St. Edmund the Martyr, St. Oswin and St. Willibrod, of whom many English people of the present day remember but little and care but less, and yet these men in their day did and suffered much for the Catholic Church. St. Ethelwald (908-984) was first a monk at Glastonbury, where he helped St. Dunstan to reform the monks, and afterwards abbot of Abingdon, where he carried on this work and introduced the rule of St. Benedict and was called the "father of the monks." In 963 he was made Bishop of Winchester, where he restored the old minster and built a number of churches. Mr. Bishop says that both the Winchester monasteries took their cue from him and were the scene of much activity. Painting, architecture, goldsmith's work, history, grammar, versmaking, homiletics, the learned languages, and even science were all cultivated, from which it may be seen that St. Ethelwald was a man of great parts.

St. Elphege, or Alphege, was made Bishop of Winchester in 984, translated to Canterbury in 1006, taken prisoner and murdered by the Danes in 1011. Both these saints were most charitable men, and at a time of famine St. Ethelwald, then Bishop of Winchester, ordered some of the silver plate, in which the minster was very rich, to be melted down and turned into coin and the proceeds given to the poor. St. Elphege, his successor in the See of Winchester, did the same and distributed to the poor the store he had designed for the embellishment of his cathedral.

St. Dunstan, whose story is well known, is mentioned incidentally several times. A certain Litany of the Saints in his Pontifical is quoted in one article; in another we learn that he once lived in a

Ghent monastery, that he consecrated the new minster at Winchester, and that he was invoked in company with St. Elphege and St. Ethelwald in a Litany of the Saints found in an old prayer book which seems to have emanated from Ghent, on which there is a paper.

In an article on "An Old Note Book" an old Latin Sequence from a Mass for the Translation of St. Edmund the Martyr is given in full; it was found in one of the Harleian manuscripts. In this Sequence allusion is made to the story of King Sweyn, "rex punitur," and to the wicked Sheriff Leofranc. St. Oswin was an Anglo-Saxon king and martyr. He had a rival named Oswy, in whom he trusted, but who betrayed him. He is described by Bede as a tall man, with pleasant manners and graceful bearing, as the most generous of men and above all humble. His life was written by a monk of St. Albans, and is to be found in the "Gesta Albanus"; this author once lived at Tynemouth. Oswin was murdered by one of Oswy's officers at a place called Gilling, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, on August 30, 651, and buried at Gilling. Several centuries later his burial place was made known to a monk named Edmund by an apparition, and his remains were then translated to Tynemouth in 1100. At the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII. his shrine with his relics and vestments were discovered at Tynemouth. In his article on the "Christian Altar" Mr. Bishop tells us that in 1135 the Prior of Tynemouth, Thomas de la Mare, removed this shrine, which was attached to the high altar (and therefore interested our author), and put it in another place so that pilgrims might walk round it, by which we gather that St. Oswin's tomb was evidently a place of pilgrimage and his memory unforgotten after five centuries.

St. Willibrod was the son of St. Hillis, and became the apostle of Frisia (657-736), whither he was sent in 690 from an Irish monastery in which he had spent twelve years. In 695 he was consecrated Bishop of Utrecht, on November 21 by Pope Sergius III., who Mr. Bishop says was the last of a series of Greek-speaking Syrian Popes who came from Antioch and Cilicia. Sergius III. several times had relations with England. St. Willibrod was buried at Echternach on the River Sure, in the easternmost corner of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. In 1906 an extraordinary ceremony<sup>3</sup> took place on the occasion of the translation of his remains to the new basilica at Echternach. This was a dancing procession in which over 15,000 dancers took part. Five Bishops officiated at the ceremony. In the procession, besides all these dancers, were a number of priests, over a hundred standard-bearers, musicians,

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<sup>3</sup> Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. XV.

players, singers and dancers. We can throw no light on the origin of this procession, which is not mentioned in "*Liturgica Historica*." St. Willibrod interested Mr. Bishop because he was consecrated by one of these Syrian Popes, Sergius III. (687-701), who he says possibly introduced the Agnus Dei into the Mass and the cult of the Holy Cross into Rome. He also mentions a calendar of St. Willibrod's to be found in the Cotton manuscripts, in the British Museum, in which in the original hand are found three feasts of Our Lady. On January 18 we find "adsumpt. Sanctæ Mariæ"; on August 16 an entry corrected in another hand of "nativitas Sanctæ Mariæ," and on September 9 "nativitas Sanctæ Mariæ." Apparently the feast of the Assumption was celebrated in January originally, for in another ancient calendar or martyrology by Oengus we find the 18th of January mentioned as the day of "the great death of Jesus' Mother," and the 16th of August is dedicated to her Nativity.

Among the old calendars mentioned in the course of these pages is the Marble Calendar of Naples, interesting because it records the feast of the Immaculate Conception before it was observed publicly; the Metrical Calendar, the two Winchester Calendars, that of Old Minster and that of Newminster, the Junius Calendar, the Worcester, an Irish one, and one in the Leofric Psalter, one in the St. Albans Breviary, an early Syriac, a Worcester and a Winchester Calendar; all these are mentioned in connection with the feast of the Immaculate Conception. In several articles the practice of the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament is referred to incidentally. In the paper on the "Christian Altar" we learn that throughout the Middle Ages the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament was treated in a way we should consider irreverent. It was ordered to be placed on the altar, in a pyx, as Viaticum for the sick, and there was to be nothing else on the altar except a copy of the four Gospels, and some capsæ containing relics of the saints. The mediæval idea of reservation was Viaticum for the sick, not worship, and to look upon our churches as "the home of the Blessed Sacrament" is a later idea. Up to the middle of the sixteenth century in the Cathedral at Verona the Blessed Sacrament was kept in any out-of-the-way corner, until the good Bishop Ghiberti had a tabernacle made to enclose it of marble and crystal, supported by four brass angels, and the whole suspended over the high altar, "to excite the piety of priests and people." Suspension, however, Mr. Bishop thinks, was not the universal discipline even in France. "During the whole Middle Ages the usual place of reservation was some recess, or, as it were, cupboard, often enclosed with iron bars, sometimes fairly high up, in the wall on the Gospel, and

more rarely on the epistle side of the altar." As the practice of more frequent Communion increased, the idea of Viaticum fell out and reservation began to be connected with Communion in the Church itself, and then gradually our modern ideas of worship were connected with it. At no time in the Middle Ages was the practice of frequent Communion common among the peasants or country people, says our author.

Here for the present we must take leave of this fascinating book, cordially recommending it to those who are interested in liturgy and history.

DARLEY DALE.

Stroud, England.

## CARDINAL XIMENES (1436-1517).

THE biography of Cardinal Ximenes<sup>1</sup> falls within the limits of the most glorious period of Spain's national and religious history. By the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella and their accession to the respective thrones of Aragon and Castile the independent kingdoms of Spain were united under one common rule, "and the various orders of the monarchy, brought into harmonious action with each other, were enabled to turn the forces, which before had been wasted in civil conflict, to the glorious career of discovery and conquest." It was the age of the "Great Captain," Gonsalvo de Cordova, on the battlefields of Granada and Italy, and of Columbus in the broader field of navigation and discovery. The Renaissance of learning received in Spain a healthy vigor under the patronage of illustrious churchmen and Queen Isabella. Theological science was promoted by Archbishop Talavera and Cardinals Mendoza and Ximenes, while the palace school of Isabella brought the culture of nobles and courtiers to an eminent degree of refinement. This was, moreover, the age of faith. The daring of Spain's navigators and the chivalry of her cavaliers were not superior to these qualities in her saints. Ignatius from an intrepid soldier became the great soldier-saint. St. Francis Xavier was a true knight-errant in the service of his Master, "roving over seas on which no bark had ever ventured, among islands and continents where no civilized man had ever trodden." Then there were St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Francis Borgia and St. Teresa, who were also born in Spain while Ximenes was directing the affairs of the Diocese of Toledo. In this period of Spanish life the biography of Cardinal Ximenes is set. As reformer, educator and statesman he exercised an extraordinary influence on the destinies of his country.

Ximenes de Cisneros was born at Torrelaguna, in the Diocese of Toledo, Spain, in 1436. His parents were both of noble though decayed families; but Ximenes was destined to become illustrious rather by his own deeds. At a tender age, being intended by his good parents for the service of God and the Church, he was sent to the school at Alcalá to study grammar. At fourteen he journeyed to the University of Salamanca to pursue a higher course of ecclesiastical studies, consisting of philosophy, theology and canon and civil law. At the end of six years he took the degree of bachelor in both branches of law. In 1459 poverty and the advice of his father induced him to go to Rome, where he continued his studies and sup-

<sup>1</sup> "Life of Cardinal Ximenes," Hefele-Dalton. "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," William H. Prescott.

ported himself by the fees he obtained as consistorial advocate in the ecclesiastical courts. Shortly after he was recalled to Spain by the death of his father. His family was now reduced to the most straitened circumstances. To relieve their burden, Ximenes asked and obtained from the Pope "*litteræ expectativæ*," by which he was to receive the first vacant benefice in the Diocese of Toledo. The Protestant historian, Prescott, calls this granting of expectancies an assumption of the Papal court. True, the right of the Pope was widely controverted in Germany and in Spain during this period, but it was not till the subsequent legislation of the Council of Trent that the granting of these letters was altogether annulled. Hence the Pope in conferring and Ximenes in receiving them were acting justly on the ground of historical right. But Carillo, the Archbishop of Toledo, took umbrage when Ximenes claimed the benefice of Uzeda by virtue of the Papal letter. After argument had failed to dissuade Ximenes, the Archbishop imprisoned the inflexible claimant. He was kept in custody for six years, refusing to yield his right to his Archbishop. When Carillo finally saw the uselessness of trying to break the determination of Ximenes, he released him from prison and placed him in undisturbed possession of the benefice. After a short and uneventful stay at Uzeda, Ximenes exchanged this parish for the head-chaplainship of Sigüenza. Being a man of retirement and study, he devoted himself assiduously in his new station to the study of the Bible, acquiring, moreover, a knowledge of the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages. The priestly and natural virtues, which he could not conceal in his life at Sigüenza, quickly won for him the esteem of the people. In 1483 his Bishop, Mendoza, made him vicar general of Sigüenza and rewarded him with several benefices. These honors, however, made keener Ximenes' desire for a more contemplative life. The following year he threw down his dignities and retired as a novice into the newly founded convent of San Juan de los Reyes. This convent had been founded at Toledo by Ferdinand and Isabella in consequence of a vow and belonged to the Franciscans of the Strict Observance. Bees fly to the flowers, and many people were attracted to the confessional of Ximenes, eager to seek the strength of his advice and the sweetness of his consolation. Ximenes now begged his superiors to send him to some more isolated monastery. Yielding to his wishes, they transferred him to the convent of Our Lady of Castanar, a retired spot, situated in the midst of a forest not far from Toledo. In this retreat of nature he built with his own hands a small hut, where he spent the most pleasant and profitable days of his life, dividing his time between the study of the Scriptures and religious exercises. After three years his superiors, in accordance with the Franciscan

rule which provided frequent changes for its members, removed Ximenes to the monastery of Salzeda. In this station he was appointed prior of the monastery. While he continued to practice austerities at Salzeda the Christian world rejoiced over the conquest of the Moorish kingdom of Granada by the Spanish army of Ferdinand and Isabella. This event offered the occasion for Ximenes' entrance into the active world. His preparations in mortification and the study of the Sacred Scriptures were now to bear fruit.

With Granada the last stronghold of the Moors disappeared in Spain in 1492. Ferdinand and Isabella, according to their policy in occupying Moorish territory, raised the standard of the cross upon the newly conquered soil. While the terms of capitulation allowed the Moors to retain their mosques with the free exercise of their religion, the influx of Christian colonists and the hope of converting the Moors urged Isabella to establish an archbishopric in Granada. The Queen nominated her confessor, Fernando de Talavera, its Archbishop. Ximenes, by the advice of Cardinal Mendoza, his former Bishop at Siguenza, was recommended to the Queen as her future confessor and counsellor. The poor Franciscan of Salzeda was summoned to the court of Isabella in 1492. His austere and modest appearance made a profound impression on the most pompous court of Europe, and the Spaniards declared their Queen happy to have as her confessor one who "was equal in wisdom to St. Augustine, to St. Jerome in austerity and in zeal to St. Ambrose." Ximenes accepted this dignity only on condition that he should be allowed to reside at his monastery and appear at court only when summoned. Two years after this appointment he was elected provincial of the Franciscans of Castile. In this office he showed the sincere spirit of his monastic life. The frequent journeys which he had to make in the visitation of the monasteries of his province were performed on foot, and frequently he was seen begging his food on the way. The zealous Franciscan observed that a spirit of laxity had crept into many of the monasteries and that many of the monks no longer practiced penance and poverty according to the lofty ideals of St. Francis. His first efforts were made to restore the convents to their primitive rule. He encouraged the Queen when she sought advice of him on her project of effecting a reform and, according to Prescott, was entrusted with the execution of the Bull of Pope Alexander VI. for the reform of religious orders in Spain. Later, in his office as Archbishop, we shall see him extending his efforts of reform to all classes of his diocese, to the religious, clergy and laity. He was always the good shepherd of his flock, and history testifies that he did much to preserve Spain against the ravages of the Reformation.

On the death of Cardinal Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, Ximenes was nominated by Isabella (who had in her marriage with King Ferdinand reserved this right to herself) to the vacant See of Toledo. The Archbishop of Toledo, who was by his office Primate of Spain and Chancellor of Castile, held a position, next to the King's, the most influential in the kingdom. Prescott estimates his annual revenues at 80,000 ducats<sup>2</sup> in the beginning of the sixteenth century. His vassals were numerous. On Good Friday of the year 1495 Isabella, after making her confession to Ximenes, presented him with the Papal Bull announcing his elevation to the See of Toledo. Ximenes without affectation at first humbly declined. But when a fresh Papal Bull arrived after six months commanding him to accept the honor at once, he submitted in obedience. He was consecrated on the octave of the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, 1495, in the presence of the King and Queen. One of his later biographers relates a touching incident which occurred at the consecration and which would prove to skeptical minds that Ximenes had sincerely wished in the first instance to decline the proposed dignity. After the ceremonies, so his biographer relates the incident, Ximenes, according to custom, went forward to kiss the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella. In doing this he used these few but memorable words: "I am come to kiss the hands of your Majesties, not because they have raised me to the first See in Spain, but because I hope they will assist me in supporting the burden which they have placed upon my shoulders." Ximenes was then fifty-nine years old. He was now the highest dignitary of Spain, yet he remained a monk in spirit, and would have followed out in his episcopal life the strict letter of the Franciscan rule had not Pope Alexander VI. recommended to him a certain exterior decorum more befitting his episcopal dignity. Ximenes, in compliance with the wishes of the Holy Father, adopted the external magnificence of his predecessors, appearing in the splendid silks and furs that characterized the nobility of Spain. Yet beneath his rich attire he continued to wear close to his body the coarse garment of the Franciscan Order. His official life was surrounded with becoming splendor, but in private he remained as simple as ever, sleeping on the bare floor or on a plank, partaking of a sparing diet and waiting on his own needs as often as he could. His cares and labors grew heavier with his honors.

As Archbishop of Toledo, Ximenes had the income of a king, but his needs continued to be those of a monk. The great excess of his revenues was spent in a generous way for the advancement of learning and art, and for the social and religious betterment of Spain, "objects which have rarely failed to engage a large share of

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<sup>2</sup> 80,000 ducats is equal to about \$720,000 in United States money.

the attention and resources of the higher Spanish clergy," says the Protestant Prescott. The most important works of Ximenes are his Complutensian<sup>3</sup> Polyglot Bible and the foundation of the University of Alcala. The latter was the more extensive project and made possible the execution of the Polyglot. The most renowned university of Spain, prior to the foundation of Alcala, was that of Salamanca, which was known as the Athens of Spain. But Alcala soon entered the field of learning with Salamanca and acquired so great a standing among Spaniards that it was called by them the "eighth wonder of the world." This noble enterprise of Ximenes excited the deepest admiration of Francis I., King of France. On visiting the university some years after the death of Ximenes he paid its founder a glorious tribute: "Your Ximenes has executed more than I should have dared to conceive; he has done, with his single hand, what in France it has taken a long line of kings to accomplish." Ximenes had laid the foundation stone of the first building in the year 1500. Throughout he took a personal interest in the progress of the work. He was often seen on the ground with a rule in his hand, taking the measurements and stimulating the men by his example. His enterprise and executive ability became so well known that the people jocosely remarked that "the Church of Toledo never had a Bishop of greater *edification*, in every sense of the word, than Ximenes." Queen Isabella and Popes Alexander VI., Julius II. and Leo X. fostered this institution of learning by granting it many privileges.

On July 26, 1508, the university received its first students. According to the plans, the faculty was to consist of thirty-three professors and twelve chaplains. Within eight years of the laying of the corner-stone all the professorships were filled and nine new ones added, amounting in all to forty-two. Six were for theology, six for canon law, nine for philosophy, six for medicine and surgery, one for mathematics, four for rhetoric, six for grammar and four for Hebrew and Greek. The number of students soon reached 7,000. The annual revenues with which Ximenes endowed the university amounted to about 14,000 ducats; later, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, they had grown to 30,000 ducats. Ximenes did all that he could to acquire a learned staff of professors, and to stimulate the interest of the scholars he presided in person over their disputations. With the advantages and conveniences afforded by his new university the zealous Archbishop could at length command the means of carrying out his project of the Polyglot Bible. For many years he had realized the deficiencies of the existing Bible editions, and he knew how necessary it was for every theologian,

<sup>3</sup> Complutum is the ancient name for the city of Alcala, where the work was executed.

as he himself expressed it, "to drink of that water which springeth up to eternal life at the fountainhead itself." He intended to collect in one work the six early versions or texts of the Bible. He sought to obtain many manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments, paying extravagant prices for some and obtaining others for use from the noted manuscript collectors of his time. Seven Hebrew manuscripts cost him 4,000 ducats. Among others who were eager to lend him the use of their valuable manuscripts was the learned Cardinal Lorenzo de Medici, the future Pope Leo X., who loaned him some of the Vatican manuscripts. The outlay needed for the entire work was immense, the total expense amounting to 50,000 ducats, or close to \$450,000 in United States money. This sum, if estimated at the value of money in the fifteenth century, says Dr. Hefele, could have been expended only by one who, like Ximenes, had a king's income but a monk's necessities. The task had been begun in 1502, but it was not till 1514 that the New Testament was completed. The Old Testament was finished four months before the death of Ximenes in 1517. At the price of extraordinary labor and determination the Archbishop of Toledo had been enabled to push this work to its successful completion before death overtook him. He had always been sensitive of the shortness of life, and more than once during the progress of the work he had told his scholars to make haste before they lost their patron or he his scholars.

Within a few years after his death six hundred copies of the Polyglot, each consisting of six folio volumes, had been sold at the small price of six and one-half ducats a copy. Ximenes had conceived his idea of extending the study of the Scriptures in 1502, while Martin Luther was learning his philosophy at the University of Erfurt; he completed his project in July, 1517, four months before Luther startled the world by his revolutionary theses. These facts do not show Luther to be the first great patron of the Bible. Though many faults may be found with Ximenes' Complutensian Polyglot, it will always be regarded as the execution of a grand and generous plan. Prescott justly remarks that this work is a "noble monument of piety, learning and munificence, which entitles its author to the gratitude of the whole Christian world." But in addition to this learned and scientific work, which was to benefit theologians, Ximenes also planned the publication and distribution of other minor but more popular books for the use of the laity. He saw the need of wholesome reading to counteract the harmful influence of unworthy literature which the newly invented press was scattering abroad. For this reason, as well as for the extension of piety and devotion among the Spanish people, he had several of the writings and lives of the saints printed in book form and distributed at his own expense.

This project also proved successful, for the people received these spiritual books with great eagerness.

The object of these foundations was reform. Ximenes "devoted the whole strength of his talents and commanding energies to the cause of Catholicity." But he further carried his reforms through the more ordinary channels of Church discipline. It is a well-substantiated fact that many of the Spanish clergy, especially the lower clergy, of the fifteenth century were touched by the same blight of idleness, riches and political ambitions that were destroying priestly zeal in the other European countries. But Ximenes, by several wise regulations and institutions, did much to restore all men and all things to the Christian ideal. He commanded all priests to explain the Gospel on Sundays and holy days of obligation, to teach the people the Creed, the essential articles of faith and the Commandments. He revived several Christian customs that had fallen into disuse and ordered that a record be kept of the moral status of the parishes of his archdiocese. Under his direction a number of useful and pious institutions were founded. He also established an institution for the protection of poor girls who were enticed to a life of sin through their poverty. He was the chief financial patron of a hospital that had been erected for poor widows and orphans, and when famine threatened to destroy this excellent foundation of mercy in the year 1505 Ximenes furnished it with more than 4,000 bushels of corn. He frequently visited the hospitals in person, fed poor people at his palace and released many from prison. Before his death he had established four hospitals, eight monasteries and twelve churches. As Archbishop of Toledo, Ximenes was, under the King of Spain, a temporal sovereign. He had under his domain fifteen large cities and a number of small towns and villages, with a vast retinue of vassals. He carried on the affairs of his dominion with that characteristic impartiality which marked the whole of his career as a statesman. As Archbishop of Toledo he was also Chancellor of Castile. In this office he tempered the abuses of Spanish taxation by abolishing the entire band of salaried tax-gatherers, substituting a system of direct taxation upon the people. Ximenes also took a part in the disputed succession of the kingdom of Castile that followed upon the death of Queen Isabella in 1504. The Infanta Joanna, upon whom the succession should have fallen, was incapable of taking the reins of government owing to the unbalanced state of her mind, and Charles, the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, was still in his minority. These exigencies had urged Isabella to nominate Ferdinand, her husband, Regent of Castile. But shortly after the Queen's death many of the Castilian nobles rose up against his rule, refusing even to heed the last wishes of Isabella. During these

trying times Ximenes was the trusted advisor and champion of the rights of Ferdinand. Twelve years later Ximenes himself was Regent of Castile. He was always sincerely and devotedly attached to the royal house, but never to the prejudice of his conscience. His life did not close with the regret of another great Cardinal of his time, "If I had only served my God as I have served my King."

In acknowledgment for his services to the State and to himself King Ferdinand before his death obtained for Ximenes the Cardinal's hat. He also appointed his favorite prelate Grand Inquisitor of Castile. To connect the name of Cardinal Ximenes with the Spanish Inquisition is to many minds a distinct stain upon his character. Before entering upon the character of Ximenes as Grand Inquisitor of Castile it may be necessary, therefore, to premise a few facts concerning the Spanish Inquisition. First, the ecclesiastics who sat on the tribunal did not condemn the culprits to death. The tribunal of the Inquisition was composed of a Grand Inquisitor, who was always either an Archbishop or a Bishop, and of eight ecclesiastical counsellors, six of whom belonged to the secular and two to the regular clergy. It was the duty of this tribunal simply to pass sentence upon a heretic, declare high excommunication against him if he was obstinate, and then hand him over to the secular power for punishment. Secondly, it is necessary to view the Inquisition in the light of the institutions and principles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. For after a person was convicted on the strongest evidence of being an apostate heretic by the tribunal of the Inquisition we cannot blame that body if the laws of the time condemned him to capital punishment. The principle, "*cujus est regio, illius est religio*," was so clearly defined at this period that Protestants defended it and called it into use against the Catholic Church. Less than a century ago this maxim was enforced by Protestants in Sweden, when J. O. Nilson, for having embraced the Catholic religion, was banished from his native country and deprived of his civil and hereditary rights.<sup>4</sup>

If we review the character of Ximenes as Grand Inquisitor of Castile in the light of true history, with due regard for the times in which he lived, we shall find him to be the same noble person that he was as a priest, religious and Archbishop—just, firm and deeply religious. He restricted the power of the officers of the Inquisition, closely supervised their conduct and deprived of their office those who were inclined to abuse it. Shortly after his elevation to the dignity Ximenes introduced regulations that were intended to reduce the number of trials of the Inquisition. He ordered his priests to instruct converts against all actions that might make them liable

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<sup>4</sup> "Life of Cardinal Ximenes," Hefele-Dalton.

to the suspicions of the Inquisition. But neither his wisdom as statesman nor his justice as a man could make him believe that the Inquisition was an unjust institution. He was convinced that it was a tribunal of God, whose principles were to be upheld, though never its abuses. During his ten years as Inquisitor of Castile the comprehensive and zealous spirit of Ximenes was occupied in several other projects. He was in the midst of the work of the Polyglot and was assuming a considerable part in the affairs of the State. Though these labors might be considered large enough to engage the sole attention of many men, the Cardinal was preparing a new enterprise. This was the conquest of Oran, which was one of the strongholds of the Moors in Africa. The atrocities of the Moors in Africa, who carried their depredations even to the coasts of Spain, aroused the crusading heart of Ximenes. He induced King Ferdinand to fit out a force for an expedition against Oran. The Cardinal defrayed a large part of the expenditures out of his own revenues and agreed to lead the expedition in person, though he was already in his seventy-second year. An inscription placed in the Mozarabic chapel of the Cathedral of Toledo gives an epitome of the events of the conquest of Oran. We will translate it in part from the Latin text contained in Dr. Hefele: "In the year 1509 of the Christian era, in the sixth year of the pontificate of Julius II., during the regency of Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Aragon and the two Sicilies, the Reverend Father Francis Ximenes de Cisneros, Cardinal of Spain and Archbishop of Toledo, set sail from the port of Carthage with a great fleet of armed vessels, well supplied with cannon and provisions. On the 18th of May the fleet reached the port of Mazarquivir. After spending the night on board ship, the army on the following day disembarked and engaged with the enemy. The foe was beaten back from the outskirts of Oran and driven to the very gates of their city without loss to our forces. Those in the vanguard of the pursuit set their pikes up against the walls, scaled the embattlements and entered into the city. They raised the Christian standards upon the enemy fortifications and threw open the gates to their comrades who followed; 4000 of the enemy were slain. The city with its citadel was captured within four hours. Only thirty of our men fell by the favor of God, who in perfect Trinity liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen."

Even a rapid sketch of the life of Cardinal Ximenes would be incomplete to the American reader without a short notice of his relations to the newly discovered America. When the news of the discovery of the New World reached Spain, Ximenes was confessor of Queen Isabella, and, though the ancient records are

silent about any participation of our humble religious in that event, we can surmise that he joined in the universal joy of Spain. Ximenes' solicitude for America was shown only at a later period. In the year 1500, as Archbishop of Toledo, he urged Ferdinand and Isabella to send a fresh band of missionaries to the Indians. In 1502, at his instigation, a number of excellent monks were sent across to evangelize the New World. But these first missions were never very successful. One of the great obstacles to the conversion of the Indians was the cruelties perpetrated by the Spanish colonists. By a system of repartimentos or distributions every Spaniard held a number of the natives as slaves over whom he might exercise rather absolute rights. With the death of Isabella, the indigenes lost their kind friend and protector; and the evils of oppression grew apace. In this deplorable state the Dominicans and other missionary priests became the benefactors of the Indians. Prescott admits that "they labored with unwearied courage for the conversion of the natives, and the vindication of their natural rights." The most ardent defender of the Indians was Las Casas. When the "protector of the Indians" came to Spain in 1515 to state his complaints against the oppressive treatment of the Spanish colonists, Ximenes was Regent of Castile. The Cardinal promised to adjust matters by the appointment of a commission of three Jeronimite monks, who were personally to investigate and report on the conditions of America. Ximenes appointed Las Casas protector of all the Indians and directed him to join the commission of Jeronimites to the New World. Before their departure a set of instructions were to be drawn up to act as the basis of the civilization and conversion of the Indians. The first act of the commissaries upon their arrival in America was to be the liberation of all Indians whose masters were not residents of America. Wherever the immediate liberation of slaves was not possible, Ximenes forbade slave-holders to overwork their subjects and made further provision whereby the natives as soon as they were considered capable of living as free subjects were to be emancipated. The Cardinal's instructions were moreover intended to advance the civilization of the Indians. They directed the commissaries to help the natives in building villages for themselves, to teach them the science of agriculture, which the monks of that period knew very well, and to introduce into Indian manners civilized habits of domestic life. But unfortunately for the success of the commission, Las Casas and the three Jeronimites did not agree in their policy of emancipating the Indians, "and the colonists were thrown into violent agitation." Las Casas returned to Spain in the middle of the seventeenth century, but Ximenes was already on his

death-bed, too weak to hear the grievances or representations of the Indians' protector.

The year 1517, that of his death, was a turbulent one for Cardinal Ximenes. The cares of state grew daily more burdensome. "Braved by the aristocracy at home, thwarted in every favorite measure by the Flemings abroad, with an injured, indignant people to control, and oppressed, moreover, by infirmities and years, even his stern, inflexible spirit could scarcely sustain him under a burden too grievous, in these circumstances, for any subject." His last days on earth were clouded by the cold ingratitude of his King, Charles V. Having completed his season of usefulness, Ximenes calmly awaited the day of his death. On the 8th of September, 1517, he died, with the words of the Psalmist on his lips: "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped." His life had been a public benefaction to his country and his Church. Little more than a hundred years after his death, efforts were made by his countrymen for his canonization. Though Ximenes has never been officially recognized as a saint of the Catholic Church, many parts of Spain look upon and honor him as such. As late as the year 1857 the Spaniards gave a demonstration of the esteem in which they hold their illustrious Cardinal. On the 27th of April of that year, his remains were translated to Alcala, escorted by representatives of all classes of the Spanish nation. The hierarchy and clergy were present to do honor to his priestly virtues, civil authorities to acknowledge his statesmanship, military men his talents and courage as an army leader, rectors, professors and literary notabilities to offer their homage to the founder of the University of Alcala and the patron of the Polyglot Bible.

G. D. S.

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE GENTLE SCIENCE OF NUMBERS.

"The fourthe Seyence is called 'Ars Metrique.'" The Mirrour of the Worlde. (Caxton, chap. x.)

"**N**O SUBJECT, I am sure," writes an eminent British mathematician,<sup>1</sup> in his memorial of a lamented colleague, "loses more than mathematics by any attempt to dissociate it from its history." Comparatively few of us perhaps would be quite prepared to concur in this statement. Some, indeed, might be rather disposed roundly to assert its contrary, and maintain that no subject would suffer less by such dissociation. Since all mathematical truths persist by virtue of an inherent and absolute necessity, admitting no bias or personal equation, it might seem to matter little by whom they were enunciated. Two and two make four the world over, and always must, in every age and clime, for mathematical science deals with certainties. Its processes and conclusions are rigorously demonstrable. Its methods differ from those pursued in other sciences, in that they exclude all *moral* evidence. While appealing strictly to the reason, they do not teach man to weigh conflicting evidence, nor arrive at what is termed *moral* certainty by a summation of overwhelming probabilities. They neither appeal to nor train man's moral nature, and lacking the quick pulsations of this human element, the history of their development may seem to many a matter of cold indifference. Above all, it may be asked, how does their progress, in any way, touch the Church's life? True, the Church has always concerned herself with all that promotes man's highest welfare. Not theology only, but philosophy, history, literature, art; in short, the humanities have claimed and received her fostering care. To her, supremely, may be applied that saying of the Roman poet: "*Nihil humani mihi putavi alienum.*" Mathematics, however, may seem, at first view, to lie outside that sphere of moral influence in which the Church lives and works.

But let us scan the matter more closely. It cannot be denied that in its applied forms a knowledge of mathematics enters into almost every practical science and art of life. Engineering, architecture, hydrostatics, physics, and in the realm of art perspective and musical harmonics, all lie under heavy obligations to this so-styled abstract science. No ships could sail nor land surveys be made without its aid, while commerce would be sadly handicapped were we suddenly to be deprived of our modern numerals and thrown back upon

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<sup>1</sup> J. W. L. Glaisher.

the "abacus" and "counters" of old Roman days. We see then, broadly speaking, that the mathematical progress of an age or nation gives no uncertain index of its general status in civilization. Again, it has sometimes been asserted by her traducers that the Church has promoted culture only in so far as it subserved her own purposes. Of music, painting and sculpture she might well be a liberal patron, since these arts served greatly to enhance the magnificence of her ritual. Philosophy she had used as the vehicle of her theological tenets, while certain forms of learning which enabled her to hold sway over the minds of men she had promoted; but that to the study of natural or abstract science, and especially such sciences as cultivated man's reasoning faculties and enabled him to think independently, she had preserved an attitude of "instinctive hostility." As mathematics claim preëminent rank among the latter class, it has been frankly assumed by many that their pursuit was all but wholly neglected during the Middle Ages, and that they have only come into their own within strictly modern times. May we not then, for a two-fold reason, examine into the facts of the case and, discarding preconceptions, seek to ascertain what mathematical work actually was accomplished during the centuries in which the Church was the supreme educator of Europe, and clearly determine her attitude toward them? The mathematical heritage bequeathed by pagan Rome to early Christian Europe was of the scantiest. Unlike the Greek, the Roman mind felt no interest in abstractions, and even for the most necessary and practical purposes of life his mathematical resources were extremely meagre. "In philosophy, poetry and art," writes Cajori,<sup>2</sup> "the Roman was an imitator, but in mathematics he did not even rise to the desire for imitation. The mathematical fruits of Greek genius lay before him untasted." The attainments of the Roman mathematician were limited to the strictly practical needs of reckoning for purposes of trade, the collection of taxes and interest and rudimentary land surveys. Reckoning, in a Roman school, was taught by means of the abacus, whose pebbles, or "calculi," have supplied us with the modern term to calculate. By its aid the elementary operations of addition and subtraction could be readily performed with certain limited ones in multiplication and division, rules for which may be found in sundry old works on arithmetic.<sup>3</sup> For large numbers recourse was had to carefully prepared tables to facilitate the work. However rude and primitive such a mode of reckoning may appear to us, the use of the abacus offered certain distinct advantages to the then commercial world, providing a simple and concrete means by which the most illiterate could balance their ac-

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<sup>2</sup> Cajori, "Hist. Mathematics," p. 77.

<sup>3</sup> See R. Recorde's "Ground of Artes," pp. 225-262, London, 1610.

counts and merchants of various tongues carry on their barter. Its usefulness is attested by its all but universal employment among nations as widely separated as the Etruscans, Greeks, Hindoos and Chinese. Even to-day it survives in Russia, China and Japan, an expert Japanese abacist being able, it is said, to add numbers as rapidly as they are read to him.

Involved calculations in interest were avoided at Rome by its monthly collection at the rate of one "As" on each hundred borrowed, or, as we should say, 12 per cent. If the rate were higher, it was some multiple of 12, all Roman fractions being duodecimals. Land surveys were made in the days of the Republic by special officers, termed "gromatici," who used empirical formulæ, often mere approximations. Later, when greater accuracy was required, Greek geometers were pressed into the service. Thus when Julius Cæsar conceived the idea of a survey of the entire Empire (the first general survey ever made at Rome), he employed the Greek geometers, Theodotus, Zenodoxus and Polycletus. Early Christian scholars, then, naturally turned to Greek sources for mathematical instruction. Greece from the first, as Cardinal Newman tells us, had been the "preacher and missionary of letters throughout the whole Roman world;" forming the intellect not of Italy and her Western colonies only, but "charging the whole atmosphere of the East with Greek civilization."<sup>4</sup> In mathematics four successive schools had arisen. Those of Ionia, Magna Grecia, Athens and Alexandria, the last of which was to exert a controlling influence over the mathematics of Christian Europe, directly and indirectly, down to the very threshold of modern times. "Numerous as were the centres of Hellenic learning spread over the civilized world two centuries before Christ," writes Laurie, "there is none which, after Athens itself, commands our attention so much as Alexandria; the great Alexander, in founding it, connected Europe, Asia and Africa not merely by mercantile bonds, but in their intellectual and literary life."<sup>5</sup> In the days of the later Roman Empire Alexandria had become, indeed, both the commercial and intellectual emporium of the world. In its great museum or university, established by Ptolemy Lagus, about 300 B. C., the glories of Greek mathematics were revived, Euclid himself, according to Gow, having been summoned to direct their teaching. "To this haven," he adds, "every student resorted, and to Alexandria we owe whatever is best in the science of antiquity."<sup>6</sup> The most eminent men were invited to fill its chairs, and round them congregated youths from every quarter of the civilized world.<sup>7</sup> From

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<sup>4</sup> Newman, "Hist. Sketches," Vol. III., p. 90.

<sup>5</sup> Laurie, "Rise and Early Constitution of Universities," p. 5.

<sup>6</sup> Gow, "Hist. Greek Math.," p. 194.

<sup>7</sup> Laurie, p. 6.

this time forward almost all the mathematicians of the Empire belonged to the Alexandrine School. Here geometry was taught as developed from Pythagoras to Euclid; trigonometry as formulated from Hipparchus to Claudias Ptolemaeus; conics were introduced by Apollonius of Perga; the "brilliant and practical Heron" anticipated the discoveries of modern mechanics in his "Mechanika" and "Baroultos,"<sup>8</sup> and here about the time of the Christian era the science of numbers, the "Arithmetike" of the Greeks became the absorbing study and developed, in the hands of the Neo-Pythagoreans, into a quasi-religious cult. Among writers of this school we may note especially Nichomachus of Gerasa, whose arithmetic remained a standard text-book for one thousand years; Iamblichus, the commentator of Pythagoras, and Diophantus, the first real Greek algebraist. In the stimulating atmosphere of this great Alexandrine studium Christian students mingled with pagan. "In the museum, as also at Athens, were trained the fathers of the Church. Christian Bishops obtained all the instruction and shared all the learning of their time, being, however, always on their guard against its hurtful influences."<sup>9</sup> This fact of the attendance of Christians at the public schools of the Empire until their close by Justinian is attested by numerous passages from the fathers, both by those who justify and those who condemn the practices, but more pertinently as regards our subject by the educational influence exerted by these Alexandrine mathematicians throughout the Middle Ages, which can be traced more or less distinctly even through their darkest portions.

The "Quadrivium," under which the higher studies of mediæval schools were grouped, owed its origin to Pythagoras, who found the essence of all things in numbers (including magnitudes), subdivided as numbers absolute, or arithmetic, numbers applied, or music; magnitudes absolute, or geometry, magnitudes in motion or astronomy. So we see that, however absorbing the study of philosophy afterwards became, the original basis of mediæval education was mathematical.<sup>10</sup>

Despite the brilliancy of Greek mathematics, however, and their vigorous retention of life, they suffered from one fatal defect, the lack of any adequate system of notation. Without this, progress in what we understand by arithmetic becomes impossible. The Greeks, however, understood by it only an abstract science of numbers. They despised "reckoning," for which they reserved the word "logistike." Pythagoras boasted that he "had raised arithmetic above the needs of merchants," and it may be to this aristocratic prejudice against

<sup>8</sup> Gow, p. 277.

<sup>9</sup> Laurie, p. 6, p. 25.

<sup>10</sup> Gow, p. 72 n. Turner, "Hist. Philosophy," p. 243.

any possible infiltration of the commercial into the "Divine Science of Numbers" that Greek mathematics owed their greatest deficiency. Certainly in the matter of notation they fell far below the Romans, whose system at least enabled them to represent numbers up to a million by the use of seven letters only, and possessed a distinct advantage in its "subtractive principle," not found in other old notations. The Greeks, on the contrary, exhausted their entire alphabet (reintroducing three obsolete letters) to express numbers from 1 to 1000, and then began the process afresh, with a series of accented letters and most confusing results. We can easily understand how such a numerical system must have complicated the simplest processes of arithmetic and rendered the multiplication and division of large numbers all but impossible, and so Greek mathematicians found these processes to be. There are, however, striking exceptions. Several instances occur in which some of their more noted arithmeticians grasped results apparently unattainable with the means at hand. This fact, coupled with obscure allusions to a seemingly esoteric system of calculation occasionally employed, has led more than one modern investigator to suspect that the Alexandrine Greeks had to some extent become acquainted with the principles of Hindu notation—a theory to which we will have occasion to revert later.<sup>11</sup> With the clumsy system in general use, however, mathematicians were as men seeking to create a literature without an alphabet, so that it became the first duty of early mathematical Europe to supply that great desideratum, an adequate numerical notation. The need might have been met much sooner had East and West remained united. But, unfortunately, with the conversion of Rome, her political decline had begun. Before the advancing waves of barbarian invasion the Roman eagles were driven backward. The one hundred and fifty years of peace which, as Newman<sup>12</sup> so beautifully expresses it, the Prince of Peace brought with Him to dower the Roman world had passed and a fearful era of blood and flame, desolation and carnage ensued. Amid this social chaos a general depression of learning was inevitable, and in this depression the mathematical world shared. Yet the darkness was not total.

In 476 A. D. the Western Empire passed away. Soon after Italy was conquered by the Ostrogoth, Theodoric. "It is remarkable," writes Cajori,<sup>13</sup> "that this very period of political humiliation should be the one in which Greek science was most zealously studied in Italy." Text-books began to be compiled from Greek authors, which

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<sup>11</sup> (Gow, in his "History of Greek Mathematics," gives much interesting information in relation to this point.) [See pp. 57-63, p. 107.]

<sup>12</sup> Newman, "Hist. Sketches," Vol. III., p. 118.

<sup>13</sup> Cajori, "Hist. Math.," p. 81.

continued to be the classics of Europe down to the twelfth century, for Theodoric, though a Goth, was a patron of letters. A sort of sunset glory irradiates his reign. Libri writes of it: "Nous voyous du temps de Theodoric des lettres reprendre une nouvelle vie en Italie; les écoles florissantes, les savans honorés, et certes, les ouvrages de Boèce, de Cassidore, et de Symmaque surpassent de beaucoup toutes les productions des siècles précédants."<sup>14</sup> Of the three scholars who adorned the court of Theodoric, Boethius stood preëminent, the last of the Romans whom, Gibbon tells us, "Cato or Tully would have acknowledged as their countryman,"<sup>15</sup> the "founder of scholasticism," as he has been termed from his revival of the study of the Trivium and Quadrivium. Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius was born at Rome about 475 A. D. of the distinguished family of the Anicii, which had become Christian some time before his birth. Early left an orphan, he is said to have been educated at Athens. He married the daughter of the Senator Symmachus and was himself made Consul in 510 A. D. Although long a favorite with Theodoric, his unswerving rectitude and exposure of iniquity made him enemies at court; he was disgraced, imprisoned and executed with details of horrible cruelty. Modern critics have sometimes thrown doubt upon the Christian faith of Boethius, but to the mediæval mind no such doubts existed. To them he was ever "*Divus Boethius*," the Christian philosopher and scholar; while the atrocious circumstances of his death won him from some the aureole of martyrdom. Thus Dante, speaking of his tomb in the monastery of S. Pietro in Ciel d'Oro, at Pavia, writes:

"The saintly soul that shows  
The world's deceitfulness to all who hear him,  
Is with the sight of all that good is,  
Blest there; the limbs from whence it was driven, lie  
Down in Ciel d'Auro; and from martyrdom  
And exile came it here."—Paradiso, Canto X.

To Boethius, as mathematician, we owe an *Institutis Arithmetica*, which is essentially a translation of the arithmetic of Nichomachus and a geometry in several books. His friend, Cassiodorus, writes glowingly in their praise: "Through your translations the music of Pythagoras and the astronomy of Ptolemy are read by those of Italy; the arithmetic of Nichomachus and the geometry of Euclid are known to those of the West."<sup>16</sup> A special importance attaches to these translations of Boethius, not only from their extensive use

<sup>14</sup> Libri, "*Hist. Math.*" Vol. I., p. 78.

<sup>15</sup> Gibbon, "*Rome*," ch. 39.

<sup>16</sup> Smith and Karpinski, "*Hindu-Arabic Numbers*," p. 72.

throughout the Middle Ages, but because upon our acceptance or rejection of a celebrated passage in his geometry depends our answer to the momentous question: Who introduced our so-called "Arabic numbers" into Europe? We now know our "Arabic" notation to be of Hindu origin. Nevertheless, the very term "Arabic" is indicative of what has been in fact the common assumption that these numbers were first made known to Europeans by the Arabs of Spain. It has often been represented that the Christians of Europe till the time of the Crusades at least were plunged in a night of impenetrable darkness, from which they were largely released by the superior enlightenment of the Spanish Moors, who bestowed upon them not only the boon of the Hindu-Arabic numbers, but that of algebra, of trigonometry and of Ptolemaic astronomy as well, and introduced them to the study of Greek authors in general. Until recently it was impossible to bring clear evidence against so sweeping an assertion. Now, without at all denying a very real debt owed by Christian scholars to the culture of the Spanish Arabs, it has become quite possible to point out other channels through which Greek letters and science both could and undoubtedly did reach Europe.<sup>17</sup>

Turning now to the famous passage in Boethius' geometry, we find it consists in the description of an abacus which he attributes to Pythagoras, in which pebbles are discarded and the nine digits, with place values, substituted. The zero is not used, but instead the abacus is divided into columns, marked respectively S. (*singularis*), or M. (*monas*), D. (*decem*), C. (*centum*), etc. The numerals introduced are called "*notæ*," or "*caracteres*," and are written upon "*apices*" (small cone-shaped bases<sup>18</sup>), a column being left vacant where we would introduce a zero. Cajori describes these characters as "obviously the parents of our modern Arabic numbers." By their means, with the retention of the abacus, numbers could be written and arithmetical operations performed precisely as we perform them today, only discarding the abacus and introducing the zero. The Neo-Pythagoreans were fond of asserting that their founder had visited India and brought thence much rare and occult mathematical knowledge, but as no clear evidence of such a visit can be found, and as the Hindus themselves are not supposed to have possessed their decimal notation as early as the time of Pythagoras, the attribution of Boethius can only be accepted as applying to the Pythagorean school in general, which we know was prominent at Alexandria. Through the gateway of Alexandria, where Greek and Oriental culture clasped hands, either by scholars or by Eastern merchants, who for centuries had carried on an extensive traffic between India and

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<sup>17</sup> Smith and Karpinski, chap. v-vii.

<sup>18</sup> Cajori, p. 82; p. 122; Smith and Karpinski, p. 117.

the West, many authorities believe Hindu numerals to have been introduced into Italy at an early date, before the Hindus themselves had adapted the zero.<sup>19</sup> During the palmy days of the undivided empire communication had been extensive and continuous. Throughout the vast extent of the Roman world a network of roads formed a highway for merchant and soldier alike. From Britain to the mouth of the Ganges these great white highways extended, crossed by innumerable caravans.<sup>20</sup>

"Over one hundred and twenty ships leave yearly for India," writes Tucker in his "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul," "for Alexandria is the greatest depot for trade around the Indian Ocean." The intercourse which pagan Rome had established for material greatness Christian Rome continued to promote for spiritual and intellectual purposes. Such intercourse implies an exchange of knowledge and ideas; and to the question, "Could Boethius have known the Hindu numerals?" Smith and Karpinski answer promptly: "In view of the relations that will be shown to have existed between the East and West, there can only be an affirmative answer to this question. The numerals had existed for several centuries *without the zero*; for several centuries they had been well known in India; there had been a continued interchange of thought between the East and West; warriors, ambassadors, scholars and the restless trader all had gone back and forth between the Mediterranean lands and the centres of Indian commerce and culture; Boethius could very well have learned one or more forms of Hindu numerals."<sup>21</sup> This "Boethius frage," as it is called, is no new question, although until recently confined to a small circle of scholars. It has been hotly contested, since its solution will determine whether to Christian Greek or Mohammedan Arab Europe owes the great debt of her present notation. As far back as 1727 the two Weidlers wrote in favor of the Greek theory."<sup>22</sup> In 1845 Baron Von Humboldt wrote: "The profound and important historical investigations to which a distinguished mathematician, M. Chasles, was led by his interpretation of the so-called Pythagorean table in the geometry of Boethius render it more than probable that the Christians in the West were acquainted, even earlier than the Arabians, with the Indian system of numeration."<sup>23</sup> At present, although not universally accepted, the theory comes to us supported by such authorities as Chasles, Cantor, Montucla, Libri, Martin, Truetlein, and, above all, of Woepeke, the German orientalist and mathematician, who

<sup>19</sup> Cajori, p. 106, p. 126.

<sup>20</sup> Keith Johnston, "Hist. Geo." p. 26. Tucker, p. 26.

<sup>21</sup> Smith and Karpinski, pp. 73-79.

<sup>22</sup> "De characteribus numerorum vulgaribus," Wittenberg, 1727.

<sup>23</sup> Cosmas, Vol. II., p. 226.

made a life study of this and kindred subjects.<sup>24</sup> After the sixth century mathematical activity died out in Italy and the pregnant passage in Boethius was destined to remain without fruit for three centuries, when Gerbert arose, the young monk of Aurillac, the future Pope, Sylvester II., and the master-mind of his age. By his great erudition and phenomenal activity he infused new life into the study of mathematics, and to him we owe their revival in the age of the Othos.

"In the tenth century," writes Cajori, "Gerbert was the central figure among the learned, and the zeal with which the study of mathematics was now taken up by the monks was due to his energy and influence."<sup>25</sup> Born in Auvergne, of humble parents, he early entered the monastery of Aurillac and studied under Raimond, pupil of Odo of Cluny. About 967 he visited Spain, being commended to the care of Bishop Hatto, of the province of Barcelona, then entirely under Christian rule. Legend was long busy with Gerbert's life. In the days when, as De Maistre writes, "history seemed a conspiracy against truth," many fables were written of him which the publication of his "Letters" in the seventeenth century,<sup>26</sup> and later of his "Life," by Richer, have finally dissipated. Richer was a monk of St. Remi and a pupil of Gerbert. When the great teacher became Archbishop of Rheims he requested Richer to write a life of his times. The work lay in manuscript at Bamberg, entirely forgotten, until Pertz discovered and published it in 1833.<sup>27</sup>

Contrary to the frequent assumption that Gerbert obtained his mathematical knowledge from the Moors, these two authentic sources allude only to Christian influences. Had he studied at any Moorish school, he would, by a decree of the Emir Hisham (787-822), have been obliged to know Arabic, a study which would have absorbed much of the three years spent in Spain and of which he gives not the slightest hint. Instead he speaks often of his study of Boethius, as in his letter to Adalberon, Bishop of Utrecht (Epistle 8th). Immediately after his visit to Spain, Gerbert went to Rome to teach mathematics. From Mantua he procured a copy of Boethius' geometry, on which he commented and wrote. Of these labors his disciple, Bernelinus, gives us a description in his work on the abacus.<sup>28</sup>

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<sup>24</sup> Chasles, "Aperçue historique sur l'origine et le développement des Methodes en Geometrie." Cantor, "Gesichte der Math. und Math Beiträge." Montucla, "Hist. Math." Libri, ditto. Martin, "Les Signes numeraux du Moyen Age." Treutlein, "Das Rechnen im 16 Jahrhundert." Woepeke, "Propagation des Chiffres indiens, Journal Asiatique," Vol. I., p. 34 [1863]. Introduction au Calcul Gobari, Atti dell'Accademia pontificia dei Nuovi Lincei, Vol. XIX.

<sup>25</sup> Cajori: p. 120, 124.

<sup>26</sup> First published by Masson and Duchesne; Picavet, "Vie de Gerbert."

<sup>27</sup> Pertz; "Monumenta Ger. Hist." Vol. III.

<sup>28</sup> Reprinted in Olleris edition of Gerbert's Works, pp. 311-326.

In none of his letters does Gerbert speak of the Moors or of Arab numerals, though he writes once to a certain "Joseph the Wise" (probably a converted Jew) to "enquire concerning his method of division." "It is argued by some," writes Cajori, "that Gerbert got his apices and his arithmetical knowledge, not from Boethius, but from the Arabs of Spain, and that part or the whole of the geometry of Boethius is a forgery, dating from the time of Gerbert." If this were the case, then the writings of Gerbert would betray Arabic sources, as do those of John of Seville; but no points of resemblance are found. Gerbert could not have learned from the Arabs the use of the abacus, because all the evidence we have goes to show they did not employ it. Nor is it probable that he borrowed from them the apices, because they were never used in Europe except on the abacus; hence it seems probable that the abacus and apices were borrowed from the same source. The contrast between authors like John of Seville, drawing from Arabic works and the abacists, consist in this, that, unlike the latter, the former mention the Hindoos, use the term "algorism," calculate with the zero, and do not employ the abacus. The former teach the extraction of roots; the abacists do not—they teach the sexagesimal fractions used by the Arabs, while the abacists employ the duodecimals of the Romans."<sup>29</sup> A little over a century after Gerbert's death, many Christian scholars did go, as we shall see, to study mathematics amongst the Moors, but those who maintain that Gerbert drew from the same source must explain why, from their time on, two distinct schools should have existed in Europe with contrasting usages and bearing the distinct names of "abacists" and "algorists." It is sometimes said, in disparagement of Gerbert, as if to prove he did not appreciate his mathematical heritage, wherever received, that he and his pupils often substituted Roman numerals for the Boethian apices, and so they did, but with a difference. Suppose, for example, it were required to multiply 525 by 630. These numbers, expressed in Roman numerals and according to *Roman custom* would read DXXV multiplied by DCXXX (and some of us might be perplexed how to proceed further); Gerbert would write them on his abacus thus:

e	d	s
V	II	V
VI	III	

an expression which showed at once the principle of place-values, and could be readily multiplied. Those of us who have been led to delve amid the musty tomes wherein mediæval mathematics lie

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<sup>29</sup> Cajori, p. 126, but drawn from Cantor.

buried and have seen the widely variant and curious hieroglyphs which did duty for "Arabic numbers" until nigh up to the invention of printing, will be the last to blame the great teacher of the Iron Age for using familiar symbols while explaining new methods. Before turning to examine the labors of the "algorists," we cannot forbear mention of one other witness to the early existence of the Hindu numerals in Europe. In the Albeda cloister, near Longròno in Spain, is a copy of the "*Origines of St. Isidore of Seville*,"<sup>30</sup> the third book of which is taken up with the study of the Quadrivium. Here the nine Boethian characters appear, without the zero. They can hardly be said to be due to Moorish influence, for the Moors used the zero. Their appearance tends therefore to confirm Woepeke's theory that the Arabs found the Hindu numbers in Spain, but later introduced the more perfect form they had received from their Eastern brethren of Bagdad. We now turn to the survey of the algorist school, which obtained its mathematical knowledge avowedly from Arabic sources. Even here we may note two points not always clearly presented in works which eulogize the Moor as the instructor of Christian Europe. First, that the Christian sought to gain at great inconvenience and often peril to himself what the Moor was chary of imparting to the despised "giaour," and secondly, that the latter was simply the custodian, never the originator of the science he had to impart. From 1130 to 1180 four Englishmen are known to have journeyed to Spain to study mathematics. But as we have seen, no one not already familiar with Arabic could be received in any Moorish school. The earliest of our travelers, a monk, Adelard of Bath, who traveled in Asia, Egypt and Spain, tells us he was obliged to disguise himself as a Mohammedan student and "brave a thousand dangers" to obtain the coveted learning. His companions and successors, Robert of Chester, William Shelley and Daniel Morley, resorted to similar disguises. To Adelard is due the earliest known translation of Euclid from the Arabic,<sup>31</sup> while the algorism or arithmetic of Al Khwarezmi, an Arab of the Eastern or Bagdad caliphate, discovered at Cambridge in 1857, is either from his hand or that of Robert of Chester. About this time an Italian scholar, Plato of Tivoli, adventured equal perils to enter the schools of Cordova, while at Toledo we find a band of Christian scholars under the leadership of Raymond, Archbishop of that city, busily engaged in translating and compiling from Arab sources. Prominent among them was John of Seville, known also as John de Luna, and Johannes Hispalensis. Originally a Jewish rabbi, he was converted to the faith and rendered eminent service to the

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<sup>30</sup> "*Codex Virgilianus*," Smith and Karpinski: p. 138.

<sup>31</sup> Cantor believes there was an earlier one.

Church of his adoption. It may be noted here that indications exist of an extensive debt owed in scientific and mathematical lines to the numerous and distinguished Hebrew converts of this era in Southern Europe. In Spain especially, their nationality enabled them to act as mediators between Christian and Moor, the Jewish rabbis winning protection from the latter for their medical skill, while the claims of the Spanish Jews to mathematical lore are by no means slight.<sup>32</sup> These combined facts may serve to account for the singular interchange of the titles of physician and algebraist. The reader may recall that in "Don Quixote," when Samson Carasco is thrown from his horse, an "algebrista" is summoned to set the broken bones. The "Liber Algorismi" of John of Seville, found later in the Bibliotheque National at Paris, is interesting as containing the first hint as to the use of decimal fractions in its addition of ciphers for the extraction of square roots. A fellow-worker was Gerard of Cremona, whose treatise on algorism still exists in the Bodleian, and who threw himself with such ardor into the work of rendering Greek mathematics from the Arabic that his translations are said to number seventy in all.

Another eminent translator was Abraham Ben Ezra (the original of Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra), who, though devoted to the spiritual interests of his own people, yet kept in scientific touch with Christian workers, dying at Rome in 1167. His work on Hindu arithmetic, introducing the zero, did much for the spread of the new notation. We are most of us familiar with the illustrious group of scholars gathered around Alfonso the Wise, in the thirteenth century, the mathematical tables of the astronomer king being all computed according to the new methods. We can find, however, some early examples of algorism outside of Spain, as the German Algorismus of 1143, now in the Hof Bibliothek, Vienna. It is bound with a "Computus" of the same date and by the same mediæval hand.<sup>33</sup> The earliest known example of the kind in France is the arithmetic of Raoul, or Randolph, of Laon, brother of the theologian Anselm of Laon<sup>34</sup> (1030-1117). It is a parchment of seventy-seven leaves and contains a "curious mixture of Roman and gobâr (Spanish-Arabic) numerals," including the zero. By the close of the twelfth century Europe was in possession of the so-called Arabic notation, as well as a large amount of other mathematical material.<sup>35</sup> Hindu methods of computation began to supersede the cumbrous ones inherited from Rome and to become the common property of all classes. This is

<sup>32</sup> Jewish Ency. Art., Mathematics; as to converts, see Picavet's Gerbert. Cantor's Gesichte, Vol. I, p. 301-312.

<sup>33</sup> Alfred Nagl, "Zeitschrift für Math. und Physik," Vol. 34, p. 129.

<sup>34</sup> Alfred Nagl, "Aphandlungen zur Gesichte der Math." Vol. V, p. 35.

<sup>35</sup> Cajori, p. 127-128.

seen from allusions in the literature of the day. Thus Chaucer writes of the clerk in the "Miller's Tale":

"His Almageste and bokes grete and smale,  
His astralabie, longinge for his art,  
His augrim (i. e., algorism) stoness layen faire apart,  
On shelves couched at his beddes head."

Thomas Usk in his "Testament of Love" tells us: "A sypher in augrim have no might in signification of itselfe, yet it yeveth power in signification to other." While Gautier de Coincy, in some lines on the miracles of our Lady, says:

"A horned beast, a sheep, an Algorismus cipher,  
Is a priest who, on such a feastday, does not celebrate the holy  
Mother."

A master mind was needed to digest the mass of material now available, and to place the mathematical inheritance of Europe on a firm basis. Such a one was forthcoming in the person of Leonardo da Pisa, otherwise known as Leonardo Fibonacci. "The traveler of today may cross the Via Fibonacci on his way to the Campo Santo and see at the end of the long corridor, across the quadrangle, the statue of Leonardo in scholar's garb. Few towns have honored a mathematician more, and few mathematicians have so distinctly honored their birthplace."<sup>36</sup> Before entering upon Leonardo's career, however, we will pause for a momentary survey of Arabian science, that we may understand quite clearly how this people came to act as the middlemen of Europe in transmitting the intellectual wealth of Greece and India. Up to the time of Mohammed's flight from Mecca the Arabs had been unlettered nomads. The next century was one of Moslem conquest. With amazing rapidity, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia and even distant India fell under Saracen sway. Northern Africa was conquered and nearly the whole of Spain, until further progress westward was checked by the strong hand of Charles Martel, in 732. Not only for conquest, but for culture, was their triumphal march remarkable. With the reign of the Abbasides at Bagdad, a new period in the history of learning began. According to their own tradition, the scientific knowledge of the Arabs was first derived from the Greek physicians who attended the Caliphs at Bagdad.<sup>37</sup> The Greek Christians still possessed schools in Syria, those of Antioch, Emēsa and Edessa being the most famous. From these centers scholars were summoned to Bagdad, and the work of Greek translation began. Medicine was the first subject

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<sup>36</sup> Smith and Karpinski: p. 128.

<sup>37</sup> Ball, "Hist. Math.," pp. 144-145.

studied, but under the Caliphs Al Mansur and Haroun Al Raschid a species of court school was formed, analogous to that of Charlemagne, so nearly their contemporary in the West. Euclid, Aristotle, Ptolemy and other Greek authors were attacked. A little later (813-833) a large number of MSS. were secured from Constantinople, until, by the close of the ninth century, the most important medical, philosophical and mathematical works of Greece had come into the possession of the Arabs. Between Arabia and Hindoostan commercial relations had long existed. But a definite date is afforded for the introduction of Hindu numbers by the advent of a Hindu astronomer at the court of the Caliph Al Mansur, in the year 772 A. D., bringing with him the mathematical tables of the Siddhanta, the great Indian treatise on astronomy. These tables were translated into Arabic and with them a knowledge of Hindu notation was introduced among the Saracens, the Arabs having had no numbers before the time of Mohammed. This definite adoption of the decimal system was followed by a rapid development of mathematical activity. The first, and perhaps the greatest, of Arab mathematicians was Mohammed ibn Musa Al Khowarizmi, secretary and librarian of the Caliph Al Mamun. From the corruption of his name the mediæval term "Algorism," signifying computation, was derived. The Cambridge translation of his arithmetic opens with the words "dixit Algoritmi." From his algebra, which bears the title "Al Shebra W'al Mukabala," meaning "reduction" and "restoration," our word "algebra" is derived, though it was long supposed to be derived from the name of a later Moorish writer, Al Gabir, or Al Geber, who, however, was rather an astronomer than an algebraist. These two works of Al Khowarizmi were the most important of original Arabian writings in their influence on European mathematics, the arithmetic introducing Hindoo methods, the algebra a blending of Hindoo with Greek. We need only note farther that almost all Arab mathematicians belonged to the Eastern Caliphate, which was nearer their teacher than were the Moors.

The Arabs of the Western Caliphate assimilated, in turn, but produced few original mathematicians besides the Al Geber mentioned. Returning now to Leonardo of Pisa, we find he obtained his knowledge of Hindu computation from still other sources. Leonardo was neither monk nor churchman, but the son of a Pisan merchant, in charge of one of the numerous commercial depôts established by his enterprising townsmen on the African coast of the Mediterranean. Here the young Leonardo was educated and, evincing a strong taste for mathematics, was sent while still a youth to enquire into the various systems of notation in use in the

great centres of trade. He traveled through Egypt, Syria, Greece and Sicily, and found the Hindoo to be, of all numerical systems, unquestionably the best. This was about the year 1200. The young mathematician had been born at a stirring time, in the very zenith of the early prosperity of his native town, for very early Pisa had risen to commercial renown and had stood in close relations with the East. In 1063 the city had fought a great battle with the Saracens at Palermo, capturing six treasure ships laden with spoils for the building of its Cathedral. Some years later she founded a merchant colony at Constantinople, while in 1114, an old writer tells us, "many heathen folk, Turks, Libyans, Parthians and Chaldeans, were to be found in Pisa." Amid such cosmopolitan surroundings we cannot wonder at Leonardo's rapid development. In 1202 he published his great work, generally known as the "*Liber Abaci*," which, however, included an independent investigation of all the better methods of calculation then known, and which continued to be for several centuries a storehouse whence authors drew material for works on arithmetic and algebra. Contemporary with Leonardo appeared in Germany the Dominican monk, Jordanus Nemorarius, elected General of his Order in 1222, who ranked second only to Leonardo himself in mathematical ability, his special contribution to arithmetic being his *Algorithmus Demonstratus*. (It was he who personally conducted the young Thomas Aquinas to Albertus Magnus at Cologne.) Works on arithmetic now began to multiply. The *Carmen de Algorismus*, by Alexander de Villa Dei, a minorite friar, was written in verse about 1240. The large number of manuscript copies of this work still extant bear witness to its wide diffusion. The *Algorithmus* of Sacrobosco, who taught at the University of Paris between 1230-1240, being perhaps the first to lecture on Algorism and algebra, enjoyed an even greater popularity. Its wide use in universities is attested not only by the number of surviving MSS., but by the fact that many of these are evidently short-hand copies by students for their personal use.<sup>38</sup> It is to Sacrobosco that the unfortunate misnomer of "Arabic" for "Hindu" numerals is due, the very popularity of his work tending to perpetuate the error. The mathematical writers of Southern Europe and even Sacrobosco's own commentator, Peter of Dacia, were fully aware of their Indian origin, as the title pages of many old arithmetics show. Peter of Dacia wrote his commentary on Sacrobosco in 1291. The Italian treatise by Jacobus of Florence appeared in 1307, followed by that of Giovanni di Danti di Arezzo in 1370. These are interesting, as

<sup>38</sup> Smith and Karpinski: *Hindu Numerals*: p. 59, p. 134. Max. Curtze found 45 copies in libraries of Venice, Munich, and Erfurt; 1 in Columbia, N. Y. C. *Am. Math. Monthly*, Vol. 17, pp. 108-113.

confirming a statement by Peacock<sup>39</sup> as to the superiority of the Tuscans, and especially the Florentines, in practical arithmetic and bookkeeping, so necessary for a commercial people. To the Florentines we are indebted for the formal introduction into works on arithmetic of "single and double Rule of 3; loss and gain; fellowship; exchange; simple and compound interest; discount, etc.:" Somewhat quaintly they reduced the fundamental operations of arithmetic to seven, "in reverence for the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost." We find now a monk of the Greek school, Maximus Planudes, whose arithmetic was based on that of Diophantus. The Byzantine school had never wholly died out, but can be traced back through a number of mediocre writers, as Hero the Younger, who wrote on geodesy and mechanics about 900 A. D. Psellus, who produced his "Compendium Mathematicum" about 1020, and others, the important point being that Planudes, if not all of his school, were familiar with the Hindu numerals<sup>40</sup> and instrumental in promoting their use throughout Greece. Planudes was followed by Barlaam, a Calabrian monk, whom even Ball concedes to have been a man "of great intelligence." His "Logistic"<sup>41</sup> throws considerable light on the Greek treatment of fractions. He acted as ambassador to the Papal court at Avignon, and it was to him that Petrarch owed his knowledge of Greek. A third writer of the same school was the Greek monk Isaac Aegyrius, whose mathematical works, still extant, cover a wide field. His arithmetic, based on that of Nichomachus, is in the National Library at Paris. Professor Ball, though by no means favorable to the Church, mentions a direct ecclesiastical contribution to the spread of the new numbers, about this time. "The rapid spread," he says, "of the Arabic numbers and arithmetic through the rest of Europe seems to have been as largely due to the makers of almanacs and calendars as to merchants and men of science. These calendars had a wide circulation in mediæval times. Some of them were composed with special reference to ecclesiastical purposes and contained the dates of the different festivals and fasts of the Church . . . nearly every monastery and church possessed one of these . . . It was the fashion to use Arabic symbols in ecclesiastical works . . . and there are but few specimens of calendars after the year 1300 in which an explanation of the Arabic numbers is not included."<sup>42</sup>

About this time, alas, Nicholas Oresme, Bishop of Lisieux, was inventing a notation of fractional powers.<sup>43</sup> A little later, Thomas

<sup>39</sup> Peacock: *Ency. Pure Math.*; art. *Arithmetic* (1847).

<sup>40</sup> Cajori: p. 135. Ball, "*Hist. Math.*," p. 117u.

<sup>41</sup> *Cath. Ency. Art.* Barlaam.

Ball, "*Hist. Math.*," p. 186.

<sup>42</sup> Cajori, p. 134.

Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury, dealt with the infinite and infinitesimal in his "*Arithmetica Speculativa*," while, on the practical side, Jehan Certain's "*Kadran des Marchands*" was becoming extremely popular in France and Spain. One of the earliest printed arithmetics was that by Calandri, published in 1491. Its title page bears a representation of Pythagoras with the Hindu numerals before him.<sup>44</sup> This work was closely followed by the "*Summa de Arithmetica, Geometria, Propozioni, e Proporzionalita*," of the Franciscan monk Lucas Pacioli. Works on arithmetic, however, were far from exhausting the mathematical activity of this period. Algebra, geometry and trigonometry were largely dealt with. The *Liber Abaci* of Leonardo Fibonacci had concerned itself as much with algebra as with its titular subject, while his brilliant solution of algebraic problems at the scientific tournaments inaugurated at Pisa by the Emperor Frederic II, in 1125, served to lend prestige to the subject and call general attention to it. The beginning of algebraic study, however, considerably antedated Leonardo's time. We may trace them back to the days of Bede and Alcuin. Being based on classic works, the study of algebra was in fact at this time in a more advanced state than its sister science of numbers. There is a collection of "Problems for quickening the youthful mind" (*Propositiones ad acuendos Juvenes*) which Cantor attributes to Alcuin. These knotty problems read surprisingly like those of our own school days. There is the problem of the dog chasing the rabbit, which has a start of one hundred and fifty feet. The cistern problem, where the time is given in which several pipes can fill a cistern singly; required the time in which they will do so conjointly. There is the problem of the distribution of one hundred bushels of corn among one hundred people in such a way that each man shall receive three bushels, each woman two and each child one-half bushel; required their respective numbers.

Other problems clearly show a Roman origin, while many are identical with those in the so-called Palatine Anthology, a collection of algebraic propositions, composed, or compiled (for some of them date back to Euclid), in the year 310 by one Metrodorus, an officer at the court of Constantine, with whom some of us are better acquainted through his correspondence with that emperor on the persecution of the Christians in Persia than through his mathematical works. The derivation of Alcuin's work from the earlier one is so evident that we can only suppose the latter to have been collected from Latin translations which had been used in Roman schools, more or less continuously from the time of Boethius on.<sup>45</sup> After Leonardo,

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<sup>44</sup> Smith: "*Rara Arithmetica*," p. 46.

<sup>45</sup> Cajori: pp. 119-120. Ball: p. 102, p. 135.

however, algebra was established on a much more scientific basis. Gerard of Cremona had translated the algebra of Al Khowarizmi in 1175. But Leonardo had been the first to teach the subject,<sup>46</sup> having obtained a knowledge of both Greek and Hindu algebra. From his time on, to the invention of printing, interest in the subject became absorbing, the first public lectures, as we have seen, having been those by Sacrobosco, at Paris. The great need of mediæval algebra was that of a convenient symbolism. Only very gradually did our mathematical sign language attain its present development. It would be hard for a student of today, accustomed to the assistance which the mind derives from a symbolism presenting at once to the eye the full conditions of the problem, to realize the difficulties of earlier students in this regard. Modern study has rendered it probable, however, that a limited symbolism was introduced at least a century earlier than was formerly supposed. With the invention of printing these signs became fixed, and within fifty years a brilliant era began to dawn for algebra. In the meantime geometry, which had never been wholly lost sight of even in the darkest portions of mediæval life, was assuming fresh prominence.

From the time of Boethius and Isidore some book of Euclid continued to be taught. The text of the great geometer which has been handed down to modern times is founded on that by Theon of Alexandria about 410 A. D. In 1120, however, Adelard made his translation from the Arabic, which at once became popular. Soon after John of Seville translated fifteen books of Euclid. In 1220 Leonardo's "*Practica Geometriae*" was added to the Euclidean treasury and the "*De Triangulis*" of Jordanus, a few years later. These works were in turn supplanted by the translation of Giovanni Campano, a canon of the University of Paris, which continued to form the basis of printed editions until the era of direct translations from the Greek. That with the invention of printing about 1450 mathematical activity greatly increased is acknowledged on all sides.<sup>47</sup> The interest felt in the subject is shown by the fact that almost all the then written works on the subject were published either within the century or early in the next. The status in mathematical teaching prior to this time may be found by examining the requirements of mediæval universities on the subject. At the University of Paris logic was the favorite study, but in 1336 a rule was passed that no student should receive a degree without attending lectures on mathematics. A year or so later similar rules were passed at other universities. By the

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<sup>46</sup> British Ency., ed. IX., p. 512.

<sup>47</sup> Ball: pp. 180, 181. After the publication of various editions of the Scriptures, and classics, that of a series of mathematical works immediately followed. Campano's Euclid was published in 1482. Widman's Arithmetic, 1489. Sacrobosco, 1495. Bradwardine, 1495. Pacioli, 1494. See Math. Dictionary (Hutton's).

statutes of Prague, 1384, candidates for degrees were required to have read Sacrobosco's "Treatise on the Sphere" and to be acquainted with the first six book of Euclid, optics, hydrostatics, the theory of the lever and astronomy. The requirements at Leipzig were borrowed from those of Prague. At Vienna, 1389, a knowledge of five books of Euclid, perspective, proportional parts, measurement of superficies and theory of the planets, were required.<sup>48</sup> While Sacrobosco lectured at Paris, Roger Bacon eulogized "divine mathematics" to crowded classrooms at Oxford. In the fifteenth century Lucas Pacioli lectured on mathematics at Rome, Pisa, Venice and Milan. Professor Ball, while admitting these facts, yet surmises that mathematical studies were pursued in a half-hearted manner only, and that probably "very few of the students mastered the subjects mentioned." Another writer, on the contrary, opines that the "very opposition of the authorities to mathematical progress" spurred the students (through a perverse instinct in human nature) to greater efforts.<sup>49</sup> Both these suppositions cannot well be true; let us charitably hope that both may be equally unfounded. That they were so in one instance is evidenced by the interest in trigonometry awakened throughout Germany by the teaching of the celebrated Purbach at the University of Vienna. The study of trigonometry had hitherto been chiefly confined to the thirteen books of Ptolemy in Latin or Arabic translations. Purbach and his still more famous pupil, Regiomontanus [Königsberg], introduced several new trigonometrical functions unknown to the Greeks and even the Arabs. Purbach is noted by the French astronomer Bailly as the first European astronomer to do original work. Regiomontanus ranks among the greatest men that Germany has ever produced. Master and pupil worked together to produce tables of sines and cosines, tangents and cotangents, of hitherto unknown accuracy. Later Regiomontanus studied Greek under Cardinal Bessarion in order to translate Ptolemy from the original. He was called to Rome by Sixtus IV. to aid in the reformation of the kalendar, but died before this great work could be accomplished. His trigonometrical work was continued by Rheticus, a friend of Copernicus. Rheticus was the first to free trigonometrical functions from their dependence on the radius of the circle. He constructed the right-angled triangle, making the functions directly dependent upon its angles. When we consider that the older method was still used in English text-books of a generation ago, we realize the extent to which early European students antedated modern methods. Good work in trigonometry was also done by Vieta in France and by Romanus of Louvain. But we an-

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<sup>48</sup> Laurie: Rashdall: *Med. Universities*.

<sup>49</sup> Ball: p. 179. Smith and Karpinski: p. 132.

ticipate. We have now reached the full dawn of the Renaissance, "marked by a revival of nearly all branches of mathematical science." Already, in 1410, Beldomandi of Padua had contributed his *Summation of Geometrical Series*; Nicholas Chuquet, a bachelor of the University of Paris, had written, in 1484, his *Triparty*, a work containing the first known use of radical indices. Incidentally, Prof. Ball notes it as indicating the extent of mathematical teaching at the time to have been somewhat greater than has been supposed.<sup>50</sup> Pacioli had dealt with quadratic equations, surds and incommensurables, and was one of the first to apply geometrical constructions to algebraic formulæ. It remained, however, for the sixteenth century to usher in a brilliant group of algebraists who have shed permanent lustre upon their age and country, and whose mathematical jousts, or public contests, excited a degree of attention and interest which it is doubtful whether similar achievements could secure to-day. Among these men were Scipio Ferro, Nicolo of Brescia, surnamed Tartaglia, or the Stammerer; Cardano, Ferrari, Bombelli, in Italy; Vieta in France, Stevin and Romanus in Belgium. Among the burning questions of the day was the solution of cubics, first undertaken by Scipio Ferro, professor at Bologna. A fuller solution was obtained by Tartaglia, to whom perhaps we owe the greatest contribution made to algebra during the sixteenth century; yet, though nobly endowed by nature, fortune used him most harshly. Terribly injured as a boy during the siege of his native town by the French, he was left for dead, but nursed back to life by the loving care of his mother. His injuries, however, left an impediment in his speech ever after. Too poor to procure slate or pencil, he chalked his problems on the tombstones of a neighboring church. Genius triumphing over all difficulties, he began public life by lecturing at Verona. In 1535 he obtained the chair of mathematics at Venice. Winning great fame by his victorious contests with several opponents, he attracted the attention of Cardano of Milan, and from this time forth his life was embittered by the jealousy and treachery of this Judas among mathematicians, who acquired an immense reputation in his own day by the solution of problems which he wrung from friends or stole from rivals, seeming to shrink from no meanness or perfidy to secure his ends. Tartaglia had distinguished himself not only in the solution of cubics, but by his investigation into the laws of projectiles and his partial anticipation of Newton's Binomial Theorem.<sup>51</sup>

He now began a work which he intended to embody the mathematical research of a lifetime and constitute his memorial. Dying,

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<sup>50</sup> Ball: p. 206.

<sup>51</sup> Ball: p. 219.

however, before it was finished, the work was seized upon and dishonestly appropriated by Cardano, and even to-day, in our modern text-books, one of Tartaglia's solutions still passes current under the name of Cardano. Stripped of his stolen honors, Cardano seems, however, to have done some excellent work. His *Ars Magna* has been pronounced an advance on any previous algebra, but we do not know how much of this may be the work of his pupil, Ferraro, who, Cajori tells us, "propped up the reputation of his master by his brilliant solution of bi-quadratics"—an achievement to be noted, since a no less authority than Abel has pronounced the *general* solution of higher equation impossible.<sup>52</sup> If report is to be trusted, Cardano ended his wild career [stained by other crimes than mere professional theft] by suicide—in support of his reputation as an astrologer. Having foretold the day of his death, he felt bound to verify his own prediction. Names of Italian mathematicians now multiply too rapidly for individual mention. Bombelli discussed "imaginary quantities," in anticipation of strictly modern work by Euler and Gauss, while Maurolycus, Xylander and Commandino translated Euclid, Diophantus and other mathematical works from the Greek, and Greek mathematics became the passion of the day. Meanwhile, in pleasing contrast to the sorrowful experience of Tartaglia, we may note the career of Vieta, the great French algebraist, who basked in the favor of king and court. He owed his promotion under Henry IV. to two happy incidents—his discovery of the key to the Spanish cipher, by which he rendered important service to the State, and his successful solution of a problem propounded by the Ambassador of The Netherlands.

The latter had boasted to Henry that France "did not possess a single geometer" who could compete with his own countryman, Adrian Romanus, of Louvain. The monarch's pride was piqued and Vieta was summoned to the royal presence. The proposed problem was formidable, but admitted of simplification. This the genius of Vieta quickly perceived and in a few minutes he returned to the king with a double solution. It was now the French mathematician's turn to challenge his brother of Louvain. Romanus solved the problem proposed to him by the use of conic sections, but receiving from Vieta a more rigorous Euclidean solution, he at once journeyed to France to make the acquaintance of his illustrious rival. It is to the credit of both men that this acquaintance developed into a warm and lasting friendship. The close of the sixteenth century witnessed in Italy the foundation of a science of dynamics, which owed its rise chiefly to the investigations of Stevinus, Galileo and Torricelli into the laws of motion and physics. Stevinus investigated statics, Gali-

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<sup>52</sup> "Abel's theorem" had been anticipated by Paolo Ruffini in 1798.

leo dynamics. The fame of the former rests on his "Statics and Hydrostatics," published at Leyden in 1586. Galileo was practically the founder of dynamics, though his principle of virtual velocities had been partially understood by Guido Wbaldo somewhat earlier. Galileo himself, it may be noted, was won from the study of medicine to mathematics through the chance hearing of a lecture on geometry by the Jesuit Father Ricci.

To Stevinus we owe another contribution to mathematical science, humbler in appearance, but really more important than even his work on statics. This is his "La Disme" [Bruges, 1585], in which we find the first systematic treatment of decimal fractions. It seems surprising that so comparatively simple an invention as that of decimal notation for fractions should have been so long delayed, yet simple as it appears to us its introduction was very gradual. As far back as the twelfth century John of Seville had employed a system of decimals for the extraction of square roots, while Regiomontanus adopted a decimal division of the radius in trigonometry. But neither mathematician grasped the full import of his method. It remained for "Stevin of Bruges" to apply the new fractions to all the operations of ordinary arithmetic. "He describes in express terms the advantages, not of decimal fractions only, but of a system of decimal weights and measures," such as is now realized in the French metric system. To him also belongs the honor of introducing exponents in algebraic expressions; he revived also Oresme's fractional indices, which had remained practically unnoticed.

Stevinus has been supposed by some to have been a Protestant, on account of his friendship for the Prince of Orange and the favor shown him by that leader. The times were such as led men to exercise occasional reticence in religious matters. But a clause in his will leaving a considerable sum to his parish church to be spent in Masses for his soul seems to determine the question of his Faith quite definitely.<sup>54</sup>

We have now reached the closing years of the Renaissance and are approaching the threshold of modern mathematics. We do not cross it, however, until we reach the era of Newton, usually regarded as marking the beginning of the modern period in mathematics. We can only attempt to sketch briefly the activities of Catholic mathematicians during this remaining interval. The scene is a crowded one. "The prodigious scientific progress in France during the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. had enriched mathematics," writes Cajori,<sup>55</sup> "with imperishable treasures." Into the brief space of less than a century must be crowded such names as Gul-

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■ A. Quetelet: *Sciences Math. et Physiques chez les Belges*.

■ British Ency. IX ed. art. Stevinus.

■ Cajori: p. 199.

dinus, Cavalieri, Viviani, Desarques, Mydorge, de Meziriac, Mersenne, St. Vincent, Roberval, Fermat, Pascal and Descartes, with whose name we close our sketch. "The miraculous powers of modern calculation," to quote once more from Cajori,<sup>56</sup> "are due to three inventions—the Hindoo-Arabic notation, decimal fractions and logarithms. To this category we may add a fourth—the infinitesimal calculus. We have seen how the first two were attained by students of mediæval or Renaissance Europe; let us see how nearly the last was approximated by the same before the opening of the modern era. Vieta had left algebra in a state of sufficient perfection to lend itself as a ready instrument to this crowning branch of mathematics. Early in the seventeenth century Paul Guldin (or Guldinus), a Swiss convert, who later entered the Jesuit Order (and to whom the Jesuit College of Gratz owed its mathematical reputation), had been led by the study of Greek works to investigate the volume of a "solid of revolution," and in 1635 published his "De Centris Gravitatis." In the same year Bonaventura Cavalieri, who also at an early age had entered the Jesuit Order, published his "Geometry of Indivisibles." The two works approached a similar subject from different points of view, but together formed the base of departure, both for Descartes' analytical geometry and for the calculus of Newton and Leibnitz. Towards this last focal point in mathematical history the progress of the past fifty years had been converging. More and more the most acute intellects of the day were bending their genius toward the discovery of the methods of the differential and integral calculus. By Cavalieri's method all surfaces, or solids, were considered as composed of an infinite number of lines, or planes, whose summation gave the area, or volume. Among those who labored on the same subject with Cavalieri, de Roberval, Fermat and Descartes approached most nearly to the perfection of its theory, although for sixty years Cavalieri's methods were used as a species of integral calculus and yielded correct results.

To the reader of ordinary biography Newton and Leibnitz stand out so preëminently as the sole inventors of these potent methods which have so vastly extended the powers of modern mathematics that it is difficult for any but the close student of mathematical history to realize how slight is the dividing line which separates these men from their immediate predecessors. So slight that both La Grange and La Place later maintained their own countryman, **Fermat, to have been the true originator of the infinitesimal calculus,**<sup>57</sup> the work on which his claim to this honor rests having been written thirteen years before the birth of Newton. We now find the figures

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<sup>56</sup> Cajori: p. 161.

<sup>57</sup> Cajori: p. 174, p. 200.

of two other French mathematicians towering before us ere we reach the portals of the modern era, where our study closes. They are those of Pascal and Descartes, the creators of the sciences of analytical and synthetic geometry, an expansion of the methods of ancient geometry undreamed of by Euclid, and as potent a re-agent of mathematical problems as the calculus itself! But as Newton and Leibnitz had their precursors in Cavalieri, Fermat and others, so Pascal and Descartes were preceded by Desargues, whose lectures on space analysis, transversals, polar lines, limits, etc., exerted much influence on both the future geometers.

With Pascal's precocious genius we are most of us acquainted. At fourteen he was admitted to the meetings of Roberval, Mersenne [a Franciscan friar], Mydorge and other French geometers who gave birth to the French Academy of Science. At sixteen he had composed a masterpiece on conics. His analysis of curves, algebra of probabilities, analytical geometry and physics raised him to the highest rank in mathematics. Into his life of religious mysticism at Port Royal we need not enter. René Descartes, born in 1596, near Tours, was educated at the Jesuit School of La Flèche and there became acquainted with Mydorge and Mersenne. Skeptical in philosophy, he remained orthodox throughout life in his religious creed. For a while he embraced a military career, but in 1628 was persuaded by Cardinal Berulle in a long conversation on the subject to devote himself to science. His analytical geometry and investigation of geometric and mechanical curves were some of the results of this choice. To ancient Greek geometry the conception of "motion" was unknown; to Descartes this conception became the starting point for his study of "loci," and that in turn the source of many of the most fruitful investigations of modern mathematics. We now bring to a close our brief survey of the mathematical progress of the Middle Ages, hoping to have made clear a few salient points. First, that during the general desolation and distress which followed the Fall of Rome the tradition of classic mathematics was kept alive chiefly by churchmen, and that the mathematical revival which followed the "Iron Age" was due almost wholly to the efforts of Gerbert, Pope and scholar; secondly, that we have strong, although not demonstrative, evidence that the decimal notation of the Hindoos was introduced into Christian Europe, through Alexandria, before the Saracen set foot in Spain, but that, however great may be our debt to Arabic culture, its acquisition was due to the ardor and zeal of the Christians in seeking it, rather than to any readiness of the Moor to impart it; and, thirdly, that not only was mathematical activity from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century much greater than is commonly admitted, but its progress was most notable precisely in those countries most closely connected with the Papal See. While, how-

ever, as we have seen, the mathematicians of Catholic Europe anticipated, or all but anticipated, many of the discoveries of modern work, there is one rung on the ladder of mathematical ascent, noted by Cajori, which seems to lie wholly, almost amusingly, in Protestant hands, since of Baron Napier, the inventor of logarithms, we are told that "while mathematics were his favorite amusement, the business of his life was to show that the Pope was Antichrist."

Briggs, who collaborated with Napier, was a Protestant, while the only earlier scholar who might be thought to have "anticipated" this labor-saving invention was Stifel [Stifelius], a recreant Augustinian monk, who had embraced the opinions of Luther! Ball, who gives us these details, also admits that Napier's "Invention of Logarithms" [1614] was the "*first* valuable contribution to the progress of mathematics made by any British writer"<sup>58</sup>—an admission which might perhaps be used to confirm data already given as to the earlier mathematical development of Southern Europe! Broadly speaking, then, it seems clear that the Church from the first recognized the importance of this apparently abstract science and steadily encouraged its teaching. And when we remember the acknowledged difficulty of first steps, it seems equally clear that we should give to the men who built up the science of mathematics from its scanty heritage of Roman days—introducing a foreign notation and translating two languages to win a knowledge of previous attainment, thus laying the foundation for the magnificent developments of modern times—at least a modicum of praise.

E. VON RYCKEN WILSON.

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<sup>58</sup> Ball: p. 215, p. 225 also p. 195.

## CALIFORNIA: THE FUTURE EMPIRE STATE

## SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE SEA.

Serene, indifferent of Fate,  
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;  
Upon thy height, so lately won,  
Still slant the banners of the sun;  
Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,  
O Warder of two continents!  
And, scornful of the peace that flies,  
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,  
Thou drawest all things, small or great,  
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

—Bret Harte.

COSMOPOLITANISM characterizes the Pacific's greatest port, for every race that walks the paths of other lands also walks the steeps and deeps of former Yerba Buena, as the Mexicans dubbed their undulating habitation in days ago; nor should it be forgotten that "San Francisco" was "Yerba Buena" until 1846, when Captain Montgomery, of the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, raised the American ensign and named the embryonic metropolis after the well-known Mission of San Francisco de Asis, popularly known as Mission Dolores, founded in 1776 by Father Falou. But be their habitat of former days Ireland, Orient, Jerusalem, Egypt or Antipodes—and all are represented here—the "native sons of the Golden West" look askance upon the tactless newcomer who flippantly refers to San Francisco as plain and unclassical "'Frisco," for it should be understood that neither New York nor Boston (not to mention Chicago or Los Angeles) contains more boastful boosters than does the big port on 'Frisco Bay.

For half a century an army of workers toiled to bring the city up to our modern conception of a great centre of industry, and then a slight pulsation of Mother Earth tumbled everything into a mass of smoldering débris. This was in April, 1906, but in the few intervening years those smoldering mounds have transformed into well-paved avenues, lined with costly chambers of commerce, grand cafés, elegant mansions of the rich, comfortable homes of the multitude, countless thousands of apartment houses and those things of iniquity known as "flats," all of which are reached by modern trolleys and ancient cable cars that seem to stand on end when tobogganing up and down streets pitched at an angle of forty-five degrees; indeed, some

of the inclines are so steep that the conductor in the rear deems it expedient to help out the gripman by clamping the back brakes to the track, and though the maddening flight is calculated to stifle the tremulous heart, one soon becomes as nonchalant as the old-timers themselves. Sightseeing cars—they are dubbed “rubbernecks” out there—run to the Latin Quarter, Portsmouth Square and Chinatown, and of course the bombastic “lecturer” highly embellishes everything along the route; but trolleys and cables reach all points, and those thrilling hurdle races up and down and around the hills—especially Knob Hill, the rendezvous of the aristocracy—surpass anything the motors have to offer in the way of exhilaration. Market street, the principal business thoroughfare, starts at the ferry, its breadth of one hundred and twenty feet allowing four trolley lines to operate. New business structures rank with the best, but symmetry is unknown, and alongside elongated skyscrapers we behold two and three story houses of the Eldorado City variety. The City Hall, standing opposite a pretty little park, is one of the grandest buildings on the Coast; it is also gratifying to note that the Auditorium and Palace of the Fine Arts were not consigned to the junkman when the axe of demolition was swinging at the Exhibition grounds. Like all fires, a cleaner and better city has been founded on the blackened ruins, and out in the Presidio section many attractive homes have been erected, the rapid long-distance electric cars allowing downtown workers to reach “war gardens” ten miles from O’Farrell and Market streets in less than thirty minutes.

Portsmouth Square is the Plaza of Castilian days, and here we find a fountain memorializing Robert Louis Stevenson, who spent many carefree hours analyzing the human flotsam and jetsam that swept in and out on the undulating tides of Time. Let us trust that the inspiring message carved on the façade of the aquatic monument will hearten those unfortunates who “put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains”:

“To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little; to spend a little less;  
To make upon the whole a family happier by his presence;  
To renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered;  
To keep a few friends, but these without capitulation;  
Above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—  
Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.”

The Plaza of today gives no inkling of the turbulence prevailing in the early '60s, and here we pause to scan a chapter pertaining to other days. Writes Gertrude Atherton in her well-known work, “A Daughter of the Vine”: “The wild life about the Plaza, the

gambling houses, the saloons, the fatal encounters in the dark contiguous streets, the absolute recklessness of the men and women, interested him profoundly. \* \* \* The scene which he most frequented, which rose most vividly when he was living his later life in England, was El Dorado. It had three great windows on the Plaza and six in its length — something over one hundred and twenty feet. The brilliant and extraordinary scene was visible to those that shunned it, but stood with a fascinated stare; for its curtains were never drawn, its polished windows were close upon the sidewalk. On one side, down its entire length, was a bar set with expensive crystal, over which passed every drink known to the appetite of man. Behind the bar were mirrors from floor to ceiling, reflecting the room, doubling the six blazing chandeliers, the forty or fifty tables piled high with gold and silver, the hard, intent faces of the gamblers, the dense throng that ever sauntered in the narrow aisles."

When the straggler after news and views has thoroughly visualized the peasantry lolling about Portsmouth Square, he gets down on all fours to begin the ascent of that lofty escarpment known to the natives as Telegraph Hill, where Italians, Frenchmen, Portuguese, Mexicans, Greeks and whatnot dwell in multitudinous profusion, and every tongue but the official language of the realm. It is a motley crowd, this *hoc genus omne*, drawn from every land beneath the cerulean arch; and the inquisitive itinerant quite naturally enters one of the little cafés to rest his weary limbs while sipping a five-cent goblet of excellent claret with entrees of queer-looking cheese made from the milk of the ass and hot tortillas baked by an embonpoint señora who came all the way from Guadalajara to tempt the gourmets on the Hill; or if you happen to stray into the Fior d'Italia, on Broadway, Signor Rosetta, the kindly and swarthy chef, will induct you into the garlicized mysteries of tagliarini or ravioli, while the amazing *copia verborum* rolling around the dining hall will help complete the delusion that you are actually eating your dinner in one of those open-air cafés so common to the streets of old Napoli. In the Argonaut days the mystic signs weren't wafted through the ether as they are today, so signalmen stood on the apex of Telegraph Hill and scanned the Heads at the Golden Gate for inbound vessels, wigwagging the news to the pioneers in the vale below; hence the patronymic. It would be superfluous to suggest that the most far-sighted observer on the Hill in '49 could not visualize the forests of masts now towering above the estuaries of San Francisco Bay.

Catholics are pretty well represented in every walk of life, but

everybody, even those who never enter a church (and they are numerous), are proud of their Mission Dolores, by which they mean the little adobe Church of San Francisco de Asis, dating from 1776, "amid the heathen surroundings of the port of San Francisco," to paraphrase Father Palou, its founder. The edifice is no longer used for worship, having been supplanted by the modern church adjoining, but it is generally regarded as the most sacred and most historic spot in San Francisco. Bret Harte's poem, "The Angelus," symbolizes the veneration in which the Mission is held by the populace:

## THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music  
Still fills the wide expanse,  
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present  
With color of romance!  
I hear your call, and see the sun descending  
On rock and wave and sand,  
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,  
Girdle the heathen land.  
Within the circle of your incantation  
No blight nor mildew falls;  
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition  
Passes those airy walls.  
Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,  
I touch the farther Past;  
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,  
The sunset dream and last!  
Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,  
The white Presidio;  
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,  
The priest in stole of snow.  
Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting  
Above the setting sun;  
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,  
The freighted galleon.  
O solemn bells! whose consecrated Masses  
Recall the faith of old;  
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music  
The spiritual fold!  
Your voices break and falter in the darkness—  
Break, falter and are still;  
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,  
The sun sinks from the hill!

Oakland is also forging to the front as a shipbuilding center, and the men behind the big Government concrete shipbuilding plant on Government Island, in the Oakland estuary, opposite San Francisco, assert the concrete ship is an absolute and unqualified success. They say puffed brick concrete makes a homogeneous material which cannot be separated from the concrete ribbing, and certainly there is a vast improvement over the first ship built, the *Faith*. The new vessels are shapely, and are said to be lighter than steel and cost much less.

The old padres have their critics, pro and con, but they performed wonderful work with the material at hand. Their pathway was not strewn with roses, nor should it be forgotten that they came as strangers into a strange land, to work among a crude, untutored and uncivilized race. They learned the various dialects of the tribes and instructed the native neophytes in Catholic doctrine. This work required rare patience and diplomacy to redeem their charges from savagery, with the result that practically all the natives were baptized ere they passed to the happy hunting grounds of their forbears; moreover, the detestable malevolence of the Mexican Government reacted against the endeavors of Junipero Serra and his loyal followers. However, the old Missions are still extant, still actively engaged in reaping souls in God's vineyard, and while the old Viceroy is the rightful object of "a dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn," as Milton said, the Missions and the faithful fathers are the pride and veneration of the great Western Commonwealth.

The first Mission in Alta California, as the State was known in the Spanish era, was established by Serra in 1769 at San Diego, and eventually a chain of twenty-one was strung for a distance of 650 miles, or as far north as the Sonoma Valley, which lies about twenty miles above San Francisco. The majority of these churches are still in use, though several have perished from the face of the earth; and the question has frequently been asked: "Where did they get the implements to cut the stone or turn the wood? Who drew the plans? Who directed the mechanics? Whence came the material?" These queries have baffled many able minds, but the structures were evidently planned and erected by very capable architects and artisans; this is probably the reason why the railroad stations, big hotels and palatial mansions are patterned after the Mission style of architecture. Irrigation ditches were introduced, and countless thousands of acres produced crops of every variety, not to mention a vast array of domestic animals. The remains of an irrigating sluice down at San Diego show the early agricultural instructors to have been

geniuses of a high order, as the ditch is a solid mass of cement and rock for a distance of seven miles—and all this was brought into being just about the time George Washington and General Lafayette were hobnobbing around what is now known as Trenton, New Jersey.

John S. McGroarty, of Mission Play fame, undoubtedly crystallizes the prevailing opinion of the padres in a pretty little elegy entitled "In Monterey," which refers to Stevenson's early struggles against sickness and poverty :

IN MONTEREY.

When long ago he wandered here,  
Heart-hungered, sick and poor,  
No roof was bent to shelter him;  
No welcome at the door.  
In all the streets of Monterey  
With sun and shine aflame,  
No word was passed that they might know  
The Prince of Dreamers came.

There sped no song to meet him  
From lute or lifted lyre,  
When here the Master Singer passed  
To seek his heart's desire;  
No hand was raised to help him,  
No lips with cheer to greet,  
Till, worn with fast and weariness,  
He fainted at their feet.

Then one there was who lifted up  
The fever-tortured head,  
And took him to his pitying heart,  
And gave him drink and bread;  
He gave him shelter and a bed,  
Nor asked his name to know—  
And of all the men in Monterey,  
It is to him I'll go.

For 'tis the tale I love the best  
These wandering trails among,  
When from the ancient Mission tower  
The Angelus is rung—

This tale of him whose songs I sing,  
Though dead he lies and still,  
"The sailor who is home from sea,  
The hunter from the hill."

Stevenson was an ardent admirer of the padres and their work; indeed, it is common knowledge that he frequented Catholic services in various places, and perhaps the handclasp of true friendship extended to him in his hour of need by one of the fathers struck a responsive chord in the great novelist's heart.

The promulgation of the bone-dry law has caused much weeping and gnashing of teeth in the Golden State, but if the "greatest vine in the world" must needs pass unto that far-flung bourne from whence no traveler returns, as the Bard of Avon was wont to say, Santa Barbarans will "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole" that will suffuse their sunny clime with the "hue of dungeons and the gruesome scowl of night." For it should be known that this famous vine was planted by the padres more than one hundred years ago, and from ten to eleven tons of delicious black grapes are obtained annually. For many year past one hundred and twenty gallons of wine have been made from its fruit. Its leaves and branches spread over an area of one hundred and fifteen square feet, while it is eight feet in circumference at its largest part. The vine really consists of two parts, which have encircled each other as they grew, forming a spiral, and the immense size of the branches requires a heavy framework of timber to support them, thus affording shade for more than one hundred people when seated below it.

The natives loudly proclaim California as the greatest place on earth, but not one in a hundred has ever been beyond the Seal Rocks, out at Golden Gate Park. They secure a knowledge of the wonders of their Commonwealth from newspapers, books, Eastern and foreign tourists, bringing to mind a well-dressed Cockney we met while strolling along the Thames Embankment. Though born in Putney, he had never entered the House of Parliament close by, didn't know the location of Queen Victoria Institute or Brompton Oratory, and the extent of his travels was a trip to the gently sloping shore of Brighton Beach, and ever after dated everything from this great red-letter day of his life. Perhaps a few of the natives know something of mining nomenclature—such, for instance, as Whisky Bay, Brandy Gulch, Loafers' Retreat, Git-Up-and-Git, Gospel Swamp, Lousy Ravine, Petticoat Slide, Hell's Delight, Micky Kelly's Wad, Piety Hill, Shirt-tail Canyon and all the other lodes that helped to build those gilded domes on Knob Hill and Burlingame, not to mention the re-

habilitation of those crumbling walls of innumerable palaces in Italy, England and elsewhere. Moreover, it should not be overlooked that since the joyous day in 1848 when James W. Marshall uncovered the first nugget of gold the production of this precious metal represents the great sum of \$1,700,000,000! Oil wells also help things along by gushing out 100,000,000 barrels a year.

A jump of 600 miles—a mere trifle in California—brings us to the Imperial Valley, sections of which fall below the level of the sea, and while this low-lying land makes life unbearable during the summer days, it helps the cotton crop, as the 30,000 bales of last year eloquently testify. It will also be recalled that the edenic city of Imperial is imperiously but capably ruled by ladies fair but firm, to wit: the Mayor, Postmistress, Health Officer, School Superintendent, librarian, teachers, secretary water company, editor, printers, grocers, farmers and cotton pickers. Verily, the ladies of Imperial City are rapidly dwarfing mere men to mediocrity!

Statistics are monotonous, it is true, but a few words will suffice to show the illimitable resources of this opulent daughter of Fortunate: Gold mines are still in operation; minerals, including quicksilver, of various kinds are found in many sections; forests of precious woods represent an empire's ransom; borax and antimony production soars to millions; coal, iron, petroleum, asbestos and sulphur, all of which are in great demand at high prices, are being brought to the earth's surface in vast quantities. Even salt is manufactured from sea water at Alameda, while down at Salton, on the Colorado Desert, thousands of tons of this commodity are yearly sent to the refineries. Asphaltum is also produced in considerable quantities. Building materials of every description are also locked within the subterranean vaults of this giant Golconda of the West. Add to all these natural gifts tea, rice, cotton, silk—not to speak of climate, ostriches, tourists, canyons, mountains, geysers, mineral springs and "them rich guys from back East"—and it is readily seen why California is destined at no distant day to become the premier Commonwealth of the Republic.

Automobiling has been the means of killing two birds with one stone—making thousands of miles of good roads and thousands of spendthrifts, for anybody who is anybody—and everybody in California considers himself somebody—has a car. Nor is there a spot beneath the eternal stars where cars can be used to better advantage. The rural thoroughfares are perfect, the climate generally sublime and the captivating scenery along the route draws your thoughts up and away from this wretched world of lies. One agreeable tour by auto-bus jogs along for thirty-five miles to Palo Alto, the home of the

magnificent Stanford University, and here we get a glimpse of San Francisco's aristocratic suburbs, such as San Mateo, Menlo Park, Burlingame and Las Altos, mostly patronized by patricians who have acquired fortunes in divers and devious ways. For miles and miles eucalyptus and cypress trees line the avenues, and on Sundays thousands of cars race along to Palo Alto. It is a merry, joyful crowd, and no one seemingly cares for what futurity has in store for them. The "car" has its faults—about as numerous as the proverbial leaves dotting the fragrant paths of Vallambrosa—but its advent has transformed cumbersome country roads into level and delightful highways, thus accelerating travel and developing sections hitherto beyond the reach of men. It is estimated that the entire system will comprise ten thousand miles of perfect roads. Even El Camino Real (the King's Highway), laid out by the ancient pioneers from San Diego to San Francisco, a distance of six hundred miles, is now embraced in the new State highway system, extending from Oregon down to the borderland of Mexico and costing the State upwards of \$30,000,000.

There are as many kinds of climate in California as there are styles of ladies' headgear. For instance, around the Golden Gate the weather is neither hot nor cold—sharp and chill at night and warm in the sunlit hours. Across the four-mile bay in Oakland, shielded from coastal blasts by the Berkeley Hills, a superior climate prevails, and this brings many homeseekers from the sister city. Rose-embowered Hayward, fifteen miles away, protected by the hills, also enjoys warm, agreeable days, the same being true of venerable, metropolitan San José, proud and progressive ruler of the Santa Clara Valley, teeming with prunes, oranges and fruits of every variety. Sacramento is pleasant when "that orb'd continent, the fire that severs day from night," is beaming on Magellan, but becomes a trifle too warm for comfort when the great ball squanders its caloric rays during the summer solstice throughout the Sacramento Valley; and as for Bakersfield, down there in the oil country—whew! we encounter "whirlwinds of tempestuous fire."

James Lick was a Pennsylvanian who went to California in 1847 and acquired a fortune. Dying a bachelor, his money went to charities, but the largest donation (\$700,000) went to establish the Lick Observatory on top of Mount Hamilton, 4200 feet above the level, and the jaunt by auto wafts you along a series of rustic avenues characteristic of Central California. The great 36-inch telescope is just twelve miles from San José as the bird flies, but as there's a bend for every day in the year between Smith's Crossing and the Observatory, a distance of seven miles, the big auto-stage requires twenty-five

miles to negotiate the distance. It is therefore readily seen how circuitous is the bending trail leading to what is said to be the largest lens in the world. As a matter of fact, there's only one competitor on the planet in the line of crookedness, and this is why many visitors board the big ferryboat running from Market street to the charming suburb of Sausalito, to entrain at that point on the Northwestern Pacific Railroad for Mount Tamalpais, some twenty miles from San Francisco, and after an hour of zigzagging and twisting and turning this way and that way, until one is on the verge of *mal de mer*, we are just about half a mile above those moving Lilliputians and their tiny cottages the lens discerns in the vale below. The comfortable home of Luther Burbank, the "plant wizard" of charming Santa Rosa, and the picket fence surrounding the modest bungalow of the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at Calistoga, where Stevenson used the telephone for the first time in his life, are brought to view by the aid of a field glass. The frigid sentinel of the solitudes two hundred miles to the north—King Shasta—fails at times to fling his shimmering crown above the horizon, but a remarkable vista is presented of the Santa Cruz and Sierra Nevada Mountains. Even the "Cambridge of the West," as the intellectual luminaries of Berkeley love to term their handsome and austere university town, appears in microscopic outline far and away in the distant reaches of space; and when the shades of night had mantled all in darkness and "the planets in their station list'ning stood," the twinkling lamps illuminating San Francisco Bay dwarfed to nothingness the famed lights of ancient London Town.

There are about 10,000 miles of steam and electric lines in the big State, but it is truly remarkable that visitors to Eureka for fifty years were compelled to travel by the lumbering stage or board ship at San Francisco and sail for two days on Pacific's swell in order to reach the principal port of Northern California, but now the Northwestern Pacific Railroad covers the 284 miles in twelve hours. Everything in the north differs from the south—climate, scenery, agriculture and people. Rain is more frequent and the seaborne winds at times are biting; forests and rugged steeps are on every hand; farm lands and houses bear a stronger resemblance to Eastern methods, while everybody seems imbued with greater animation than is found below "the Bay." Chicken and vegetable farms, vineyards and hop fields are noted all through the Russian River country, and here we enter the vast redwood forests of the Eel River basin. Herr Humboldt honored every place on the map with a visitation, and perhaps this is why the small estuary on which the lumber port of Eureka is situated is referred to as Humboldt Bay; however, the natives are

quite positive that Lieutenant Grant was stationed there years before he wore the epaulets of a general, and the local troubadours superciliously remind you that Bret Harte always wended his way to Eureka when he wished to scale the sublimest pinnacles of Parnassus! The vast silent forests are also the rendezvous of big game, such as deer, bear and mountain lion.

Those who have seen sketches of early Sacramento naturally picture the capital as a conglomeration of rude huts, path-finders, prospectors, beer saloons, dance halls and the like, but times and people change, and this is why the seat of legislation has been metamorphosed into a rich, populous and handsome city, with modern buildings, elegant homes, broad and shaded streets, a Capitol second to none, a Cathedral of dignified and imposing mien. It was in Sacramento that the first spadeful of earth was dug for the building eastward of the Union Pacific Railroad, that "great highway of the nations" that sent the lumbering prairie schooner drifting gently down the tides of sleep, drove the redman back to his hunting grounds, gave life to Jesse James and cut the schedule between coast and coast from four months to four days; indeed, as far back as 1883 a theatrical train shattered time from San Francisco to New York in about eighty-five hours! Sacramento is connected by the river of the same name with the metropolis, and while viewing the comfortable homes bordering the avenues of this placid City of the Sacramento the retrospective mind quite naturally reverts to the queer-looking miners' shacks embellishing the landscape in the days of old.

YO-SEMITE.

Thou hast Earth's utmost beauty, mighty gem  
Of ice-wrought granite from the hand of God!  
And never man thy purple deeps hath trod,  
But he hath felt the awe that mantles them.

Thou art the loveliest poem of Nature; thou  
Art Music, Mystery and Magnitude!  
What eye e'er thy majestic glory viewed,  
But wept and led the shaken soul to bow?

—Herman Scheffauer.

We are west-bound on the Southern Pacific Railroad and moving along towards Merced, and shall soon arrive at El Portal, the gateway to Yo-semite National Park. Why Americans go gallivanting around the globe to see things far inferior to their own product can only be explained by saying that people are like children—they always want the thing that is out of reach. Talk about cascades!

Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, the highest in Europe, has a vertical drop of 1,226 feet, but this is double-discounted by Yo-semite Fall, which takes a flying leap through the ether of over 2,600 feet—twice as tall as Gavarnie and sixteen times as high as Niagara! And four more cataracts of tremendous girth (Bridal Veil has a drop of 900 feet in the clear) are always tumbling their snowy volumes o'er the spillways of that lofty drainage canal the guide calls the Merced River. Good fortune brought us to the Park on a blustery day, and the wind actually swayed the aerial aquatic veil hither and yon just as a bridal veil is wafted to and fro by an ordinary breeze!

Yo-semite's attractions are entirely too manifold to portray in restricted space—because the altitudinous walls of granite, deeps of bottomless canyons, fantastic peaks of colossal mould, diversified coloring of this charming rendezvous of gnomes and ogres, giants and fairies shatter all lines of circumscription. According to Samuel Murray, perhaps the greatest traveler of his time, he never beheld prospects equaling the "titanic shafts, labyrinthine passes and awe-inspiring sentinels of Yo-semite Park. Victoria Falls, in Rhodesia, is indeed one of the great wonders of the world, not less than 5,000,000 gallons of water rolling over its crest every minute of the day and night; but, in my opinion, even the appalling grandeur of Victoria Falls does not compare with the captivating garden of Yo-semite."

Heretofore, owing to the high altitude, this captivating playground of the Pacific Slope has been inaccessible the major part of the year, but things are being so shaped that motor parties may enter the park at all seasons. There is a low, level route into the great valley through the Merced River Canyon that does not reach an altitude of more than 2500 feet, and it is proposed to build a permanent boulevard into the valley over this route, thus allowing the motorist to enjoy the beauties of this wonderful reserve during the winter months as well as in the summer.

Of course, it is going to take a considerable sum of money to construct this scenic highway, and a campaign is now in progress to raise \$1,000,000 among the motorcar owners of California. This sum, added to the appropriation made by the Government and the State, will be sufficient to construct an all-year road of concrete into Yo-semite, ending at El Portal, the lower entrance to the valley.

Two hundred thousand out of the half million motorcar owners in the State will be called upon to buy a five-dollar good roads certificate and this money will be expended upon roads leading to the park.

The possibilities of Yo-semite have never really been developed

until recently, and this vast wonderland of the Sierras should become the Mecca for hundreds of thousands of visitors the year round. Accommodations in the valley and in the mountains are among the best in California, the hotel system now being developed by the Camp Curry and Yo-semite Park Company being inns possessing every comfort known to modern travelers. The routes into the valley have never opened until May, and are closed to travel by the end of September. However, the Merced Canyon route will render the park accessible at all seasons. Moreover, the daring ones who have braved the snowy elements to get into the valley during the winter solstice wax enthusiastic when referring to the scenic grandeur when Mother Earth has cast her ermine cloak far and wide o'er the widespreading boundaries of the park, and one descriptive writer of rare ability candidly admits his impotency in attempting to portray the magnificence of this mundane garden of the gods.

WILLIAM S. LONG.

Merchantville, N. J.

GOING TO THE ANT FOR WISDOM

“**G**O TO the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.”—Proverbs, vi., 6, 8.

“We’ll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there’s no labouring in the winter.”—King Lear, Act II, Scene 4.

“The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer.”—Proverbs, xxx., 25.

From remote antiquity ants have been famous for their industry, ingenuity, economy and their instinctive comprehension of the advantages to be derived from division and combination of labor. These characteristics have been the subject of observation and comment since the earliest times, the old idea of their great thrift and foresight being well exemplified in La Fontaine’s charming fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant. Poets have sung its praises, and it is famous in song and story. The high tribute paid the little insect in Proverbs is no doubt the reason back of this legend, which Whittier has charmingly put into verse.

King Solomon was once riding out from Jerusalem with the Queen of Sheba, and as he was able to understand the languages of all creatures, he heard the ants in a hill which lay in his path murmuring:

“Here comes the king men greet  
As wise and good and just,  
To crush us in the dust  
Under his heedless feet.”

Upon his telling the Queen what he had overheard, she replied that those who perished beneath his gracious feet had a “too happy fate,” but the King, believing that “the wise and strong should seek the welfare of the weak,” turned his horse, and consequently his train of courtiers, aside. And the Queen, wise in her way, also commented:

“Happy must be the State  
Whose ruler heedeth more  
The murmurs of the poor  
Than flatteries of the great.”

No insect is more familiar to man or more deserving of fame. Ants live in all lands and regions; they exist in enormous numbers, hundreds of thousands in one colony; they are not driven away by the changes of civilization, but mine man’s fields and invade his

dwellings. And many of the things which man attempts to do they accomplish more successfully, apparently, and may be his teachers:

"Turn on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,  
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise,  
No stern command, no monitory voice  
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;  
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away  
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day,  
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain  
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain."—Ben Jonson.

The community life of ants is a wonderful organization, to many observers not even excelled by human institutions; it is a perfect republic where each works for the good of the whole, each having his appointed work, laboring constantly for the general welfare, and ready to sacrifice himself to preserve the colony.

"and to the emmet gives  
Her foresight, and intelligence that makes  
The tiny creatures strong by social league;  
Supports the generations, multiplies  
Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain  
Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills,—  
Their labour, covered, as a lake with waves;  
Thousands of cities, in the desert place  
Built up of life, and food and means of life!"  
—William Wordsworth (*The Excursion*).

"And the red soldier-ants  
Lie, loll, and lean,—  
While the black steadily  
Build for their queen."—Anon.

There are twenty-five hundred or more known ant species, and all live in permanent communities. There are no solitary ants, as among bees and wasps. Each member of the colony makes the common formicary its habitation; faithfully attending to the work allotted to the caste to which it belongs—be it a winged female (or queen), a winged male, a major worker, a minor worker, a soldier, or what not.

However, the intelligence ants show in their community life is not possessed to any great extent by individuals. Away from the inspiration of the tribe, he is a sad blunderheels, trusting to touch, or smell, or a sense of orientation, to guide him home. This fact Mark Twain humorously noted years ago in "*Tramp Abroad*":

"It seems to me that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a

strangely overrated bird. During many summers now I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. . . . I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest working creature in the world—when anybody is looking—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No; he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away; no matter, he can't find it. He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and, instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down on the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No; he must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top. . . . When he gets there he find that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more, as usual, in a new direction." And so Mark Twain goes on at some length, until, in his attempts to prove that the ant fails in being all-wise, he makes it out a veritable booby and not at all worthy its reputation for wisdom.

Next to their community spirit the industry of the worker ants which go out foraging for the hive has made a particular appeal to the poets, science to the contrary. One says that they "scour and throng the velvet sward"; another calls them "good little house-keepers"; to Will Carleton they are "trim housewife ants with rush uncertain"; Robert Browning tells how, on a bright spring morning, "ants make their ado"; but to another poet, during the heat of a summer midday, they are "plodding ants that dream their work is done." Another, lying in the grass, notes how "grim, hurried ants across my palm run past the shortest way." E. R. Sill wonders how "the ant his zigzag way can hold through the grass that is a grove for him." Thomas Hood, describing "The Haunted House," sees that

"The emmets of the steps had old possession,  
And marched in search of their diurnal good  
In undisturbed procession."

Joseph Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay" flits over the grass where  
"toils the ant," George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy" observes two galleys  
moored apart, which

"Show decks as busy as a home of ants  
Storing new forage."

And others have given us good pictures of the busy little creatures  
in the following lines:

"The beaded ants prick out and in,  
Mysterious and dark and thin."—Helen Hunt Jackson.

"An ant-hole, wrought in the sandy drouth,  
Out of whose busy, populous mouth  
The dwarfish tenants—an endless train,  
Emerging, covered the tiny plain;  
Eastward, and westward, north and south,  
They toiled, with a constant will, to gain  
The fairy stores of their winters grain.

"See the industrious emmets race  
With forward course and eager pace,  
Forth from their wintry hillocks store,  
Blackening the narrow pathway pour;  
And to and fro impatient run,  
Exulting in the vernal sun."—Paul H. Hayne.

Is it any wonder that "to dream of ants denotes you will live in a  
great town or city, or in a large family, and that you will be indus-  
trious, happy, well-married, and have a large family"?

There is but one reason back of all this concentration of effort—  
to provide food for the young larvæ and for the workers inside,  
queens, nurses, and so on. For it is somewhat of a disappointment  
to learn that the ant's foresight is but a fable, after all, as regards  
the storing up of grain for winter use. As ants remain dormant  
during the winter, La Fontaine's fable would be more along the  
line of natural facts had he had the ant survive the winter because  
of her habit of making a permanent home, and not through her  
food-storing bent. Indeed, the poets have made the ant altogether  
too much of a grain-eater; these insects much prefer the sweet

honey of their plant-lice cattle to grain, although they do eat small seeds, and even feed their grubs on meal made of cut-up seeds and grain. No doubt this mistaken notion of the ant's passion for storing grain arises from the resemblance of the large white larvæ to seeds. The nurse-ants are always moving them about from one place to another to give them suitable temperature. They are taken from room to room within the nest, farthest below the surface or up nearer the roof, or even out into the warm, sunshiny yard above ground, in order that they may be dry enough, or damp enough, or warmer or cooler, as desired. To be sure, there are granary chambers in the nests, which may not always be empty by the time winter arrives, but the primary purpose of these stores is to furnish the nurses with a supply of food for their hungry charges. So

"The frugal ants, whose millions would have end,  
But they lay up for need a timely store,  
And travail with the seasons evermore,"—Thomas Hood

which by autumn "have brimmed their garner with ripe grain," are acting more according to the poet's conception of what they ought to be doing than what the man of science knows to be the facts. I do not know if Browning is correct in the following observation, yet it might well be that swarms of these frugal foragers would find plenty where so careless a gleaner as man would find little, or nothing:

"Yet the hoard  
Of the sagacious ant shows garnered grain  
Ever abundant most when fields afford  
Least pasturage."—Jochanan Hakkadosh.

Of course, not all species live the same. For instance, the nests vary greatly: some are galleries and chambers in the ground, others are in wood; some are mounds; others are made of a paste-like substance. The slave-making habits of some species, the extraordinary variety of the "guest" insects found in some formicaries, the cultivation of fungus as a device for having food at hand when needed, the attendance on and care of honey-dew secreting plant-lice, and, in fact, everything connected with ant economy and government offers most fascinating study, even to persons not especially interested in nature. The battles which take place between different tribes of ants have been noted again and again; so has the spring flight, or swarming, which is really the wedding tour of the queens and their husbands, the winged members of the colony.

One peculiar American genus is the honey ant, found in the far

West and at high elevations, such as in the Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs, and in California. The odd feature of these insects is that one caste of workers has the abdomen distended the size of a currant, and entirely filled with grape sugar, or "honey." The nest is a low, gravelly mound, tunnelled with passages and chambers, and the honey bearers are found clinging to the roofs, a few inches under the ground, motionless. They simply serve as cellars for the storing of the sweet substance collected by the active workers from the exudations of a gall found upon the dwarf oak. In times of famine, and in all seasons when the exudation is not forthcoming, these living pantry shelves regurgitate the honey, drop by drop, for the workers to eat. The abdomen of a well-filled honey bearer resembles a perfect globe of transparent skin, through which shines the yellow honey. On demand, a large drop of honey issues from the mouth of this honey pot, and this food is eagerly lapped from its lips by the hungry ones, two or three ants often feeding together on the same crop.

The harvesting, or agricultural ant, of Texas, has had a three-hundred-page book devoted to its life history. They live in large or small communities, in nests partly underground and partly heaped up in conspicuous mounds in open, sunny, grassy places. Into the nest they bring great stores of seeds and grains, gathered from the neighboring grasses, and their well-marked runways make distinct paths through the dense grass about the nest. The chaff and sprouted seeds are dropped at the edge of the cleared circle, often resulting in an unintentional planting, which gives the tribe its name.

"Ye busy, busy people of the wood,  
When I behold you working every day  
I marvel at the wisdom you display.  
It seems but a questionable good  
That such high instincts as you show us should  
Be given you by nature to obey  
When all they serve by all their wondrous play  
Is to conserve the life of emmethood."  
—J. G. Romane, "To the Ants of Texas."

Another interesting species is the yellow thief-ant, so small and obscurely colored that it seems to live in the nest of its host, some larger ant, practically unnoticed. These parasites live in plenty, for they feed almost exclusively on live larvæ of the host.

Then there are the slave-makers, found in different parts of North America. These ants attack the community of a smaller species of ants and carry off the long white larvæ, commonly called

"eggs." Some of these may be eaten, but the most are cared for and soon hatch to become the slaves of their captors. Adults are never enslaved—they are either killed or driven away. As in ancient Roman times, the slaves do the work of the community, and to such an extent that the slave-makers become very dependent upon them, and the community could not thrive without them. But all the fighting is done by the free masters, who, like the early Roman freemen, consider the warrior's calling too noble to be enjoyed by slaves.

"Little ants in leafy wood,  
Bound by gentle brotherhood,  
Ye are fraters in your hall,  
Gay and chainless, great and small,  
All are toilers in the field,  
All are sharers in the yield."  
—Edwin Markham, "Little Brothers of the Ground."

"Whole villages of sand-roofed tents.  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants."  
—Longfellow, "To a Child."  
H. W. D.

Montreal, Canada.

## Book Reviews.

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"Compendium Theologiae Moralis": A Joanne Petre Gury, S.J., Conscriptum et ab Antonio Ballerini, S.J. Adnotationibus auctum. Deinde vero ad breviorum formam exaratum atque ad usum seminariorum hujus regionis accommodatum ab Aloysio Sabetti, S.J., in Collegio Woodstockiensi, Md., Theologiae Moralis Olim Professore Editio Vicesima Septima ad Novum Codicem Iuris Canonici Cincinnati a Timotheo Barrett, S.J. Royal 8vo. 1227 pages. Bound in Library Buckram. \$4.50 net. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

This twenty-seventh edition of the popular Sabetti-Barrett Compendium of Moral Theology is not merely the reprint of a former edition with an additional supplement giving the changes made by the Codex Iuris Canonici. This new edition has been entirely recast, and in greater part rewritten, so that the numerous revisions and alterations rendered necessary by the new Code of Canon Law are embodied in the text, each in its proper place.

All quotations from the code are in heavy type, thus enabling the reader to recognize at once the exact wording of the canon, and enabling him to distinguish it from the text.

The meaning of the canons is in most instances so clear as to need no comment; however, where doubt could arise the required explanation has been given concisely and clearly.

In every paragraph principles are amply illustrated by modern cases, making their application extremely easy for the confessor, thus giving a working knowledge of the law.

The indices, three in number and extending over a hundred pages, have been thoroughly revised, and add much to the practical value of the volume. They enable the reader to find his way quickly and surely to the knowledge he is searching for.

The analytical index will be of great service to the student of Moral Theology. In the majority of cases it will solve his difficulties and render further search unnecessary.

In the index of canons, the reader is referred directly to all the canons of the New Code treated in the volume, thus giving him in the most practical way a knowledge of the New Code in this field.

The alphabetical index, exact and exhaustive, facilitates immediate reference by its citation of section and page. These indices are invaluable. They are exhaustive, clear and accurate.

One may with confidence depend upon this work for a safe interpretation of the provisions of the New Code, and this is a strong recommendation, especially when we remember the multiplicity of commentators.

No better advice could be given to priests and students than "Go to Sabetti." Procure all the standard moral authors if you will, study them if you can, reconcile them if you are able, but get Sabetti first, consult him before the others, and generally you will not have to go any further.

One who knew him well, and was taught by him, when asked what was his most striking characteristic, replied, "He answered questions." He did not merely accumulate and pile up authorities, leaving the student to dig his way out unaided, but he drew the conclusion himself, thus giving the inexperienced explorer a staff and a torch to help him on his way, and this is the most striking characteristic of the Sabetti-Barrett Moral Theology: it answers questions, it solves difficulties, it tells us what to do. How fortunate that the mantle of the master has fallen on the shoulders of so worthy a disciple!

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"Pastor Halloft." *A Story of Clerical Life.* 12mo. 291 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The chapters in this book are true biography. They embody the principles and beliefs of a priest who carried them into action. Only the setting has been slightly altered from the original, in order to connect the incidents and give them consistency as a story. If the writer's sentiments have been at different periods interwoven with those of his hero, it is because he knew them to be part of the mind and heart of the friend whose intimate association he enjoyed for nearly forty years."

This book is not a story in the sense of fiction, nor is it biography in the strict sense because it does not pretend to be a complete or consecutive narrative. It is rather a bringing together of the leading episodes in the life of a young man who gave up the army and a secular career in the old country to take up the work of the ministry in the new. He was a priest of the Philadelphia diocese known quite well to the middle aged and older men of the diocese. He was a rugged, honest character, zealous and hard working, who for many years, especially in the formative period, acted as dean for foreign speaking priests, and in that capacity rendered excellent service to the diocese. The author has chosen him for his subject not because he did everything in the best way, nor because he made no mistakes, but rather because he was strong and earnest and had clearly defined views and firmly fixed principles which he tried to carry out and live up to.

Those who knew Father Halloft in the flesh, while conceding his sterling qualities as a priest, will be rather amused at the idealization. But we must remember that the revision even of the Second Nocturn is possible.

Pastor Halloft is fortunate in his biographer. Their long and intimate association united them very closely and begot in them mutual love and respect. Under such conditions the result must needs be excellent.

It is not likely that the younger clergy, who may be moved to emulate Pastor Halloft in piety and zeal, will also be tempted to adopt his methods on all occasions. This would not be wise, nor does the writer intend it. Methods must vary with the man, as well as with the times, and other circumstances. A weapon that may serve effectually as an instrument of offense or defense in the hands of one man may become a veritable boomerang in the hands of another.

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"Canon Sheehan, of Doneraille." By Herman J. Heuser, D.D., Overbrook Seminary. 8vo., pp. 406. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

There is a natural curiosity among readers to meet their favorite authors. This desire is almost universal. It is very natural. The author introduces us to his friends, perhaps only the creatures of his imagination; he interests us in their affairs; he makes us weep with them in their sorrow and laugh with them in their joy. As our interest grows in them it also grows in him. We begin to wonder what manner of man he is who knows so many and such interesting people. Many questions arise about them that are not answered in the books, and perhaps if we could come into contact with him he would answer these questions for us. Then, too, the title of a story excites our curiosity, the occasion of it, the ultimate purpose of it, the origin of the characters that appear in it.

Sometimes we meet distinguished authors and we wish we hadn't. They are not the persons we thought they were at all. It might have been better if we had not met them, or if we had met them by proxy. And here the biographer makes his appearance. If he is a good biographer and a skillful one he can do for the author what perhaps he cannot do for himself. Moreover, comparatively few persons can hope to meet distinguished authors except through biographers. Among modern authors none has held a higher place among Catholic readers than Canon Sheehan. His pen is known universally and his readers are legion. Interest in him is as widespread as the knowledge of his books, and yet the number of persons who knew him personally compared to the number that read him was almost infinitesimal. And this was very natural. A pastor of a small parish in a country town in an out of a way part of Ireland, who spent his whole life among his people, would not come in contact with many persons from the outside world. His very isolation tended to increase interest in him and excite curiosity

about him. The announcement of his death aroused this interest anew, and therefore when it was announced that Dr. Heuser had become his literary heir and that he would draw his biographical portrait, the whole Catholic reading public rejoiced. Never was a subject more fortunate in the choice of a biographer. Dr. Heuser had really discovered Canon Sheehan. It is true that he had already brought out one or two stories and some essays, but his readers were few and he was hardly known outside his own immediate circle. But Dr. Heuser introduced him to the world, for his books have that human quality which imparts universal appeal to them, and the Ecclesiastical Review was the stage on which he really first made his public appearance.

From the time when they first began to correspond, their association was intimate and sympathetic. Dr. Heuser directed Canon Sheehan's mind into those channels from which his greatest triumphs flowed, and no one knew better than he the springs from which the clear streams of his genius took their rise. It is not surprising, then, that this biography should challenge comparison and defy competition. It has all the qualities that are essential to a good biography, and many that are seldom found. The result is a lifelike portrait, in which drawing, composition, coloring and perspective are all correct, in which the very soul of the subject is revealed, and which may truthfully be pronounced a speaking likeness.

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*"Sermons on Our Blessed Lady."* By Rev. Thomas Flynn, C.C. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"This is a unified series of sermons built on the significance of Our Lady's festivals and showing her to be a 'house of gold,' both within and without, from her interior and exterior perfections and prerogatives, respectively. Part 1 contains a consecutive account of her life and part 2 of her titles and dignities, etc., making it, as it were, a complete 'Life and Character of the Blessed Virgin,' as far as we may reverently apply such to our Blessed Lady."

There are thirty-two of these sermons in all, each occupying about ten pages of the 12mo. volume. They show devotion, research and ability. They will serve equally well for preaching or spiritual reading. They can be preached effectually and with profit by any preacher to any congregation.

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*"The Principles of Christian Apologetics. An Exposition of the Intellectual Basis of the Christian Religion."* Specially written for senior students. By Rev. T. J. Walshe. 12mo., pp. 252. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The study of the science of apologetics is very necessary in these days of doubt and agnosticism. The fundamental principles which underlie all religious belief are daily called in question. And

even if the urgent need of a reasonable grasp of the foundation of faith did not exist, the interest of the subject of apologetics, the large outlook upon life which it involves, the coherence of its parts and the cogency of its conclusions make it desirable that an examination into the principles of Theism should be an indispensable adjunct to Christian teaching."

The author informs us that he has followed in the more formal and scholastic portions of their works Père Garrigon-Lagrange in his "*Dieu son existence et sa Nature*" and M. Le Chanoine Valvekens in his "*Foi et Raison*," although he did not hesitate to adopt other treatment whenever it seemed preferable.

The author follows the usual order, and while the book is comprehensive it is necessarily brief. This does not, however, detract from its clarity. Everything is put clearly and in the simplest language compatible with the subject. The whole subject is brought easily within the comprehension of those for whom it has been specially treated, namely, senior students.

The Bibliography and the Index add much to its value.

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"*Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law.*" By Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S.S., D.D., D.C.L., president of St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, Cal.; professor of moral theology, pastoral theology and canon law.

It is probably true that no part of the New Code will be more frequently quoted in practice than the section which deals with matrimony. For that reason no part calls so urgently for prompt and safe commend. And while it is true that more than one commentator is already engaged on the Code as a whole, and that decisions of the Roman congregations will modify the law in some respects, it is also true that the finest in active practice must be ready in the meantime to apply it at once to all those cases that come before him. The changes in matrimonial legislation, although not very numerous, are of real practical importance, and in spite of the efforts of the legislator to make everything clear, the interpretation and application of a new law, civil or ecclesiastical, is proverbially difficult.

It is a matter of congratulation that one so well fitted as Dr. Ayrinhac should take up the work. His years of study in Rome under the best masters, his experience as a teacher for twenty-five years, and his practice as *Defensor Vinculi* in a large diocese furnish him with an equipment that is enviable. In the plan followed the text is given in Latin and in English. In the explanations stress is laid on the historical development of the legislation to show the continuity of the Church's discipline under accidental changes, and also to show the difference between the old law and the new. The

author's explanations really explain, for he has the happy faculty of stating things clearly.

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**"St. Rita."** By Rev. M. J. Corcoran, O.S.A. 12mo., pp. 187; illustrated. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A few years ago a life of St. Rita would not have attracted much attention; now it excites a great deal of interest. Although this saint was born in Umbria, Italy, in the year 1381 and died in 1457 at the age of 76, and although devotion to her was always practiced by the works and nuns of St. Augustine, she was not beatified until 175 years after her death, nor canonized until 1900, four and a half centuries after her birth. Devotion to her began to spread only after her canonization, but it has spread very rapidly, nor is it confined to any country or shrine. Like St. Jane Chantel, she was both wife and mother before she became the spouse of Christ. She was of humble origin, uneducated, untraveled and unknown. But her sanctity was very great, and God showed his approval of her life by afflicting her with heavy crosses and working wonders in answer to her prayers when she was living as well as since her death. Her body has been perfectly preserved throughout the centuries, and it exhales a sweet odor which at the time of her canonization was declared miraculous.

The volume before us, which was inspired by the recent life of the saint in Italian by Marabottim, is very charming. While setting forth the main facts faithfully, there is a loving unction about it that begets devotion. The devout followers of St. Rita, and their name is legion, will welcome it joyfully. It will make her known to many who have not yet learned to love her, and it will bring to her feet in ever-increasing numbers faithful devotees and pious suppliants.

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**"Sacerdotal Safeguards: Casual Readings for Rectors and Curates."** By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C., LL.D. Notre Dame: University Press.

Father O'Neill places the responsibility for his third volume of clerical essays on the readers of the former volumes, who liked them so well that they asked for more. No one who reads this third volume will be inclined to shirk the responsibility. There is certainly a field for such essays, and Father O'Neill is as certainly the man to till that field. Some philosopher has truthfully said that the efficient teacher does not drive the pupil before him, but he takes him with him. Father O'Neill has this happy faculty. He

tells us something we want to know, he helps us to know it, he instructs without preaching and he corrects without hurting.

This volume contains fourteen essays, beginning with "American Priests and Foreign Missions," and ending with "A Priestly Knight of Mary." In between we have such subjects as "The Priest and the School," "The Priest's Table," "The Priest's Housekeeper," "The Priest and Non-Catholics," etc. There is one humorous chapter called "Rubrical Odds and Ends" (*Queries at a Conference*). We do not know if it was intended to be funny, but in it everybody seems to think he knows everything, but nobody knows anything. Those who have the other volumes of clerical essays will want this one, and those who get this will want the others.

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"Whose Name is Legion." A Novel by Isabel C. Clarke. 12mo., pp. 350. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Miss Clarke's latest story is especially timely because it deals with spiritism and brings out the teaching of the Church on the subject. For some time spiritism has been making rapid progress. This is due to several causes. The first and perhaps most fundamental is the groping after knowledge concerning the future life by those who have not the true faith nor the guidance of the true infallible church of Christ. This yearning for information concerning the life to come and the state of those who have already entered into that life is universal. Another cause of the spread of spiritism is the number of prominent persons, including many men of learning, who are writing much on the subject. Persons of less prominence and ability who are not able to study the subject themselves and have no guide whom they trust are apt to follow such leaders.

Then there is the great body of frauds who in every age and every clime prey upon the credulity of the innocent, the ignorant and the superstitious. There is reason to believe their number is very large.

Finally, the evil spirits are at work to deceive men and lead them away from that faith without which it is impossible to please God, and from the works which that faith must produce in order to live. Their name is legion and their labors indefatigable. They never sleep; they ever strive. The times are propitious for the spread of the evil. After every great calamity, such as shipwreck, pestilence and war, men yearn more hungrily for knowledge of the great future into which they see relatives and friends going in such large number, and they try harder to penetrate the veil that separates time from eternity. If they have no knowledge of the only true

means to be used for this purpose, or if they are unwilling to adopt the true means, they will turn to the false, the doubtful, the fraudulent and the vicious.

Into this field Miss Clarke enters boldly and with sure touch. The scene of the first part of the story is laid in rural England, with all its charms, and the principal characters assemble on one of the old estates for which the country is famous, and which are so well suited for staging such scenes. We are glad that the author introduces her characters to us in the old-fashioned way, by describing them. There is a tendency recently to leave the personal appearance of characters in fiction to the imagination of the reader, which is supposed to make a mental picture from their words and actions. But it is rather unsatisfactory, for sometimes after the picture is complete we fail to recognize the person it is supposed to represent.

The week-end party to which we are invited brings together an interesting group, including a professional spiritist with some of his disciples, holding seances under the patronage of the hostess, who has been prevented from becoming a Catholic by a warning received from her dead husband, who was a devout Catholic, telling her through a medium not to accept that faith, and adding that his salvation depended on her refusal of it. Her stepson, also a devout Catholic, has brought a Jesuit priest, who is his guardian, to the party, and this gives occasion to show the conflict between Catholicity and spiritism. The description of a seance is very vivid and startling.

The scene then changes to Algiers, in Africa, where the heroine has taken up residence after her marriage. Here the mystery created by the revelations made at the seance unfolds itself and is finally explained.

Altogether an unusual, well-told, absorbing tale. By no means an idle tale, because it instructs while it entertains.

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"The Hills of Desire." By Richard Aumerle Maher, author of the "Shepherd of the North," etc. 12 mo., pp. 257. New York: The Macmillan Co.

We venture to say here is the author's best story. If any one should ask us why, perhaps we could not tell. We might say, because he did not try to write, it seems so spontaneous; or because it is so human—the leading characters might travel around the world and they would be recognized everywhere; or because we want to meet them, and know them, and help them, as everybody else did.

Whatever the reason may be, sunshine and shadow, success and failure, laughter and tears, are so skillfully mixed in this book that

the reader will find it hard to tear himself away from it until he has reached the happy end.

And yet it all turns on the life and adventures of a man, a woman, and a horse. Very quiet adventures they are, and hardly worthy of the name, but you cannot help being interested and following them to the end. It reminds one a good deal of Dickens. Indeed, Jimmie and Augusta and Donahue might have been taken from his pages.

Jimmie is the New York reporter and contributor to the funny columns who had a long story on the way for a long time, and who finally brings forth a best seller, but not until after he has regained his health in the Adirondacks. Augusta is the sweet little woman, hardly more than a child in the beginning, who marries Jimmie and sticks to him through thick and thin, until as a war nurse she saves his life when he lies wounded and helpless in a hospital that is shelled by the enemy, after Jimmie and she have been separated through a misunderstanding. Donahue is the old horse that they bought from some traveling gypsies, and that brings them by easy stages, very easy, to the Hills of Desire. Could anything be simpler? And yet there is the net result—a charming story in which humor and pathos are so nicely balanced as to be simply irresistible.

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"The Barrier." By Rene Bazin, author of "The Nun," etc. 12 mo., pp. 218. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A very pretty story, with England and France for a background. Stories of French life have a certain distinctive charm, because French authors give more attention to the smaller things, such as dress, manner, mode of life and character of thought, which enable us to get nearer to the actors and understand them better. After all, men differ in accidentals rather than essentials. In general they have the same ambitions, the same passions; they love and hate, and seek pleasures, honors and riches with the same insatiable thirst. Some of them, a few, seek the kingdom of business first; others, a larger number, seek it after other things; but the largest number seek it not at all. In accidental things they differ.

The English reader is always amused with the peculiar ways of the French. They seem to give so much attention to small things, and attach so much importance to forms. For that reason probably there is less of substance in the French story; a simple incident, which might be disposed of in a page or two, is drawn out into a chapter by an abundance of detail.

In "The Barrier" the theme is the priceless pearl of the true faith. We read how a young Frenchman sacrificed it for other things and then lost that which his heart most desired—the love of

a good woman. Opposite to him we have the young Englishman, who sacrifices everything for the true faith, and incidentally wins that love which the other has lost. The strongest chapter in the book is that in which the Frenchman blames his parents for his infidelity, because, although they followed forms and taught him to do so, they did not teach him the necessity for works, practice and sacrifice, which are essential to faith.

It is a very pretty story, charmingly told, and adds much to the author's reputation, already very high.

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"Studies in Sociology: Background for Social Workers." By Edward J. Menge, M.A., Ph.D., professor of biology, Dallas University. 12mo., pp. 214.

"Studies in Science: The Beginning of Science, Biologically and Psychologically Considered." By Professor Menge. 12mo., pp. 256. Boston: Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press.

Two excellent manuals in important fields. As to the former the author says:

"This book is written for everyone possessing any interest whatever in world-betterment. It not only discusses such historic subjects as 'Marriage' and the 'Family' but such modern problems as 'Birth-Control,' 'Sex Hygiene,' 'Sterilization of the Insane, Feeble-Minded and Criminals,' 'Eugenics,' the 'Training of Children,' and gives the underlying reasons for 'Right and Wrong,' and tells how to find whether a given act belongs in one field or the other, aside from all creeds and sects. It shows on what basis morality rests and makes an intelligent discussion of these things possible."

And the book does all that it promises in a clear, interesting and orthodox manner. The discussion of these subjects by persons not fitted to handle them by education, religion or training is working havoc in every community. The introduction of them in attractive and insidious form into the novel, the play and the picture is spreading the poison far and wide.

This book is a splendid antidote. The author handles these questions in a scholarly yet simple manner and with a delicacy that is commendable and edifying.

The "Beginning of Science" presents in understandable language the many subjects that are constantly discussed in journals and books exclusively for specialists. It tells what is known about such subjects as Life; Mind; How children learn and the best methods to use in bringing out desired results; What evolutionary theories are now accepted and why; What difference it makes to the world at large as to which are accepted; Who are authorities and who are not; What laboratory work means and how the psychological labora-

tories are drawing men in the various fields of science closer together; and many other subjects equally important.

This book is written not for professional men and women only, but for parents and students also.

The author gives both sides when there is a difference of opinion; he lays special stress on the difference between facts and interpretations; he calls attention to the deplorable lack of logical and philosophical thinking among writers on Evolutionary Sciences; and to the fallacy of permitting the student to assume that because an hypothesis is necessary for experimental purposes it must be true.

In other words, the object and aim of the author has been to show what is necessary for a broad, logical and clear-cut view of life; what theories are held by able men in all the various walks of life; where and how they agree, and where and how they do not agree. The bibliography in the chapter on "Suggested Readings" is especially full and satisfying.

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"The Most Beloved Woman: The Prerogatives and Glories of the Blessed Mother of God." By Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J. 12 mo., pp. 155.

"Your Neighbor and You: Our Dealings with Those About Us." By Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J. 12 mo., pp. 215. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The papers in the former volume are not meant to be a complete systematic treatise on the Blessed Virgin. Rather they are pious meditations on certain of the prerogatives and glories of the Mother of God, first published from month to month in the "Queen's Work," and now gathered together in permanent form.

The eagerness with which the readers of the "Queen's Work" watched for them and the joy with which they received them fully warrant the belief that they will be welcomed in this new form. So much indifferent and even evil reading is done because it can be had so cheaply, so conveniently and in such attractive form. If good, wholesome reading can compete with that which is evil, it ought to be possible to prevent the immense harm which is being done by this insidious poison, so skillfully disguised.

In the latter volume we have a collection of short essays on a variety of subjects, which have already appeared in the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" and other Catholic magazines. The title is rather wide and is not to be taken in the literal sense of dealing with the duty of man towards his neighbor.

Father Garesche is fortunate in having his remains gathered together before his death and under his own direction. Most authors must trust to others to do this work after they are gone and they have no voice as to what shall be preserved. Both methods have their advantages.

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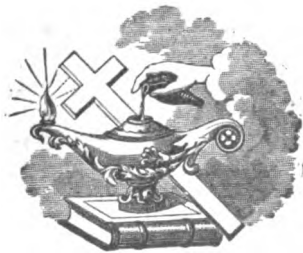
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Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat  
invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem.  
S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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"Contributors to the *QUARTERLY* will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the *REVIEW* not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from *Salutatory*, July, 1890.)

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VOL. XLIV.—APRIL, 1919—NO. 174.

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## THE POPE AND THE WAR.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Pope Benedict XV. addressed his peace proposal to all of the belligerent powers in August, 1917, Secretary of State Lansing, replying in the name of our President, expressed the sentiment of the world at large when he said in his opening words:

Every heart that has not been blinded and hardened by this terrible war must be touched by this moving appeal of His Holiness the Pope, must feel the dignity and force of the humane and generous motives which prompted it, and must fervently wish that we might take the path of peace he so persuasively points out.

And yet the attitude of the Papacy, and particularly of the present Pope, towards the Great War was the object of criticism very different and sometimes contradictory, so that a criticism on one side might be successfully refuted even by the mere statement of another criticism from a different quarter. Nothing is more natural indeed than that the acts of the Holy See, so frequently criticized in times of peace, should not go unscathed in times of war, and especially during the recent struggle, whose violence and extent were perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world.

And, although these criticisms, emanating from ignorance or hate,

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<sup>1</sup> In the preparation of this article the writer has made free and frequent use of many books, pamphlets and periodical articles which he has not seen fit to cite for that very reason. Among these are such works as G. Arnaud d'Agnel, "*Benoit XV. et le conflit européen*" (1 ser., 2 vols., Paris, 1916) and "*Diplomaticus*," "*No small stir: What the Pope really said about the War*" (London, 1917).

were brought against the Holy See by partisans of every nation concerned in the outcome of the war, we on this side are more familiar with the charge that in this peace proposal, as in all the rest of his conduct during the war, the Pope was in an especial manner favorable to the Central Powers. For

The time to speak was not in August, 1917. It was in August, 1914. The time to speak was when a ruthless conqueror invaded two peaceful and flourishing little States: the Catholic Kingdom of Belgium and the Catholic Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg. The time to speak was when a brutal soldiery massacred hundreds of Catholic priests and burned hundreds of defenseless cities. The time to speak was when the same conqueror deported whole populations and tore away thousands of husbands from their wives and thousands of children from their parents, and when one bold protest from Benedict XV. might have strengthened the hands of Cardinal Mercier in his heroic resistance to the tyranny of von Bismarck. The time to speak was when Count Bobrinski persecuted the Catholics of Galicia and imprisoned the venerable Archbishop of Lemberg. No one then would have questioned the Pope's right to intervene. The whole world, indeed, was anxiously turning to Rome for one word which might have stopped the crimes and overawed the criminals.<sup>2</sup>

Consequently, it is no wonder that the same writer continues:

No special pleading can convince us that the Pope did not betray his solemn and sacred trust.

Nor is it any wonder that

In quarters hostile both to Germany and the Vatican it has again and again been said that, in refraining from all protest against the violation of Belgium, the invasion of Serbia and the numberless breaches of international law committed by the Teutons, Pope Benedict was obviously partial to Germany; and it was sometimes added that the Kaiser had promised to restore the temporal power of the Popes as a reward for this partisanship.<sup>3</sup>

Since these charges obtained considerable currency even in America, it may be worth while to consider briefly the attitude of the Pope towards the warring powers. Now it is manifestly impossible to refute in detail, in an article of this length, all the objections made against the policy of Benedict XV. It would take at least several volumes to do that. But it is possible to call the reader's attention to some fundamental principles which will enable him to see in its true light this policy so unjustly attacked. The attacks to which it has been subjected, when not due to bad faith, are due to a more or less erroneous conception of the Pope and his role in the world. Therefore it would be well to examine why the policy of the Pope has attained such international prominence.

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<sup>2</sup> Anonymous, "The Vatican and the Germanic Peoples," in "The Contemporary Review," No. 662 (October, 1917), pp. 403-404.

<sup>3</sup> "Current History," Vol. VII, Part 1, No. 1 (October, 1917), p. 6; cf. also Charles Johnston, "Pope Benedict's Letter and the Future of the Churches," in "The Atlantic Monthly," Vol. 120, No. 5 (November, 1917), pp. 685-686.

From the point of view of international law, is the Pope a sovereign or a subject? If the Pope were merely the Bishop of Rome, this question would be simple and easily solved. As an Italian bishop, he would be a subject of the Kingdom of Italy and the private and public, constitutional and penal laws of Italy would be applicable to him. He would not have, nay more, could not have a special international position.<sup>4</sup> But he could be a subject only of Italy, upon whose soil he resides.<sup>5</sup> The Pope, however, is not only the Bishop of the city of Rome; he is the Head of the Catholic Church. This dignity is not localized, it is not Italian. It is universal, it has essentially an international character. This fact was recognized by the Italians when they passed the Law of Guarantees, May 13, 1871,<sup>5a</sup> which provided for the inviolability of the Pope's person, immunity of his residence, the right to send and receive diplomatic agents, and other honors and privileges usually accorded to sovereigns. The Head of the Church cannot be the subject of any nation.<sup>6</sup>

Is he then a sovereign? No, not in the ordinary meaning of the word. Sovereign means the supreme mandatory of a State, to whom the nation has delegated the exercise of the exclusive and absolute right to govern it according to his will and the power to represent it abroad. By whom is the Pope delegated? By the Catholic Church, which does not constitute an international person from a juridical point of view,<sup>7</sup> although, as long as the temporal power of the Popes endured, as long as the Popes ruled over the Papal States, no one refused to treat the Pope as a sovereign. But if the Catholic Church is not an international person, has the Head of this great religious society this character, now that he no longer has a terrestrial domain? A negative answer would involve no contradiction, but an affirmative reply seems preferable in view of the actual position of the Sovereign Pontiff, both by the Italian Law of Guarantees and by the constant practice of civilized States. This solution seems illogical perhaps, but it is demanded by the present condition of the Christian world.<sup>8</sup> The situation of the Pope, then, is unique. His sovereignty, though none the less real, is not territorial, but personal.

Although most authorities on international law agree that the Pope is not a subject, many are unwilling to admit that he is a sovereign, because he no longer possesses temporal power. For this

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<sup>4</sup> Henry Bonfils, "*Manuel de droit international public (droit des gens)*" (7th ed. revised by Paul Fauchille, Paris, 1914), No. 375, p. 238; most of the principles of international law mentioned in this article are drawn from this work.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 391, p. 246.

<sup>5a</sup> There is an English translation of this law in Herbert F. Wright, "*The Constitutions of the States at War, 1914-1918*" (Washington, 1919), pp. 347-350.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 375, pp. 238-239.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 155, pp. 91-92.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 156, p. 92.

reason he was excluded from the two Hague Conferences, at the instigation of Italy, which, however, as stated above, considered the Pope a real sovereign. The difficulty in this case resides in the unwillingness of some to recognize the uniqueness of the Pope's position as spiritual head of Christendom. They look upon him somewhat as a deposed monarch trying to regain his kingdom. With this idea in mind, they bring forward the antipathy supposed to exist between the Pope and the Italian Government on account of the confiscation of the Papal States, the hatred supposed to exist between the Pope and the French Government on account of the latter's anti-religious acts, and on the other side the intimacy and friendship between the Pope and the German Government. And so, they say, the Pope could not help being anti-Ally.

But an *a priori* argument may be justly met with an *a priori* argument. These persons forget that the Pope, as head of a religion essentially universal, as its name implies, ought not to have allied himself with any nation or group of nations. It is his duty to be concerned with the lot of all peoples, whether they be Catholic or not, because he represents the Messiah, Who received from His Father all the nations as His heritage. The Pope therefore must resign his personal inclinations: he can be neither French nor Belgian nor German nor Austrian; he ought to be and is simply the Pope and nothing more. How many objections arise from the inability to comprehend the international character of the Pope's obligation! And since this character of the Holy See has occasioned so many objections in time of peace, how many much more serious objections will it be expected to occasion in time of war? If, therefore, the Pope, as head of a religion which embraces all the nations of the world and is destined to endure until the end of time, were to cast aside neutrality and support one nation or group of nations against their opponents, he would be like an unnatural mother, who helps one of her children slay the others; he would be imitating the anthropophagous barbarians so detestable to Christian civilization; he would be sinning against elementary justice.

Even if the Pope had been inclined to cast neutrality to the winds and take the part of one of the belligerent parties, he would be constrained not to do so by his unique title to sovereignty. Being the infallible lawgiver in matters of faith and morals, the supreme regulator of ecclesiastical discipline, the Head of the Church militant, the Pope, by the very force of circumstances, is frequently involved in the domestic concerns of certain States. These States, whether their population is wholly or only partially Catholic, cannot admit the possibility of the Pope becoming subject to any State. They cannot view with indifference the eventuality which would

place the Pope under the authority of any State, as the abandoning of neutrality would suggest, for this Power would soon become mixed up in the domestic affairs of other States. This is perhaps the reason for the Italian Law of Guarantees. And so the Pope must be completely free from subjection to any State. The physical man, of course, will have a nationality of origin, but the Vicar of Christ can be the subject of no one.<sup>9</sup>

But in spite of all *a priori* reasoning, some one may say by way of objection that for the very reason of the Pope's position as the spiritual head of the largest and most powerful of the Christian communities he ought to have vindicated justice and morality so terribly outraged by Germany. This he could have done either by taking sides with one group of nations against the other or by interposing his good offices as mediator. Now, it must be remembered that the Pope's position is anomalous. In one sense, he is a temporal power without a temporal kingdom, and in another sense he is head of all nations and ruler of none. As a temporal power, his fighting force is entirely negligible and would be a hindrance rather than a help in taking up the cause of one group of nations against another. As a spiritual power, however, his influence is incalculable, and it is precisely as the greatest moral force in the world that it is claimed he should have broken his neutrality by taking up the cause of the Allies. This argument, however, is its own reply. For as the greatest moral force in the world, the Pope must denounce "all injustice, on whatever side it has been committed."<sup>10</sup> He must not approve one side exclusively, because he has spiritual subjects on both sides and because there is bound to be some injustice and wrong committed on both sides, however unintentional it may be on the part of the people themselves or of their rulers.

This being so, it might be asked why the Pope did not attempt "the best and worthiest temporal mission for the common head of the Catholic Church," as the Protestant jurisconsult, Heffter, called it over fifty years ago, "the exercise of a conciliatory power between the nations in the interest of a general peace," namely, arbitration or mediation.<sup>11</sup> We have but to look to history to find numerous examples of the Pope as a matter of fact settling, upon invitation,

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<sup>9</sup> Cf. *Ibid.*, No. 375, pp. 238-239.

<sup>10</sup> From the allocution of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. at the consistory of January 22, 1915, quoted by Alfred Baudrillart (ed.), "The German War and Catholicism" (Paris, 1905), p. 234.

<sup>11</sup> "The mediator gives counsel and advice, proposes solutions which those interested are free to follow; the arbiter pronounces a sentence which is imposed upon the parties at issue." Fauchille, in Bonfils, *op. cit.*, No. 944, p. 647.

disputes between nations to the general satisfaction of those concerned. Perhaps the instance which has attracted most attention until recent years is that of the intervention of Pope Alexander VI. between Spain and Portugal.<sup>12</sup> In 1493, serious dissensions arose between these two kingdoms on the subject of the possession of the New World discovered by Christopher Columbus. Believing that the New World was near Guinea and relying on a Bull of Pope Calixtus III., which recognized in Portugal the exclusive right of establishing colonies and of making commerce from Cape Bojador to the southern extremity of Guinea (an arbitral pronouncement accepted by Spain in 1479, at the time of the peace of Alcaçovas), the Portuguese king, Manuel, was on the point of declaring war on his neighbor, Ferdinand, when the latter with political cleverness appealed to Rome, trusting to the celebrated Cardinal Bernardine Carvajal the care of pleading his case.

After some days of examination of the matter, Alexander VI. solved the difficulty in the following manner. A first Bull, dated May 3, 1493, invests Spain under form of donation with the right of exclusive ownership over the island or territories discovered or to be discovered by Christopher Columbus in case they are not already found in possession of a Christian Power on Christmas Day, 1492, and on condition that they propagate the faith there. Besides, Spain obtained from the Holy See for these new acquisitions the privileges and favors formerly accorded to Portugal for the colonies on the west coast of Africa. Another Bull, dated May 4, 1493, has in view the exact delimitations of the domain of operation of Spain and Portugal, of their spheres of influence, and traces therein the line of demarcation. This was a hypothetical line drawn from the South Pole to the North Pole and passing one hundred leagues to the west of the most western of the Azores. All the lands situated to the east of this line were granted to Portugal, all those situated to the west to Spain. The line of demarcation created by Alexander VI. and modified by the treaty of Tordesillas (June 7, 1494), which transferred it 270 leagues more to the west, became the basis of all the negotiations and of all the conventions relating to the division of the dominations over the New World between all the colonizing powers.

Another instance of arbitration by invitation on the part of the Pope, and none the less interesting and none the less to the honor of

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<sup>12</sup> For the circumstances which culminated in this intervention and for the text and translation of the Papal Bulls concerned, see Frances G. Davenport, "European Treaties bearing on the history of the United States and its dependencies to 1648" (Washington, Pub. No. 254 of the Carnegie Institution, 1918), pp. 9-12 and pp. 56 et seqq., and the authorities there cited.

the Holy See because of its comparative unimportance, is the curious appeal made to Pope Clement XII. in the first half of the eighteenth century to render a decision on the dissensions between the municipal council and the people of the Republic of San Marino. Victims of the difficulties of their magistrates, the inhabitants of this little State requested the intervention of the Pope, their suzerain. The fiery Cardinal Alberoni, crafty statesman though he was,<sup>13</sup> instead of acting as mediator in accordance with the Pope's instructions, entered the village of San Marino with two hundred horsemen, forced the citizens to swear their loyalty to the Pope and named a governor. Clement XII., not at all satisfied with the violences of his minister, sent a commissioner to make an inquiry into the spirit and needs of the Republic, which he moreover confirmed in the enjoyment of its ancient liberties, after having solved the conflict between the governors and the governed.

A more recent instance of mediation rather than arbitration, and perhaps more relevant, because Germany was one of the nations concerned, is that in which Pope Leo XIII. was chosen as mediator by Germany and Spain to solve the question of the sovereignty of the Caroline Islands, claimed by both.<sup>14</sup> The Berlin cabinet wished to apply to them the prescriptions of Article XXXV. of the Act of February 26, 1885 (Berlin Conference), and, in spite of Spain's possession of them for more than a century, it claimed that Spain had failed to accomplish a seizure of real and effective possession or had even altogether renounced possession of the islands, which ought therefore to be considered as *derelictae* (abandoned). The Empire had even taken actual possession of Yap Island. When Spain protested energetically, the German Chancellor made a clever political detour to avoid assured defeat.

After a serious examination of the matter, the Pope, without imposing his opinion upon the two parties, suggested a solution which was acceptable to both. This solution involved the recognition of Spain's sovereignty over the Carolines, taking into account her historical rights, but inviting her to render her occupation more effective in the future, and the grant to Germany of certain commercial privileges. The mediatorial propositions, dated October 22, 1885, and signed by Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, were transmitted to the governments interested, who accepted them with a respectful acknowledgment. On December 17, Mariano Roca de Togores, Marqués de Molins, Ambassador of His Catholic Majesty

<sup>13</sup> This is the same Cardinal Alberoni who was premier of Spain for a time and who proposed a scheme for international peace; see Milenko R. Vesnitch, "Le cardinal Alberoni pacifiste" (1912).

<sup>14</sup> Bonfil, *op. cit.*, No. 942, p. 689, and No. 544, p. 380; note 2 on p. 381 gives an extensive bibliography of the affair.

before the Holy See, and Kurd von Schlözer, Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia before the Holy See, signed at Rome a diplomatic protocol, which consecrated in these words the Pontifical intervention:

Their Excellencies, etc., duly authorized to bring to a close the negotiations which the Governments of Germany and Spain, under the mediation of His Holiness the Pope accepted by them, have pursued at Berlin and Madrid on the subject of the rights that both of said Governments have acquired to the possessions of the Caroline and Palaos Islands, considering the propositions which His Holiness has made for the purpose of serving as a basis for their agreements, have put themselves in accord on the following articles conformably to the propositions of the august mediator.

An official newspaper of Berlin published at the beginning of the affair an article originating, it is claimed, from persons close to the Imperial Chancellery, wherein there is written, among other phrases to the honor of the Papacy, the following:

Germany chose the Pope not as an ordinary mediator, of whom it is asked to interpose his good offices with a view to the reconciliation of the interested parties, but as a sovereign arbiter, charged with deciding in the last resort and of solving doctrinally the questions of international law.<sup>15</sup>

If then the Holy See has been so successful in the past, why, it is asked, did not the Pope act as arbiter or mediator in the recent war? Because as a temporal power, he could not decide the points at issue between the Central Powers and the Allies unless invited by the governments in question to undertake the task and unless assured that they would abide by his decision. Not only did none of the governments extend such an invitation, but on the contrary

Neither the Allies nor the Germanic Powers are ready to listen to the peace proposals in the only spirit which would achieve the one object which His Holiness has in view—namely, a just and lasting peace.<sup>16</sup>

As a spiritual power, he could not upon his own initiative have decided the points at issue, unless he had had the material and evidence necessary for an impartial investigation of the pleas advanced by both sides. But apart from the fact that it would have been uncharitable and foolish to impose upon the millions of Catholic soldiers in the armies of the Central Powers the cruel obligation of choosing between loyalty to Church and loyalty to country, such an act would have been altogether unjust, unless it were the result of a long and careful investigation of the facts.

We in America, of course, being English-speaking and being grateful to France for her aid in securing our independence, and moreover, being much more familiar with one side of the controversy

<sup>15</sup> It is perhaps worth noting that by a treaty of February 12, 1899, the Caroline Islands passed into the hands of Germany. See Bonfil, *op. cit.*, No. 544, p. 381.

<sup>16</sup> Anonymous, *op. cit.*, p. 404.

—we, even before our entrance into the war, had a general conviction of the rightness of the cause of the Allies. The actual truth of this conviction was soon confirmed by evident acts of injustice against our own country and finally determined us to enter the war on our own account. But an arbiter needs not the general conviction of one side, but the general conviction of both sides; not merely this, but all the evidence and point-for-point proof that can be submitted by both sides in support of their claims. Such evidence as this is required in settling disagreements within the Church, for instance, on the validity of such-and-such a marriage, but such evidence as this would not have been forthcoming in the recent struggle, unless the governments on both sides had consented to bare the secrets of their chancelleries. And this they were not ready to do, for, as the anonymous writer quoted above has said:

It is certain that all the belligerents are still convinced that they are waging a war in self-defense, and that it is the other party which is guilty. Until this question of responsibility is settled and as long as the guilty rulers are glorying in their crimes, as long as the guilty nations remain in the grip of an evil creed, until the rulers are brought to their knees and until the people are brought to their senses, any intervention, even though it originate in the Eternal City, must necessarily be futile.<sup>17</sup>

The present Pope as a matter of fact did denounce "all injustice, on whatever side it has been committed." "To do more *to-day*," he said, "is not in the power given Us by Our Apostolic Charge."

But surely the Pope could have denounced the devastation, deportation and other atrocities committed upon Belgium? This brings our discussion down to the charge that the Pope as a matter of fact was pro-German. In other words, it is claimed that the Pope used his neutrality as a mask with which to cloak his secret desires to aid the Central Powers. Like all charges which are totally devoid of evidence, this is difficult to meet. No *positive* proof of unneutral acts committed by the Pope is forthcoming, and so recourse is had to acts of omission. Herein it seems is the best proof of the genuineness of the Pope's neutrality, for there was not a nation engaged in the war in which at least some of its citizens failed to charge the Pope with a breach of neutrality directed against themselves. Especially was he silent about Belgium and the outrages committed against its priests and people during the invasion and occupation. This is the charge, and its refutation is not far to seek, for the neutrality of the Vicar of Jesus Christ is synonymous with neither indifference nor inaction.

About five months after the beginning of hostilities, or to be precise, on January 22, 1915, Benedict XV. publicly declared in an

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<sup>17</sup> *Loc. cit.*

allocution addressed to the Cardinals the following unmistakable words:

Whilst not inclining to either party in the struggle, We occupy Ourselves equally on behalf of both; and at the same time We follow with anxiety and anguish the awful phases of this war, and even fear that sometimes the violence of attack exceeds all measure. We are struck with the respectful attachment to the Common Father of the faithful, an example of which is seen in regard to Our beloved people of Belgium in the letter which We recently addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines.

It might be complained that these words are vague and that they should have been more vigorous and denunciatory in character. But apart from the fact that the conventions of diplomatic intercourse require rather mild language and apart from the fact that a wholesale denunciation would forever suggest a prejudice and partiality which the spiritual Father of the world should never possess, we have but to continue reading the allocution and we find a direct entreaty to the Germans to observe the rules of justice and morality:

And We here make an appeal to the humanity of those who have crossed the frontiers of adversary nations and beseech them not to devastate invaded regions more than is strictly required by the necessities of military occupation, and what is of even greater importance, not to wound without real necessity the inhabitants in what they hold most dear, their sacred temples, the ministers of God, the rights of religion and of faith.

Here again the objection is raised that these sentiments are altogether opposite to those so intimately expressed to Louis Latapie in a private interview.<sup>18</sup> This interview appeared on June 22, 1915, in "La Liberté," and purported to contain statements taken from the very lips of the Pope by the interviewer. In spite of the manifest incongruity of some of the statements attributed to the Pope, statements which were shocking from the point of view of law and justice as well as from the French nationalistic point of view, the interview itself, thanks to the bitter campaign waged by the anti-clerical press of France herself as well as of her Allies, secured an importance incommensurate with its true value. It assumed the proportions of a great event and its consequences are still felt as a source of discord in quarters otherwise friendly to the Holy See. But it was not without a happy effect, for it provoked from the Holy See public and formal declarations upon the very points of his policy concerning which doubts had arisen.

There are many reasons which compel us to attach little value to the Latapie interview. First of all, a private publication, as this was, is not to be accepted if it is found to be in contradiction to the

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<sup>18</sup> For the text of the interview and a discussion of its value, see Arnaud d'Agnel, *op. cit.*, pp. 185-218.

public and official documents of the Holy See. Between the sentiments of Benedict XV., written and signed by himself or his Secretary of State, and the sentiments heard and reproduced by a second party, there is as much difference as between a proof that is direct and sure and a proof that is indirect and always subject to some uncertainty.

Secondly, a study of the article in question reveals the character of the interviewer, with what bias he sought the interview and with what exaggeration he finally reported it. His style is that of a romancer, not that of an historian. This perhaps might be passed over in silence, if the entire composition had not such an artificial character. The stage is set and effect is sought for in the question and answers calculated to compel interest in the ordinary reader and awake in him his dormant patriotism. All of this is accomplished by a *crescendo* culminating in a question about the violation of Belgian neutrality, to which the Pope is made to make the naïve reply: "C'était sous le pontificat de Pie X." There are many other faults, which a study of the interviewer's words will disclose, but there is no room to discuss them here. Suffice it to say that, since some one had urged him to interview the Pope with the assurance that, if he promised to be a faithful interpreter, the Pope would speak for publication, Latapie reported the interview with charming modesty, saying, "Il a parlé et je suis son interprète—strictement fidèle." Perhaps after all Latapie was consciously humorous in adding these last two words as an apparent after-thought.

Moreover, the Latapie interview can inspire no confidence, because it was not subjected to the supervision it should have had. "The author," wrote Cardinal Gasparri in a letter to Monsignor Gibier, Bishop of Versailles, "made me the formal promise of publishing nothing without my explicit consent, and it was only on this condition that he secured the audience with His Holiness." The Pope himself in his letter (July 11) to the Archbishop of Paris, wrote:

We refuse all authority to M. Latapie, who reproduced in his article neither Our thought nor Our words, and who has been pleased to publish it without any revision or authorization on Our part, despite the promise he made.

The falsity of M. Latapie's article is attested by a note of denial appearing in the "Osservatore Romano" the very next day after its appearance, an interview with the Cardinal Secretary of State which appeared in the "Corriere d'Italia" on June 28, and finally by the Pope's letter mentioned above. The latter was accompanied by two documents. The first was a copy of a letter from Cardinal Gasparri to Sir Henry Howard, diplomatic representative of George V. before the Holy See, under date of July 1, in which the Cardinal

asserted that the Holy Father had by no means pronounced against the lawfulness of the British blockade of Germany and had not at all condemned it as if it were contrary to laws divine or human. The second document enclosed in the Pope's letter was a copy of a letter from the same Cardinal to M. van den Heuvel, the Belgian Minister at the Vatican. Besides stating that the Holy See had protested against the bad treatment of the Bishops of Namur and Tournai, the execution of priests and the destruction of the religious, scientific and artistic buildings of Belgium,<sup>19</sup> the letter of the Papal Secretary of State contained the following remarkable words:

The violation of the neutrality of Belgium, carried out by Germany, on the admission of her own Chancellor, contrary to international law, was certainly one of "those injustices" which the Holy Father in his consistorial Allocution of January 22 "strongly reprobates."

The outstanding result of the Latapie interview, then, was this official condemnation by the Pope of the violation of Belgium's neutrality, a thing which no neutral nation has done officially even up to this late date, although the press of neutral nations used considerable space upon the subject. Even the German press felt that of all the nations concerned in the war it had been singled out by the Pope for reproof. For instance, on January 29, 1917, the influential "Hamburger Fremdenblatt" remarked in reference to Cardinal Gasparri's words:

The one belligerent Power against which the Vatican has officially spoken is Germany.

Perhaps this is enough to show that the neutrality of the Pope was, as a matter of fact, favorable to the Allies, or at least unfavorable to the Central Powers, but one or two more examples may be offered. On the 29th of October, 1915, the Pope, after hearing the news of the bombardment of Venice, renewed his instances before the Austrian Government to avoid the repetition of such deplorable deeds. One year later, when the open city of Padua was bombarded by the Austrian aero-squadron, the Pope sent a liberal subscription for the relief of the sufferers and at the same time expressed his reprobation of such bombardments by "whomsoever committed." Another example of apparent favor to the Allies is the Pope's successful intervention to secure the return of the victims of the Belgian deportation. All of this does not prove that the Pope was not genuinely neutral. It merely proves that no neutral could look on without protest at the evident crimes of Germany and her allies.

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<sup>19</sup> This is confirmed by the Pope's statement in a second interview granted to Laudet, Director of the "Revue Hebdomadaire," in which he said: "At the beginning of the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims We charged the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne to convey Our protest to the German Emperor."

On the other hand, the press of Germany, under official pressure of course, covered up its admitted injustice by maintaining that the Pope in his general policy showed an undue affection for the Allies and especially for Italy. The semi-official "*Kölnische Zeitung*" said:

To-day, in consequence of the untiring propaganda of the Allied Powers, the majority of the authoritative personages at the Vatican may be described as in full agreement with the Italian war-policy.

Another German newspaper, the "*Vossische Zeitung*," said:

It is hopeless to think of paralyzing the anti-German Romanism of the Vatican.

They based their claim upon the plausible enough inference that the Pope, being himself Italian by birth and having his relatives and many of his close advisors also Italian by birth, should rejoice in seeing the Italian arms triumphant. They forgot that the Pope cannot afford to let his personal feelings influence his policy, even if he so desired, unless, as in the present instance, upon the side where righteousness resides. Moreover, we know that the Papacy condemned the excuses, the injustice, the brutalities of the Germans, that German opinion was formed from the head down, that official Germany gave out all the news the people of Germany received, that, although the vast majority of the German people conscientiously believed they were right, they were officially misinformed with regard to the war, that, as long as these conditions obtained, a positive attitude of the Papacy against the German people would have been misunderstood and fruitless.

Then, too, the claim has even been made by the Protestant element in some of the Entente countries that there is a natural hostility between the Vatican and Italy because of the Pope's desire to regain "the patrimony of Peter." But in all his official utterances since the beginning of the war the Pope has only once directly mentioned the Roman Question, and then (November 1, 1914), merely by way of insisting upon the Vatican's extra-territoriality,

\* \* \* moved thereto not by human interest, but by the sacredness of Our Office, in order to defend the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See.

It cannot be doubted that the Papacy still maintains its claim to some temporal sovereignty, even if it be only over a small ecclesiastical State, as the German Jesuit, Ehrle, believes would be satisfactory to the Pope.

Yet it is not necessary to suppose that Pope Benedict XV. expects, or even desires, the immediate realization of this plan; although we can hardly doubt that he would joyfully accept, not as a concession, but as a right, the restoration of his temporal authority over Saint Peter's

Patrimony. \* \* \* But there is no immediate likelihood of this, even in its most restricted sense; nor should we suppose that a statesman so competent as Benedict XV. contemplates it, at least as a present possibility. For it is certain that in no peace which is likely to be made now would the Central Empires have the power to enforce the dismemberment of Italy.<sup>20</sup>

Consequently, even if there had been any opposition, however slight, between the Pope and Italy, it would not have been advisable, even from the point of view of expediency, for the Pope to have allowed it to affect his judgment on the issues of the war.

Other objections against the Papal policy are equally fatuous and may be met the one with the other. On the one hand we were told that France is the first daughter of the Church, while on the other hand we were advised to consider the expulsion of religious by the atheistic government. Again, it was alleged that the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire with the twin rôle of the Pope and the German Emperor had the Pope's approval. No account was taken here of the fact that the German Empire was emphatically Protestant and most narrowly nationalistic and that the Papacy could only work in harmony with it by transforming the Catholic Church into a German Church, manifestly an impossibility.

Even granting, for the sake of argument, that the Pope should not have remained neutral in the Great War, the doubtful advantages of his participation are greatly outweighed by the undoubted benefits of his neutrality. In the matter of organized relief for prisoners of war, his influence was second to that of no other sovereign. The exchange of prisoners no longer fit for military service was proposed by him in December, 1914, and was generally accepted. Then came the suggestion to intern invalid and wounded prisoners in neutral countries, which was likewise received with approbation and put into effect. The bettering of the condition of prisoners was next undertaken and resulted in allowing them Sunday rest and in interning in a neutral country, after eighteen months' captivity, the fathers of at least three children. Owing to certain practical difficulties, the last mentioned proposal was subject to some limitations. The opening of a bureau to make inquiries regarding missing soldiers and investigations in regard to their condition was accomplished with unprecedented success. An instance in point is the locating of Bonar Law's son by Monsignor Dolci, Apostolic Delegate at Constantinople, at the request of the Papal Secretary of State. In these and divers other ways did the Pope render service to humanity such as no other sovereign could have even hoped to do, and all this because of his strict neutrality. This fact was recognized alike by the Central Powers and the Allies, so that

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<sup>20</sup> Charles Johnston, *op. cit.*, p. 688.

even the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, in an address before the Reichstag, thirteenth sitting, August 19, 1915, expressed himself in the following terms:

I offer award of special gratitude to His Holiness the Pope, [bravo!] who has shown in this war an indefatigable interest in the matter of the exchange of prisoners, in many other works of philanthropy, and in their execution has earned the highest praise, and who but recently, by means of a very generous donation, has contributed to alleviate the sufferings of our people of East Prussia. [Spirited bravo!]

The Papal policy of peace, moreover, is not a matter of individual Popes. In the middle of 1899, when Queen Wilhelmina wrote to Pope Leo XIII. for his moral support to the Conference about to be held at The Hague, the latter replied in no questionable terms:

We consider that it comes especially within our province not only to lend our moral support to such enterprises, but to coöperate actively in them, for the object in question is supremely noble in its nature and intimately bound up with our August Ministry, which, through the divine Founder of the Church, and in virtue of traditions of many secular instances, has been invested with the highest possible mission, that of being a mediator of peace. In fact, the authority of the Supreme Pontiff goes beyond the boundaries of nations; it embraces all peoples, to the end of federating them in the true peace of the gospel. His action to promote the general good of humanity rises above the special interests which the chiefs of the various States have in view, and better than any one else, his authority knows how to incline toward concord peoples of diverse nature and character. History itself bears witness to all that has been done, by the influence of our predecessors, to soften the inexorable laws of war, to arrest bloody conflicts, when controversies have arisen between princes, to terminate peacefully even the most acute differences between nations, to vindicate courageously the rights of the weak against the pretensions of the strong. Even unto us, notwithstanding the abnormal condition to which we are at present reduced, it has been given to put an end to grave differences between great nations such as Germany and Spain, and this very day we hope to be able soon to establish concord between the two nations of South America which have submitted their controversy to our arbitration.<sup>21</sup>

About twelve years later his illustrious successor, Pius X., had occasion to touch upon the same subject in a communication addressed to the Apostolic Delegate to the United States of America, Monsignor (later Cardinal) Diomedé Falconio, in which among other things he said:

As for the remaining aspects of the matter, We recall to mind the example of so many of Our illustrious Predecessors who, when the condition of the times permitted, rendered, in this very matter also, the most signal service to the cause of humanity and to the stability of Governments; but since the present age allows Us to aid in this cause only by pious prayers to God, We, therefore, most earnestly pray to God, who knows the hearts of men and inclines them as He wills, that He may be gracious to those who are furthering peace amongst the peoples and grant

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<sup>21</sup> In Frederick W. Holls, "The Peace Conference at The Hague" (New York, 1900), pp. 338-340.

to the nations which with united purpose are laboring to this end that, the destruction of war and its disasters being averted, they may at length find repose in the beauty of peace.<sup>22</sup>

But the present Pope did not need to rely solely upon tradition. That he was preëminently fit as well as willing to accept the burden of mediator if requested is indicated only too well by the fact that universal attention was upon him. There was unusual diplomatic activity at the Vatican. Protestant England and pagan Japan as well as Lutheran Germany saw fit to send diplomatic representatives there. Moreover, recourse to him was almost a social necessity during the war. From his very office, too, the Pope and his government possessed to the highest degree the necessary knowledge of the multifarious details involved and extensive practice in diplomacy. Add to this the impartiality inherent in his charge as attested by his policy of unobtrusive, though not indifferent neutrality. And yet, although in all his acts in the interest of peace the Pope did not once solicit directly or indirectly from one or the other of the belligerents an invitation to preside at the Peace Conference or even to participate in it, he never ceased to remain steadfast in his adherence to the resolution expressed in a letter written September 8, 1914, only a few days after his election:

We have firmly decided and determined to neglect nothing in our power to hasten the end of so great a calamity.

When one considers the actual results of the Peace Conference and how the honest endeavors of our own President to have the peace based upon the principles of justice and morality were defeated to some extent by the outcropping of the century-old greed for gold and lust for power, it might not be entirely out of place to give voice to the wish that the Vicar of Christ, the Prince of Peace, had been allowed at least to participate, if not to take the lead, in the negotiations of the world settlement.

HERBERT F. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

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<sup>22</sup> In "The American Journal of International Law" (Vol. V., 1911), p. 215.

## BROWNSON'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY AND TO-DAY.

**B**ROWNSON was a well-known personality during his lifetime. He lectured extensively, and whatever he wrote, especially in his "Quarterly," was always considered worthy of attention, whether the notice it attracted was favorable or not. Hence any one that makes even a cursory study of Brownson's life and activities must feel surprise at the complete neglect into which the one-time prominent writer and thinker has now fallen. Brownson was converted to Catholicity in 1844, and from that time to his death in 1876 was always a most fervent Catholic. His ardor for the true faith can be compared in intense devotion only to his love for his native country. Just as intensely as he was a Catholic he was also an ardent American, and more than once he was forced into a position where he had to defend, as he puts it, American patriotism against "foreign" Catholics and Catholicity against "native" Americans. During Brownson's lifetime the United States passed through the greatest crisis of its existence. Brownson gave a son to the cause when the time for supreme sacrifice was at hand, and devoted all his own energy to it in his own field, as he had in fact done all his life. From the vast heap of his political writings he himself gathered the threads in order to weave them into a consistent whole. Thus appeared *The American Republic* in 1866. It contained what Brownson called the final statement of his views and was intended to supplant any previous contrary statements. The book, apparently, did not fulfill the hope he had expressed in its preface and he had to content himself with the patient resignation as to its fate hinted at in the same preface.

## I.

*The American Republic* divides naturally into two parts, of which the first treats of government in general and the second of the United States. The first part commences with the question of the origin of government. This question, says Brownson, may be either one of fact or one of right. As a question of fact it can only be answered by history. To find out whether a certain people is a State, or a certain ruler is so by right, recourse must be had simply to the historical facts of the case. In this way the old patriarchal system will explain to us the fact of the origin of government, since it is the first known system of government; but it says nothing about the origin of the general right to govern, the philosophical basis of governmental authority. We must still ask: "Whence does government derive its right to govern? What is

the origin and ground of sovereignty"? (*American Republic*.) Many different answers have been given to this question and Brownson examines a few of them before offering a solution of his own.

In dealing with the theory of the "divine right of kings" as a basis of authority, Brownson makes short work. In fact his words have quite a modern flavor. This theory "consecrates tyranny; it makes God the accomplice of the tyrant" and gives the people no chance of redress. The contract theory of the origin of government, on the other hand, received detailed consideration as it was the most widely prevalent theory existent in democratic countries. Here, too, Brownson is quite up-to-date in repudiating the explanation that the first governmental authority arose out of the free and deliberate surrender of personal rights. It may be questioned, he declares, that a primitive state of nature, such as is assumed by the theory, ever existed. There is nothing to prove that it ever was a real state. But even if it was, how were men to pass out of a state which is their natural one? It would have entailed complete destruction of the old and a creation of the new; whereas according to our experience, Brownson concludes, it is difficult to bring about even the most gradual changes. Moreover, the contract would bind only those who had formed it; and it would therefore be of little service unless it had been unanimously decided upon. Again, and this is important for Brownson as we shall see later, the theory fails to account for the territorial jurisdiction of present governments, their right of eminent domain, their title to unoccupied lands, as the individuals who sacrificed their rights in order to form governmental authority never owned territory in the state of nature.

As this theory does not rest on a firm foundation, it lays no proper constraints on the authority it establishes. Brownson therefore claims that democracy as founded on the contract theory is in a way akin to barbarism. For barbarism regards all power as a personal and a private right, which view gives to it a despotic tendency. The form of democracy here spoken of likewise tends towards despotism, not indeed by granting universal suffrage, but by claiming the latter as a personal right, whereas it is only a political right and as such a public trust. Thus, Brownson concludes, while barbarism characteristically bases all authority on private right, civilization makes it a public trust; the one recognizes only individual persons, the other the State, or society. Any theory that considers public authority merely a creation of individual wills, giving it no further foundation than the individual pleasure, lays the foundation of unlimited power. There is nothing

to check the will of the majority; their power is supreme, despotic. Whenever, therefore, the people claim to rule "in their native right and might," we have a state of absolutism in a disguised form. And by claiming loudly that the voice of the people is the voice of God, the people recognize no higher law than themselves in religion, morals, philosophy and science. Here a difficulty would also arise in the question: Who are the sovereign people; when have we that collection of individuals which shall decide definitely how the power is to be used? Brownson concludes that State authority must rest on a firmer basis.

Viewing mankind historically, Brownson finds that at no time was there a tribe, however savage, that had not some sort of societal authority or organization. From the constancy of this fact he deduces the principle that some sort of society is natural to man, that all men are born "in society and can be born and live nowhere else." By society he means the people collectively existing with some sort of government. In the fact that such is the natural state of affairs, rests a correct basis for the authority which is necessary to safeguard the rights of the individuals and of the total organism. Society is therefore not a mere aggregation of individuals and it has rights that are not derived from the latter that stand on the same plane with the rights of the individuals. Individuals in as far as they derive their existence from God through society cannot be wholly independent of the latter, but must recognize certain obligations on their part towards the whole.

In view of some prevalent theories on the relation of the individual to society, Brownson's claims sound very modest, but his was the age of extreme individualism. In his theory Brownson sees a safeguard against despotism. Society derives the authority resting in it from God, and it can exercise this authority only as dependent on Him. Thus State authority was not created by any compact between individuals and the governing body. The authority rests in the people as such. In so far government is always and correctly by the people, the term people referring not to discrete individuals, but to some "organic people attached to a sovereign domain." It is only the people acting as an organic body that can exercise sovereign power, and not therefore a mere mob or a part of the people intriguing or conspiring against their fellowmen. And this right of the organized people Brownson bases directly on their ownership over territory. Where there is no proprietorship, he says, there is no dominion and no right to govern. Every nation is ultimately territorial. It is not the government that determines the territory, since it is by territorial limits that the solidarity of a people is determined. Individualism alone

or pure Socialism is insufficient as a basis for authority; each contains only a part of the truth. For Brownson there was not the acute question of deciding nationalities that exists to-day, and his theory was meant only to oppose the individualistic and collectivistic theories that in his opinion led logically to anarchy or despotism. To-day there are many factors besides the geographical, such as common interests, language, institutions, dispositions, that weigh, more or less according to circumstances, in judging such a question.

In the natural existence of the social community Brownson sees the proper relation of authority to the Creator and the only proper philosophical safeguard against individual or majority despotism. Governmental authority is implanted in the very nature of things as created by God. The organic people hold the power from God through the natural law and the rulers hold it from God through the people. Rulers are then responsible to God on the one hand and to the people on the other. Thus government is subject to the moral order and politics becomes "a branch of ethics—that branch which treats of the rights and duties of men in their public relations, as distinguished from their rights and duties in their private relations."

## II.

The principles of government which he enunciated Brownson applied to the United States. The Civil War had brought into the foreground the theories on which our organized Government was thought to be based, and it is particularly in the light of the great struggle that Brownson discusses them. The question of prime importance, he says, is whether our Union was effected merely by a compact between individual and disconnected States, or not. For if it was, then the South had a perfect right to secede, mere compact furnishing an insufficient philosophical basis for governmental solidarity. Sovereign States are as unable to form themselves into a single sovereign State by mutual compact as are the sovereign individuals imagined by Rousseau—and on the compact theory the United States would at best be a sort of alliance. However, the very name United States points to political organization. The sovereignty rests not "in the States severally," but in the States united, just as the basis of authority rests not in the people individually but collectively. It was this power that asserted itself in the expression, "We, the people of the United States." The solidarity thus expressed of a United States depends on the manner in which the Union was effected, and the question becomes one of historical fact, of the relation of the States before the War of Independence.

Investigating the question from this standpoint Brownson finds that the Union between the Colonies and the mother country had been national, not merely personal, that in many respects the mother country treated the Colonies as one body. For this and similar claims, however, he makes no attempt to adduce evidence. Besides, he goes on, the Declaration of Independence was not made by States "severally independent." In the same way the original confederation, which was an acknowledged failure, and the articles of which had been drawn up by Congress "merely to conciliate the smaller States," was rejected by the American people. Hence it is evident historically that the American people has early been dealt with as a unit, and early gave expression to the consciousness of its solidarity.

The main determinant of such solidarity is for Brownson the geographical factor, and he therefore calls democracy based on this foundation territorial democracy. It is "the real American democracy" to which he opposes two other forms called, respectively, the personal and the humanitarian. Both of these were much advocated in the United States, but he considered them equally hostile to true civilization in as far as they were both forms of despotism. What he thought of personal democracy, or the theory that governmental authority rests on the free concession, or the creation of individual wills, has already been mentioned. Humanitarian democracy, going to another extreme, bases itself on the solidarity of all the human race and ignores all geographical divisions. The solidarity of the human race, Brownson concedes, does found social rights, but it is the territorial divisions of mankind that found the smaller societies or nations. Both of these democracies hold that the will of the people as seen in the simple majority is supreme. They forget that the will of the "organic, territorial people, not the inorganic people," must be considered. Hence they advocate the principle of overriding all opposition of minorities or of individuals and deciding all by the "irresponsible will of the majority."

Interesting is Brownson's application of the three kinds of democracy to the Civil War. The Southern States based their secession on the theory of personal, individual democracy; on the theory of mere contract between States, or between individuals, from which standpoint their secession would indeed have been unassailable. Their tendency was to disregard the social basis of government and to rest all rights and powers on the individual. On the other hand the tendency in the North was to go to the other extreme. The Abolitionists emphasized excessively the social element. They overlooked the territorial basis of government and

entirely waved aside the rights of individuals. Their minds were centered upon the solidarity of the human race as a whole and ignored anything like territorial limits. They set humanity over and above all individuals, States, governments and laws, and held that all these could be trampled under foot for the sake of this higher law. "In the name of humanity they would found a complete social despotism." The South, then, fought for individual democracy against social or humanitarian democracy, while the Government, standing for territorial integrity, upheld territorial democracy. If the South had not been pitted also against territorial democracy, it might have been victorious. It was the territorial democracy alone that won. Thus, on the one hand, the Civil War was the death-blow to personal democracy; while on the other hand, as Brownson firmly asserted, humanitarian democracy would take to itself all the credit for a victory which it really did not deserve.

The solidarity of the human race, says Brownson, "supposes unity of the race and multiplicity of individuals." The human race is divided into governments; these as a rule divide further into small and smaller groups and finally into individuals. In the United States the problem of the Union against the individual States was always a big one, which merely reached its climax in the Civil War. It was so acute because the theories of individual and humanitarian democracy had so many advocates. But the States that were added to the Union were always formed out of territory that previously belonged to the Union by right of purchase, or war or discovery. And this fact is for Brownson a strong argument for the territorial theory of democracy. He indeed mentions the solitary exception of Texas, but does not explain it. Hence, he continues, no State can rebel against the Union. It can only secede or cease to exist as a State. Since the territorial dominion of the Union is prior, the suicidal act of the State cannot abolish it. However, this brings us to the great problem that has been confronting our statesmen for all times: "How to assert union without consolidation and State rights without disintegration."

Difficult as the problem may at first seem, there is no real clash, according to Brownson, between the two sovereignties. They are not pitted against each other. The general government and the particular governments have their spheres of control outlined, which do not trespass one on the other. Each is complete in its own work, but incomplete and dependent on the other with regard to the complete work of the government. The general line dividing the two forms of government is that of the general interests of all and

of the particular interests of each. The general government cares for the public authority and rights; while the States provide for private rights and personal freedom. Against the encroachment of the States the individuals are safeguarded by further divisions. Just as there is no Union without States, so there are no States without the Union. The people are born into States, and the States into the United States. "The Union and the States are simultaneous, born together, and enter alike into the original and essential constitution of the American States." We see here the well-oiled fabric of government as so often extolled in theory by many writers besides Brownson. But events since the Civil War, especially those of the present day, have shown that in practice the question is not so easily settled. It is only necessary to ask: What will happen if a majority, however small, comes to hold that all matters, even those hitherto considered most supreme and inalienable rights of the individual conscience, are matters of governmental concern which vitally affect the welfare of the general community? Brownson gave as a basis the territorial solidarity of a people and considered the will of the people as a whole to be the deciding voice of power, so that a majority could not overlook the wills of the minority. With perfect human nature, this condition might be approachable. Outside of that, the least we would have to have is proportional representation. And upon this Brownson would probably not have looked with favor on account of the danger of thereby weakening if not destroying authoritative power.

Brownson disregards the idea of an encroachment on the liberties of the people by the central government for the reason that personal rights and freedom are in charge of the individual States. He sees simply a division between two coördinate governments, not a system of checks and balances in our country. A system of checks is for him a system of distrust of power, merely an "antagonism of interests that tend to neutralize each other," and it is desirable only when the object to be obtained is to have as little power as possible. Hence it cannot be the source of continued political life in the United States. Just as little does Brownson place his hope in the written constitution of our government. The latter is really extrinsic to the nation, not "inherent and living in it"; it is easily changed and in fact presupposes a power already existing. It therefore does not create power, but is itself made by a constituted authority. Hence Brownson recognizes a twofold constitution in the United States, or rather two constitutions. Below and above the written document is the constitution of the people as a whole, the spirit of the nation. This constitution is the inborn character of a nation, and varies with different nations. It gives to the people of any territory its political

existence and personality. In this Brownson ultimately places all his hopes for right government. The written constitution is merely the agency or ministry prompted by the general constitution "for the management of its affairs, and the letter of instructions according to which the agent or minister is to act and conduct the matters intrusted to him."

In placing the salvation of governmental conduct in this general constitution of the people Brownson voices an opinion that is to-day receiving an emphasis everywhere. It has never been recognized so keenly as at present that the ultimate hopes of a democracy lie in the temper and the character and the knowledge of the individuals that make up the democracy. If these are deficient in the individuals, no paper constitutions or representative systems are a guarantee against all the defects that can be found in the most despotic forms of government.

The doctrine of individual freedom in the State, says Brownson, is a product of the Christian religion, which has ever upheld the worth and dignity of each individual soul and the responsibility of each soul before God for its actions. If this is not kept in mind, the steps taken by any people collectively may be just as perverted as those of any majority or individual. The representatives of the people are accountable to God for their actions, and they are accountable to the people as a whole for the power entrusted to them. And the people collectively, in whom the authority was vested by the Creator, are also accountable to Him for their use or abuse of it. If a nation itself is wrong, Brownson emphasizes, no physical force can coerce it or turn it on the right path. For true wisdom and justice the State must ultimately rest on moral guarantees. Thus alone will there be a proper safeguard against tyranny and oppression. The responsibility of power both on the part of the entrusted civil rulers and on the part of the people must be considered a matter of conscience. True freedom will be possible only when authority protects against license and against despotism. For this two things are necessary, stability and movement. The latter element is the human and the former is made possible only by a recognition of the divine.

### III.

One more question remains: What prospects did Brownson have for the future of the United States? While he recognized dangers ahead for his beloved country, Brownson's vision into the future was distinctly one of hopefulness. Since 1825 the tendency of the people had been, says he, to part more and more from the viewpoint of a territorial democracy and to adopt that of individual or personal

democracy. With the end of the Civil War—when *The American Republic* was written—a quick turn had been accomplished mainly through the war. The war had tended strongly to increase the centralizing powers of the government, and the tendency towards centralization would probably go on for some time as a reaction against secession. But when things had settled down, Brownson thought, the instinct of self-preservation would be again asserted by all the States which would be upheld in their claims by the United States judiciary. In fact, as he saw it, the individual States would be stronger to protect themselves against centralization than the central government had been to protect itself against secession. In general there was little danger to be feared henceforth from any egotistic democrats. But the humanitarian democrats would hardly rest after their supposed victory. Besides, they had in their humanitarianism the semblance of “a broader and deeper foundation, of being more Christian, more philosophic, more generous and philanthropic.” Satan himself persuades that humanitarianism is Christianity, and that the “sentiment of philanthropy is real Christian charity.” This veil of vague generality which the humanitarian casts over things is dangerous because of the plausible virtue it has, but it really “sacrifices the rights of men in a vain endeavor to secure the rights of man.”

Brownson's forecast of the growth of humanitarianism was that of a far-seeing eye. Not less prognostic was this sentence, otherwise not developed: “\* \* \* it is not difficult to see that the mercantile and manufacturing interest, combined with the moneyed interest, is henceforth to predominate.” The mercantile interests, the moneyed barons, have predominated, and they have only too often blinded the eyes of spectators by casting over themselves the veil of humanitarianism. In the past the latter was partly a tool or weapon of theirs. To-day the humanitarians point to individual moneyed interests as the baneful results of selfish individualism. The moneyed interests and humanitarianism are now antagonists except where humanitarianism can reverse the tables of the past and use the moneyed interests as its tools. At all events, the hey-day of humanitarian democracy seems to have arrived. And the old principles of individual liberty were never more menaced than at present. Already prohibition has been constitutionalized. Of course the question was brought up as a moral one, according to the humanitarian standard, in which the individual had no rights over humanity as such, and had to be legislated into perfection for the common good. What should be only a last resource, an extreme move, is openly proclaimed only a starting point. The significance of the new measure lies in the fact that the individual

is no longer free to initiate his own moral advance, that there was no attempt or proposal made simply to safeguard against the apparent and gross abuses of the liquor trade, and in the fact that the barest majority, if any at all, could force its will on its vigorously remonstrating fellow-citizens. Already we have the same humanitarian forces at work on the tobacco question, and there is propaganda to bring about legislation to enforce, not merely to legalize, birth control. Rumbblings are also heard to the effect that institutional churches are opposed to, and can no longer be tolerated by democracy—humanitarian democracy, of course. Whither is the balance of power shifting? Who are the enlightened saviors of democracy who dare thus to pervert that name? Again, we hear the thundering of voices that seek the overthrow of all power, that seek to antagonize all authority and seem to be making for complete anarchy. Truly there is still a mission before our glorious country, and a mission that can well be expressed in Brownson's words as having for its object "to realize that philosophical division of the powers of government which distinguishes it from both imperial and democratic centralism on the one hand, and on the other from the checks and balances of organized antagonisms which seek to preserve liberty by obstructing the exercise of power."

VIRGIL G. MICHEL, O. S. B.

# THE SYMPHONY OF THE HOURS.

## PART II.—THE PASSION OF CHRIST IN THE "LITTLE HOURS."

IN AN exquisite sermonette on the words, "Columba mea in foraminibus petrae, in cavernis maceriae" (Cant. II.), St. Bernard recalls how the Church, "in the period of her pilgrimage here on earth, has two well-springs of consolation: she may look back or look ahead; in the one case, it is the memory of the Passion of Christ which consoles; in the other, it is the thought of her future participation in the lot of the saints in light. The two thoughts stand in the relation of cause and effect. Attentively she fixes her gaze on them, and equally, whether she contemplates cause or effect, she finds a refuge from every ill and solace in every grief. Moreover, the element of certainty attaches to her joyous expectations, because they are founded on the death of Christ. How indeed could one fear or hesitate about the greatness of future reward when one reflects on the priceless ransom paid for it. 'Columba mea in foraminibus petrae!' How willingly and lovingly the soul peers into the 'clefts of the rock' from which the redeeming blood of Christ has poured in torrents: how willingly and lovingly it wanders in thought across the blue vault of heaven and contemplates the 'many mansions of the Father's house'—the future abodes of His adopted sons. \* \* \*

This short passage is valuable to us, because it shows how very easily we can link up the "Little Hours" with the Lauds preceding. From *Prime* to *None*, all through the week, the paramount theme would appear to be the Passion of Christ—the foundation of all our hopes, the cause and pledge of our future glory. After rising in spirit to the contemplation of the Lumen gloriæ in Lauds,<sup>1</sup> the soul now prayerfully turns its gaze to the "clefts in the rock"; it lives for the time being in an atmosphere of the Passion; so that the recitation of this part of the Office may be regarded as a DAILY TRIBUTE OF DEVOTION TO THE PASSION OF CHRIST. The idea of associating the Little Hours with the Passion is not altogether new. The old recognized authorities on the Office are full of happy thoughts on their mystical significance, in virtue of which the various stages or scenes of the tragedy of the first Good Friday are lived over again in the sequence of the hours. *Prime* is the hour, for instance, when our Divine Saviour was mocked, spit upon, struck, bound. *Terce* recalls more trials, the "crucifigatur," the sentence and the carrying of the Cross; *Sext* will bring to mind the crucifixion and the darkness that was over the whole earth, and *None* must always be associated with the last act of the great tragedy.

<sup>1</sup>Cfr. "Catholic Quarterly Review," 1918: "The Symphony of the Hours."

When the Little Hours were confined practically to one psalm (cxviii.), these extrinsic and sometimes arbitrary associations served to secure variety of devotional thought, where there was the ever-present danger of monotony, and there is no reason to discard them altogether even now, when variety is assured by the psalmody itself. On the contrary, there often exists, whether intentionally or not, a happy coincidence between the newly chosen psalms and the old devotional suggestions, but our present endeavor, for simplicity's sake, will be to confine our study to only one devotional channel—the one in which the new psalmody can be made to run most smoothly, and that undoubtedly is the Sacred Passion. The utility of this aspect of the Little Hours is accentuated when we come to link them up with the morning Mass, “in quo recolitur memoria Passionis ejus.” In an ordinary day's routine, *Prime* is the first instalment of prayer after the “Actio gratiarum,” of which one of the most beautiful specially indulgenced prayers is the “Obsecro.” There the priest is made to feel the need and importance of the Passion of Christ as his daily food and support. He prays “ut Passio tua sit mihi virtus qua muniar. \* \* \* Vulnera tua sit mihi cibus potusque. \* \* \* Aspersio sanguinis tui sit mihi ablutio omnium delictorum. \* \* \*”

It is no small devotional gain to be able to take up this golden thread of prayer where the thanksgiving after Mass left it, and so to regard the Little Hours as a welcome renewal, an expansion and development of the soul's grateful outpouring after the morning Sacrifice. For, as St. Bernard writes: “Nos vero, si vere spirituales apes sumus, de floribus nostri paradisi Nazareni, id est horti florentis floridissimi Christi nobis *memoriam componamus tenacem*, quae non qualibet tentatione dissolvatur, sed apta sit illa memoria recipere impressionem sigilli, id est crucifixi Jesu: ut illum *semper in memoria* habeamus qui dicit. Pone me sicut signaculum. \* \* \* Colli-gamus ergo nobis in floribus vitis nostrae Domini Jesu talem *memoriam*, talem delectationem; ut stigmata Crucifixi nostri *in memoria jugiter* retinentes, ita in ipso, qui solus est dulcis, delectemur; ut omnes per ipsum praesentis vitae amaritudines superemus, mundemur ab omni delicto et in bonis operibus jugiter \* \* \* conservemur” (St. Bernard, *Vitis mystica*, c. 44).

The priest lives, as it were, in an atmosphere of the Passion; it enters into all the ramifications of his life: it is at all times his consolation and support, the solvent of every sorrow, the laver of daily regeneration, the pledge of perseverance. It is for the memory to hold it fast, as St. Bernard urges above; to receive and retain the indelible impression of the stigmata as of a seal, clear-cut and deep (“Christo igitur passo in carne, et vos in eadem cogitatione arma-

mini"—I. Pet. iv., 1). With St. Bernard he will pray: "Cruci confige manus meas et pedes meos; et totum Passioni tue conforma servum tuum. Illam, inquam, divinissimam crucem humeris meis impone, cujus latitudo est caritas, cujus longitudo est aeternitas, cujus sublimitas est omnipotentia, cujus profundum est inscrutabilis sapientia" (Med. in Pass. Dni.). With a due sense of the importance of almost habitual meditation on the Passion of Christ, and having pointed out a certain extrinsic connection which it has with the Little Hours, we may turn now to see how admirably the psalms themselves suggest the same solemn theme.

FERIA II.

*Prime.* Ps. xxiii.: "Domine est terra"; Ps. xviii.: "Coeli enarrant."

*Terce.* Ps. xxvi.: "Dominus illuminatio mea"; Ps. xxvii.: "Ad te Domine clamabo."

*Sext.* Ps. xxx.: "In te Domine Speravi."

*None.* Ps. xxxi.: "Beati quorum"; Ps. xxxii.: "Exultate justi."

First come by way of introduction and transition "two songs of the Creation," "Domini est terra" and "Coeli enarrant," summing up, as it were, the glories of Lauds. They serve on Monday as a connecting link between the glorious mysteries embodied in Lauds and the sorrowful mysteries that follow in this "psalmodic rosary." Then the shadows begin to lengthen ("Delicta quis intelligit"), darkness comes on apace; there are indications of an oncoming storm, of a conflict in which Christ Himself is eventually to be the protagonist. This is the burden of the "Dominus illuminatio mea" (in two portions), which introduces Monday *Terce*.

It has been suggested (cfr. Haydock, note) that this psalm was composed when the people dissuaded David from going into battle (II. Kings xxi., 17), an incident which easily brings to mind the occasion when Peter would dissuade his Master from going into the danger He had just spoken of, viz.: "that the Son of man must suffer many things and be rejected by the ancients \* \* \* and be killed" (Mark viii., 31). However this be, the psalmist is clearly in great distress, abandoned by men, sorely afflicted and calumniated. He is without a home, an exile in a foreign land, abandoned and driven away from the place of the sanctuary. And so with Christ: His enemies are closing in; "appropriant super me nocentes ut edant carnes meas \* \* \* insurrexerunt in me testes iniqui"; the false witnesses in the judgment hall are brought into the picture: "mentita est iniquitas sibi"; and His complete abandonment is recalled, "quoniam pater meus et mater mea dereliquerunt me." He stood before His accusers alone: but God was with Him, "Dominus assumpsit me \* \* \* quem timebo." As the sun pierces the

mists or breaks through a mass of gloomy threatening clouds, so the feeling of security and joy effectually dispels the oppressive darkness of every kind of tribulation or persecution.

The next psalm, the "*Ad te Domine clamabo*," follows on as a most suitable pendant to the foregoing. The fathers understand it of Christ suffering (Note, Haydock), and there are reasons to suppose that it was composed when holy David was sorely tried by the afflictions brought upon him by his rebellious son, Absalom. It is another of those "songs in the night" which will meet us frequently in the course of the Little Hours. The thorn at the breast of the nightingale was thought by the old naturalist to make it sing, and certainly David's griefs made him eloquent in holy psalmody. He plumbs the deepest depths of sorrow, and therefore it is that he brings us so near to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Saviour in His Sacred Passion. Like Isaias, he is an evangelist of the sufferings of Christ, and the pleading petitions so frequently to be met with furnish not merely a passing glimpse, but often enough a true and searching analysis of the internal Passion. It is noteworthy that this psalm had a place in the Matins of the feast which formerly appeared in the calendar, commemorating the "Prayer in the Garden," so this may well be in our thoughts when we meet the psalm in the course of the Little Hours: "Father, if it be possible." "In the days of His flesh," the Eternal High Priest "with a strong cry and tears, offering up prayers and supplications to Him that was able to save Him from death, was heard for his reverence" (Heb. v. 7). Even so his prototype, the royal psalmist, in deepest anguish of soul, utters his strong and pleading cry: \* \* \* "*Deus meus, ne sileas a me, ne quando taceas a me et assimilabor descendentibus in lacum.*" It is a matter of life and death that God should hear and answer, for it was regarded as a great calamity and presage of evil if God was silent whenever high priest or prophet or king consulted Him in the Holy Place. In this psalm, therefore, we may well picture our Divine Saviour waiting in the Garden of Gethsemane with heaviness of heart, for the Father's response to His repeated prayer, "*exaudi Domine vocem deprecationis meae.*"

The second part of the psalm is the happy sequel, for "There appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him" ("*Benedictus Dominus, quoniam exaudivit*"); and in virtue of that divine reassurance, He can live again: "*Refloruit care mea* \* \* \* *benedictus Dominus quoniam exaudivit vocem meam.* \* \* \* *Dominus adiutor meus et protector meus.*"

At *Sext* we find psalm xxx, "*inte Domine speravi*," divided into three sections. It will always stand out with special prominence as one of the two psalms from which our dying Saviour quoted as He

hung upon the Cross: "In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum" (verse 6.) Some commentators suggest that Christ may perhaps be the subject of the whole psalm. Certainly several of the verses are like literal descriptions of some of the episodes of the Passion: "I am become a reproach among all My enemies, and very much to My neighbors; and a fear to My acquaintance: they that saw Me without fled from Me. \* \* \* I am become as a vessel that is destroyed: \* \* \* while they assembled together against Me, they consulted to take away My life. \* \* \* My strength is weakened and My bones are disturbed" (verses 11-14); and verse 23 will easily suggest thoughts of the agony in the Garden: "I said in the excess of My mind, I am cast from before Thy eyes. Therefore Thou hast heard the voice of My prayer when I cried to Thee." In the Liturgy this psalm is drawn upon at Passiontide, on Friday and Saturday in Passion Week, verses 2, 10, 16, 17 forming the Introit of the Mass. It is a psalm of mingled measures, of alternate undulating strains, falling into valleys of mourning and rising to the higher ground of confidence, from which the inspired singer takes a rapid survey of his life as of a landscape unfolding before his eyes; and dark shadows notwithstanding, he must perforce exclaim: "Quam magna multitudo dulcedinis tue, Domine." The three sections into which the psalm falls in *Sext* are three formal divisions:

I. The psalmist prays God to be gracious to him in his trouble, expressing at the same time his trust in Him who in times past had been his deliverer.

II. He pours out before God the story of his sufferings and his sorrows, beseeching Him again to let the light of His countenance shine upon him and to put his enemies to shame.

III. He concludes with praise and thanksgiving to God for His goodness to all who trust in Him, and particularly to himself, and calls upon all the saints to love the Lord, to act manfully in the day of trouble. No special effort will be required when saying Office to associate these sublime sentiments with the Via Crucis: "Propter nomen tuum deduces me et enutries me." I shall require Thy sustaining hand all along that painful journey that will terminate with My death; I shall be faint with loss of blood and often shall I fall beneath the heavy burden of the Cross; but Thy hand will lead Me, and for Thy name's sake because Thou art the God of justice and truth, and because of Thy promises "Thou wilt nourish Me." The first section in the main will fit in best with the thought of Christ's anguish of soul: "He began to grow heavy and to be sad" \* \* \* and He said to them: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." The second section, beginning with the words, "Miserere mei Domine,

quoniam tribulor," tells rather of physical suffering: "Conturbata est \* \* \* oculus meus, anima mea et venter meus \* \* \* infirmata est virtus mea et ossa mea conturbata sunt." Body as well as soul felt the effects of His great sorrow, which indeed penetrated to every part and looked like compassing His destruction: "Factus sum tanquam vas perditum"—a truly forceful and accurate summing up of the ignominy and dereliction of the Man of Sorrows—"a broken vessel good for nothing, of which no further use can be made, which cannot be made whole again, for which no one cares, and the fragments of which are thrown away." It would almost seem that heaven, too, had entered into league with the powers of darkness, so much so that "I said in the excess of My mind, 'I am cast away from before Thy eyes,'" but this is only a vivid way of expressing the acute intensity of the conflict, the presence of two opposing elements within the narrow precincts of the soul—grief oppressing, hope upholding; the darkness of dismay encountered by the light of faith; the demon of despond being slowly strangled in the powerful grip of God's mercy: "Quoniam mirificavit misericordiam suam mihi in civitate munita." Behold! just because of My extreme affliction, which was nearly depriving Me of all courage and confidence, nay, of understanding—"Ideo exaudisti vocem orationis meae."

*None* brings two psalms (xxxix.), "Beati quorum" and the "Exultate justi" (xxxix.), in two sections. Both of them on examination will be found to fit into our scheme of meditation on the Passion and death of Christ, inasmuch as they point to the blessings that flow from the Cross. At the hour of *None* we take our stand in spirit at the foot of the Cross. The words of the prophet Isaias will come back to us: "You shall draw water with joy from the fountains of the Saviour" (xli., 3). There can be no joy, no forgiveness, no glory save in the Cross of Christ, as St. Paul argues in the well-known passage, where he quotes the first verse of Psalm xxxix.: "To him that worketh not, yet believeth in Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is reputed to justice according to the purpose of the grace of God." As David also termeth the blessedness of a man to whom God reputeth justice without works. "*Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered; blessed is the man to whom the Lord hath not imputed sin.*" And the meritorious cause of all this imputed justice with its consequent blessedness is stated at the end of the chapter, even "Jesus Christ our Lord, who was raised from the dead, who was delivered up for our sins and rose again for our justification" (Rom. vi.). It may be remarked that this is the second psalm beginning with the word "Blessed." In the first we have the blessing of innocence, "Beatus

vir qui non abiit in consilio impiorum, etc.," but here we have the blessing of repentance as the next happiest state to that of sinlessness, also the blessing of being liberated through the merits of the Cross from the stain and guilt of original sin, because the fathers explain this psalm in reference to the grace we receive in baptism and penance. Here again St. Paul helps us to keep well in mind the Passion and death of Christ, for the very rite of baptism is of itself an object lesson. "Know you not that all we who are baptized in Christ Jesus are baptized in His death? For we are buried together with Him by baptism into death. \* \* \* Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin may be destroyed" (Rom. vi.). Baptism, therefore, which draws all its efficacy from the sacrifice of the Cross, gives the soul its first experience of the happiness extolled by the psalmist in the words of the second verse, "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord hath not imputed sin, and in whose spirit there is no guile," that is to say, the merits of the Cross energize with their twofold effect—original sin is blotted out and concurrently there is given the first instalment of sanctifying grace. How joyously should the priest, as he recites or chants this psalm, welcome this reminder of what the atoning sacrifice of Calvary did for him at the outset of his soul's supernatural life.

The leading thought, however, is the forgiveness of actual sin: "Tu remisisti impietatem peccati mei." Notice the vivid description of the dire effects of sin: "Because I was silent, my bones grew old; whilst I cried out all the day long. For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me: I am turned in my anguish, whilst the thorn is fastened." Obviously these words will recall something of Our Divine Saviour's sufferings, when sin was allowed to wreak its fury on His own Sacred Person. Because He made Himself a vicarious victim, the scourge was His, the thorns were His: "Multa flagella peccatoris \* \* \* conversus sum in aerumna, dum configitur spina"—and the "copiosa redemptio" was ours. And as Christ in His agony betook Himself to His Heavenly Father we also may turn to Him with the words (verse 7), "Tu es refugium meum a tribulatione quae circumdedit me," with every assurance that our confidence is not misplaced: "quia firmabo super te oculos meos." Wherefore "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye just," for as St. John writes (I. Ep. i., 9): "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity \* \* \* the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Psalm xxxii. is a continuation of the former, with the last verse of which it may be well connected: "Rejoice in the Lord all ye just." It is clearly a pæan of victory; and though it may be, as some have conjectured, that it was composed by David after he had been

rescued from the giant Jesibnebob (II. Kings xxi., 16), "The king is not saved by a great army: nor shall the giant be saved by his own great strength" (verse 16). The application here will be to Christ's victory over the arch-enemy of the human race; the giant whose power seemed almost irresistible. But "the Lord bringeth to nought the counsels of nations and He rejecteth the devices of the people and casteth away the counsels of princes" (verse 10). Craft and cunning, sophistry and all false philosophies must eventually yield to the power of the Cross. "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? \* \* \* the word of the Cross \* \* \* is the power of God" (I. Cor. i., 20). So also the might of this world must needs go down before the will of God: "De coelo respexit Dominus; vidit omnes filios hominum," and not merely from His throne of majesty in light inaccessible, but from the wood of the Cross when the mantle of darkness was thrown round Calvary's height: "From His habitation which He hath prepared, He hath looked upon all that dwell on the earth" (verse 14); that is to say, He recognized the innate weakness of the race, and He saw that "no one by his own merits or exertions could be delivered from the evils that surround us on all sides; that we all need the mercy of God" (Bell), and it is from the pulpit of the Cross that this sound has gone forth over the whole earth. "Vain is the horse for safety, neither shall he be saved in the abundance of his strength." Our only abiding strength is in the merits of Christ crucified. Sennacherib with all his cavalry was not a match for one angel of the Lord, Pharaoh's horses and chariots found it vain to pursue the Lord's anointed, and so shall all the leaguered might of earth and hell find itself utterly defeated when confronted by the standard raised on Calvary's height. \* \* \* "Qui salutem humani generis in ligno crucis constituisti; ut unde mors oriebatur, inde vita resurgeret; et qui in ligno vincebat, in ligno quoque vinceretur." O mors, unde mortui reviviscunt (St. Aug.). The eyes of God's searching Providence are "on them that fear Him and on them that hope in His mercy; to deliver their souls from death; and feed them in famine," words of comfort, which taken in their spiritual sense, constitute a concise statement of all that Christ effected in the course of His Sacred Passion and death. "My flesh is meat indeed, My blood is drink indeed." There can be no "famine" or "death" in the spiritual order, for "the earth is full of the mercy of the Lord. \* \* \* He is our helper and protector," and when we recall all that He has done for us, suffered for us, and wrought for us by His redeeming blood, "our heart shall rejoice," we shall "sing to Him a new canticle, 'Exultate \* \* \* Fiat misericordia tua Domine super nos; quemadmodum speravimus in te.'"

TUESDAY.

*Prime.* Ps. xxiv.: "Ad te levavi"—three sections.

*Terce.* Ps. xxxix.: "Expectans expectavi"—three sections.

*Sext.* Ps. xl.: "Beatus qui intelligit"; xli.: "Quemadmodum desiderat"—two sections.

*None.* Ps. xliii.: "Deus auribus nostris"—three sections.

The subject matter of our first psalm has been well described in one simple phrase, "the gazing up at eternal mercy." The devout soul has taken up a position at the foot of the Cross, on which her Spouse and Redeemer hangs twixt heaven and earth; the prophetic words of Christ come back to memory with a force all their own: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself. Now this He said, signifying what death He should die" (John xii., 33), and in loving response the soul begins her meditation with the words, "Ad te Domine levavi animam meam": she will ask to have her share in the Great Sacrifice, which surely the one word "levavi" will recall. The sacrifices of the Old Law were but figures of the One Sacrifice to come, and constantly do we find this expression connected with them. For example, in Leviticus viii., 27, when the "oblation of consecration" was delivered to Aaron and his sons, we have the official phrase, "Who having *lifted* them up before the Lord"; again (xiv., 24), "and the priest receiving the lamb and the sextary of oil shall *elevate* them together," and in I. Par. xvi., 29, "Levate sacrificium et venite in conspectu." Thus the very opening words of the psalm at *Prime* on the FERIA tertia strike the chord with which the "Passion music" begins and continues through the Little Hours for this day. David depicts his abjection in words which will not fail to suggest the still greater sorrows of the future "Root of Jesse." "The troubles of my heart are multiplied. \* \* \* I am alone and poor. See my abjection and labor, consider my enemies, for they are multiplied, and have hated me with an unjust hatred. \* \* \* Look thou upon me and have mercy on me \* \* \* neither let my enemies laugh at me." And corresponding to the group of faithful ones at the foot of the Cross: "Stabant juxta crucem," a similar flash of consolation pierces the darkness in which the psalmist has almost lost his way: "The innocent and the upright have adhered to me, because I have waited on Thee. \* \* \* Keep Thou my soul and deliver me."

It is never safe to dogmatize about the historical occasions of the psalms, but oftentimes the conjectures that are thrown out in this regard, as has been done twice already, will be found to be devotionally helpful. Here, for instance, there is nothing inherently

improbable in supposing that David had in mind the particular sorrows he felt through the waywardness and ingratitude of his son Absalom. The psalm seems to have been composed in his later life, for he prays (verse 7), "*Delicta juventutis meae et ignorantias meas ne memineris*," and as we have noticed already, he was deserted by all but a few—too slender a framework certainly on which to hang critical exegesis, but sufficiently strong to bear the lighter weight of a composition of place. It is so difficult to say the Office with carefully maintained attention that piety will be ready to welcome every reasonable means of securing it, or at least minimizing the tendency to mind-wandering, and the imagination is often set working in a devotional channel by circumstances extrinsically connected with the composition of a psalm, rather than with the psalm itself, which is not always quite easy to understand. And so here, as indeed in most of the psalms of the Little Hours. It matters not to the general intention of reciting the Office "*attente ac devote*" whether David is pouring out his grief under the persecuting hand of Saul or under the smart of a son's ingratitude, or whether one prefers to apply these melodious laments to the heart-broken captives in exile, they all serve in turn as adventitious aids to the one great and all-absorbing devotion of the Passion of Christ. All the main roads in the Old Testament lead eventually to Calvary; it is only a question of deciphering the finger-posts. The afflictions of David, for example, in connection with Absalom's revolt, help us to grasp much more vividly the element of ingratitude in sin on the part of the sinner, and the correlative feature of fatherly forbearance on the side of God, "for the Spirit Himself giveth testimony that we are the sons of God" (Rom. viii., 16). The Passion of Christ becomes a much more personal appeal to us, not exactly because these details of time and circumstance tell us anything new about our Divine Saviour, but because, like the parable of the Prodigal Son, they stimulate the imagination and at once create an atmosphere in which prayer thrives and moves about with healthy and well-sustained vigor. In this particular instance, *e. g.*, we feel how deeply David must have grieved that his own son should have come out against him as a mortal enemy. His heart bled and he shed bitter tears when he thought of the ingratitude and impiety of his child, the faithlessness of his people and the misery which should come upon them as the result of rebellion. These are but a portrait in miniature of the world's sin and the misery consequent on it, and with that portrait well in mind, there will be no difficulty in recognizing the features of the original when limned for us in the prophetic utterances of the psalmist, and the Church helps us to do this especially in the penitential season of Lent, when the "harp

ceases its notes of joy and the daughter of Sion, the Bride of Christ, weeps and mourns over the desolation and horror caused by sin, both in her Spouse, the Crucified One, and in the hearts of sinners. Hence, verses taken from our psalm are entwined, like purple wreaths of passion flowers, around the monuments of divine justice and mercy, as shown us in the Epistles and Gospels of that liturgical period" (Roche, *Psallite sapienter*, p. 426). There is every reason, therefore, why our thoughts should travel in the course of this psalm to the foot of the Cross, where we deposit our burden of sin, where we recognize that our sin is aggravated by the fact that we are the "Sons of God," and that we are guilty not merely of treason against a Sovereign, but like Absalom, of the still more heinous crime of ingratitude towards a Father, where we find the load of our iniquity, heavy though it is, shouldered by another "who Himself bore our sins in His own body on the Cross"; where, in fine, "mindful of the mercies that are from the beginning of the world," we are buoyed up day by day with the assurance of pardon.

At *Terce* we have psalm xxxix, "Expectans expectavi," in three sections, and here again we are introduced to the Sacrifice of the Cross. The Psalm is found in Matins for Good Friday. The explanatory heading in our Douay version is "Christ coming and redeeming mankind," and in some of our editions of the Vulgate, "Christus ut hostiam se offert; petit a malis liberationem et remissionem peccatorum." That David had Christ in view in this psalm is certain; it is St. Paul who opens out for us very clearly the prophetic force of the well-known passage, "Sacrifice and oblation thou didst not desire, etc." (verses 7, 8, 9). Turning to Hebrews x., 7, 8, 9, we find him insisting on the insufficiency of the sacrifices of the Law. "It is impossible that with the blood of oxen and goats, sin should be taken away," and so Christ "taketh away the first, that He may establish that which followeth" (verse 9); "therefore coming into the world He saith: 'Sacrifice and oblation thou wouldst not: but a body thou hast fitted to Me: holocausts for sin did not please Thee. Then said I: Behold I come: in the head of the book it is written of Me: that I should do Thy will, O God.'"

And as Christ speaks in His own name in these verses, we may very reasonably imagine Him speaking also in the following; in which case we shall discover many strong passages bearing on His sacred Passion. "I have not hid Thy justice within My heart: I have declared Thy truth and Thy salvation" (verse 11). The words recall the scene and the answer, when the high priest asked Jesus of His disciples and of His doctrine, and Jesus answered him: "I have spoken openly to the world: I have always taught in the

synagogue and in the temple whither all the Jews resort: and in private I have spoken nothing. Why askest thou Me? Ask them who have heard Me what I have spoken to them: behold, they know what things I have said" (John xviii., 20). "I have declared Thy justice in a great church \* \* \* I have not concealed Thy mercy and Thy truth from a great council" (verse 11). "Evils without number have surrounded Me; My iniquities have overtaken Me"—the sins of all mankind which I have taken upon Me—"and My heart hath forsaken Me." The mind travels fast in these psalms from one scene of the Passion to another; and so we find ourselves once more rehearsing in memory the soul-conflict in Gethsemane, where the Divine Protagonist in this struggle to the death would seem to have taken on Himself more than human nature could well endure.

The psalmist in consequence strikes the note so familiar to us; the agony does not stand alone; it can never be dissociated from the prayer; and so, immediately on the avowal that courage had almost failed Him—"My heart hath forsaken Me"—comes the appeal for help from on high: "Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver Me; look down, O Lord, to help Me: not My will, but Thine, be done," for "in the head of the book it is written of Me that I should do *Thy* will." After the prayer of holy resignation, three verses recall in rather a striking way the scene of the betrayal: "Let them be confounded \* \* \* that seek after My soul to take it away. Let them be turned backward and be ashamed that desire evils unto Me. Let them immediately bear their confusion that say to Me, 'tis well, 'tis well.'" Here of a truth are the enemies of Christ, come "with lanterns and torches and weapons"; here is the false friend who had often greeted his Master with a "euge, euge," and now comes yet once again to hail Him with every appearance of affectionate regard; the truth being that they are come "to seek after His soul to take it away": for "Jesus knowing all things that should come upon Him, went forth and said to them: 'Whom seek ye?' \* \* \* and when He had said to them, 'I am He,' they went backward and fell to the ground" (John xviii., 5). The passage is equally applicable from a devotional point of view to the closing scenes on Mount Calvary. The "*complaceat tibi Domine, ut eruas me \* \* \* ad adjuvandum Me respice*" will be Christ's earnest appeal to be delivered speedily from the pangs of death that the triumph of the Resurrection may soon be an accomplished fact: and the "*Ferant confestim confusionem suam \* \* \**" is a prophecy cast in the form of a prayer, of the imminent confusion of those who but now are gloating over their victim with repeated "euges," to one another and insulting cries like the "*Vah! qui destruis templum \* \* \**"

(cfr. Schouppe on this verse). The torrent of malice was brought to a sudden halt when Jesus, crying with a loud voice, gave up the ghost; "and behold the veil of the temple was rent \* \* \* and the earth quaked \* \* \* and graves were opened \* \* \* and bodies arose \* \* \* and the centurion with others watching Jesus were sore afraid, saying 'Indeed this was the Son of God,' " It was increasingly clear that things had taken the wrong turn; and confusion was twice confounded when the "guards came into the city and told the chief priests all things that had been done" on that first bright Easter morn. But because "they had regard to vanities and lying follies" (verse 5), they must needs bribe the soldiers as they had bribed Judas; so they took counsel and "gave a great sum of money to the soldiers, saying: 'Say you, His disciples came by night and stole Him away when we were asleep.'" All their malicious schemes against the Anointed of God were doomed to failure. It was only a question of waiting. "With expectation I have waited for the Lord \* \* \* He heard My prayers and brought Me out of the pit of misery and the mire of dregs"—a powerful figure surely of the ignominy to which Christ was subjected in the course of His Sacred Passion, for these "pits" referred to often in Holy Scripture were a species of prison to which there were no openings except a hole at the top, which served for both door and window; and generally they were in a filthy and revolting state and deep in mud. The "mire of dregs" suggests that the suffering was as one who cannot find a foothold, but slips and sinks. Positive misery was thus accentuated by the absence of solid comfort by which sorrow might have been rendered supportable. And so in great measure with the Divine Sufferer, who became as a "worm and no man," "mendicus et pauper," stripped of His very garments. But Jesus is the true Joseph taken from the pit to be Lord of all. "Quia Dominus sollicitus est mei \* \* \* adjutor meus et protector meus." And so the psalm ends with the assurance that God is our "Helper" in present distress, our "Protector" from all ills of the future: "Deus meus, ne tardaveris"; "patiently have I waited"; all through those three and thirty years, through the three years of ingratitude and opposition, then all through the agony in the Garden, the long night, the mock trials, the painful Way of the Cross; delay no longer, O Lord, but deliver Me now at long last from all the evils that have compassed Me about, by a speedy and glorious Resurrection."

*Sext* follows on with the "Beatus qui intelligit" (xl.) and the "Quemadmodum desiderat" (xli), the latter being in two parts. There can be no doubt that the "Beatus qui intelligit" is one of the psalms of the Passion (Schouppe has "Sic enim eum patres accip-

iunt"), and that this must be so is clear from Christ's own quotation of verse 10 as a prophecy of the treason of Judas: "\* \* \* that the Scripture may be fulfilled, 'He that eateth bread with Me shall lift up his heel against Me'" (John xiii., 18). The analogy between this verse and those both preceding and following it postulates reference to Christ throughout. In the second, third and fourth verses the prophet speaks of Christ; after that, Christ Himself is introduced as speaking in the first person. Bellarmine's exegesis of this psalm will be found very useful for our purpose; and we can hardly do better than confine ourselves to it.

"Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor." Christ is the poor man, naked, hanging on His Cross; that is, blessed is he who deeply meditates on His Passion; for Jeremias had already said: "Attend and see if there be sorrow like unto My sorrow"; and the Apostle repeats the same (Heb. xii.): "For think diligently upon Him who endureth such opposition from sinners against Himself." For they who understand and seriously meditate on the Passion of Christ have an unspeakable treasure prepared for them. "The Lord will deliver him in the evil day." On that day the lovers of the Cross of Christ and who for His sake had been generous to the poor will be quite secure. "I said, O Lord, be Thou merciful to me," words that may be taken as though it were Christ Himself speaking to His Passion; thus, be Thou merciful to me in my trouble, and quickly raise me, and thus free me from my suffering; heal my soul, which is sorrowful unto death, and thus is sad, dejected, languishing, fearing, grieving; for "I have sinned against Thee," I have taken the sins of the whole world on Myself. And inasmuch as we have in verse 12, "Thou hast upheld me by reason of my innocence," it is clear that the person speaking here is not David nor any one else but He who alone was innocent, as far as his own acts were in question, while He bore the sins of others. "My enemies have spoken evils against Me \* \* \*" apparently intended for the Pharisees and priests of the Jews, who thirsted intensely for the death of Christ, and had frequent conferences on the subject of it; "when shall he die and his name perish?" "And if he came in to see me, he spoke vain things: his heart gathereth together iniquity to itself \* \* \*" From the Jews he passes to Judas, who came in to see if the time had come for betraying me; who invented falsehood for fear his purpose should be detected, and having played the part of a friend apparently, he went out to his enemies with his treacherous proposal, and the enemies began to "whisper" in conference with each other, they "devised evils," discussed the amount that should be given and took measures for my capture and subsequent death. "They determined against

me an unjust word," in their bitterness, prejudging my case, plotting a mock trial, and whether innocent or not, determining on my death. And now the reason for this sudden resolve: all their difficulties are unexpectedly solved by the arrival of a traitor in the very midst of their deliberations: "homo pacis meae." "Even the man of my peace, in whom I trusted, who ate my bread, hath greatly supplanted me." Observe here with St. Augustine that Judas is called the man of peace, because the prophet foresaw that Christ would be betrayed by a kiss, the sign of peace. It was Judas, then, not only not His enemy, but His friend, nay more than His friend, on most intimate terms with Him, loaded with favors by Him. For on the very night that he betrayed Christ, he not only partook of his ordinary meal with Him, but even received the Bread of Angels from Him; had his feet washed by Him, and thus had got most convincing proofs of His extreme humility and love for him. "But Thou, O Lord, have mercy on Me, and raise Me up again; and I will requite them": in the form of a prayer He prophesies what was to happen \* \* \* He punished them as they deserved. They have been scattered all over the world, without a king, without a priest, without God, as Christ Himself predicted: "your house shall be left unto you desolate \* \* \* they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone." In verse 11 He states that His prayer is heard: "In hoc cognovi quoniam voluisti Me; quoniam non gaudebit inimicus meus super Me": literally fulfilled in Judas, who hung himself before the death of Christ, and before he could make any use of his ill-got bribe. The words may also be applied to all His enemies, whose triumph was so short that it could hardly be called a triumph at all. The concluding verse, "Benedictus Dominus \* \* \* usque in saeculum," may be the joyous exclamation either of the prophet or of Christ Himself, and signifies that God is blessed forever more by reason of the exaltation of His Son, "propter innocentiam," and the confusion of His enemies. Fiat, fiat.

The second part of *Sext*, "Quemadmodum desiderat," is in two sections, each ending with the same refrain, "Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi; salutare vultus mei et Deus meus." From verse 6 it is clear that the sacred writer was in the land beyond the Jordan: "Memor ero tui de terra Jordanis, et Hermoniim a monte modico," near the mountain ridges of Hermon, in that land which was emphatically the land of exile—the refuge of exiles, and the whole tone of the psalm is that of one looking for a speedy restoration to his native land. This point is worthy of note in our devotional exegesis because at once it puts us *en rapport* with our meditations on the Passion. Man was in exile from his native land. The fullness of time had come: the day of redemption and restora-

tion was at hand. The Sacred Heart of the Redeemer can wait no longer. "I am come to do the will of My Father; I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized: and how I am straitened until it be accomplished." "*Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum; ita desiderat anima mea ad te Deus. Stivit anima mea \* \* \**"; there is an element almost of impatience in this yearning: "*Quando veniam et apparebo ante faciem Dei,*" in the midst of the great sanctuary of heaven where I may begin my mediatorial functions, where I may continue "to make intercession" for the fallen exiled race: "with desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer." We are not surprised to find, therefore, that this psalm occurs in the Office of Corpus Christi. That Paschal festivity which gave us the "Memorial of the Passion" was not simply an occasion of joyous longing; heavy clouds had already begun to lower, the tempest was not far distant, the heart of our Saviour was heavy, and we shall easily recognize this mournful note even in this psalm, full though it is of hope and promise. "My tears have been My bread day and night, whilst it is said to Me daily: where is Thy God." Such was the bitter taunt that Christ Himself had to listen to. "He trusted in God; let Him now deliver Him. \* \* \* If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross."

#### NONE.

The "*Deus auribus nostris audivimus*" (three sections) might almost be termed an epitome of the thoughts suggested in the preceding Hours, and echoes faithfully the sentiments of the pious soul meditating in mingled grief and hope beneath the Cross, when the solemn echo of the "*Consummatum est*" died away in the darkness. Thoughts come crowding in, wave after wave, with bewildering rapidity: thoughts of the Redemption and the manifold blessings that were to come with it; thoughts of the Redeemer, His anguish, desolation, innocence; thoughts of the redeemed, their hopes, pleadings and ultimate restoration: all these considerations, like so many shafts of light, come flashing across the bitter waters of sorrow, illumining the dark night of the soul.

(a) The blessings of Redemption, first of all, are clearly typified by the great deeds which God had wrought for His people in the days of old. The psalm calls to mind how gratuitously God had given the nation possession of the promised land, driving out their enemies before them. This assuredly is what Christ effected in the spiritual order by His redeeming power. "Thy right hand destroyed the Gentiles \* \* \* and Thou plantedst *them*," *i. e.*, Thine own people, as is sung on Good Friday, "*Vinea mea electa, ego te plan-*

tavi," and similarly all through the "improperia." The divinity of the Redeemer is also well brought to the front in this part of the psalm, from the emphasis which is laid on the fact that God alone is the efficient cause of all past benefits, man himself being powerless: "for I will not trust in my bow; neither shall my sword save me \* \* \* but Thou art Thyself my King and my God: who commandest the saving of Jacob \* \* \* in God shall we glory all the day long, and in Thy name we will give praise forever" (verses 7, 5, 9).

(b) The second part of the psalm begins at verse 10, and the transition is very sudden. It is as though the soul, lost in ecstasy for the moment, and pursuing the thought of Redemption to its logical conclusion of glory and victory, suddenly remembers that the Cross is still there, and with the sight of the Divine Victim hanging lifeless on it, the whole tragedy is vividly reënacted: "Tota die verecundia mea contra me est \* \* \* Now thou hast cast us off and put us to shame. \* \* \* Thou hast made us a reproach to our neighbors, a scoff and derision to them that are round about us. Thou hast made us a bye-word among the Gentiles, a shaking of the head among the peoples. \* \* \* Thou hast given us up like sheep to be eaten" (verses 16, 10, 14, 15, 12).

(c) And yet "Popule meus quid feci tibi": "If I have done evil give testimony of the evil"; the innocence of the Divine Victim is now recalled in verses 18, 19, 21: "Haec omnia venerunt super nos, nec obliti sumus te \* \* \* we have not done wickedly in Thy covenant, our heart hath not turned back \* \* \* if we have forgotten the name of our God, and if we have stretched our hand to a strange God. \* \* \* Arise, why sleepest Thou, O Lord? Why hast Thou forsaken Me? \* \* \* Why turnest Thou Thy face away and forgettest our want and our trouble?"

(d) Deep though the gloom which hangs over Calvary at the Hour of *None*, the star of hope begins already to glimmer. Instinctively the soul descries on the not very distant horizon the harbinger of victory. It has not forgotten the promised "sign" of Jonas the prophet, nor yet the words of the Redeemer Himself, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will rebuild it," and so after the ebb and flow of deep emotions throughout the course of the "Hours" it now finds itself buoyant with hope on the crest of the wave: "The Lord will arise"; He will hear our prayer; He is faithful and true; "Exurge \* \* \* adjuva nos et redime nos propter nomen tuum" (verse 26).

(To be continued)

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## BENJAMIN MAJOR, OR THE GRACE OF CON- TEMPLATION.

(By Richard of St. Victor.)

### PREFACE.

**B**Y THE Tabernacle of the Covenant is to be understood the state of perfection. Where there is perfection of the soul, there is the habitation of God. As much as the soul approaches to perfection, so much the closer is it united with God; but this same tabernacle ought to have a court lying round about it (as the Tabernacle of Moses had). By the court understand the discipline of the body, by the tabernacle the discipline of the mind. Where exterior discipline is wanting, interior discipline is certainly not to be found. True discipline of the body is useless, certainly, without the discipline of the mind. The court lies in the open air and the discipline of the body is manifest to all. Those inside the tabernacle were not seen by those outside. And no one knows what the interior of man is, except the spirit of man which is within him. The condition of the interior man is divided into reasonable and intellectual. The reasonable state is understood by the exterior tabernacle, but the intellectual state by the interior tabernacle. We call that sense reasonable by which we discern ourselves and our affairs, here we call that intellectual by which we are raised up to the speculation of divine things.

A man goes out from the tabernacle into the court by the exercise of works. He enters into the first tabernacle when he returns into himself. By transcending himself discreetly he is raised to God. The man dwells in the first by consideration of himself, but in the second by the contemplation of God. In the court of the tabernacle was the altar of holocaust. In the first tabernacle were the candelabra, the table and the altar of incense. In the interior tabernacle was the ark of the covenant. By the exterior altar is signified affliction of the body; by the interior altar, contrition of soul. By the candelabra is meant the grace of discretion; by the table, the doctrines of Holy Writ. By the ark of the covenant understand the grace of contemplation.

On the exterior altar the flesh of the animals was burnt, and by afflicting the body the carnal desires of the body are annulled. In the lower altar the aromatic smoke was burnt to the Lord, and by contrition of heart the fire of celestial desires is kindled. The candlestick carries the light and discretion is the lantern of the interior man. On the table the food is placed with which the hungry are refreshed. But sacred reading is certainly the food of

souls. The ark is the hiding-place for the gold and silver, and the grace of contemplation contains the treasure of celestial wisdom.

And so good works belong to the exterior altar, studious meditation to the candelabra, sacred reading to the table, devout prayer to the interior altar, to the ark the contemplation of divine works. These are the five exercises in which the work of our justification is complete. Verily, is the ark said to be of sanctification, in which the consummation of our justification is prefigured. The exercise of good works belongs to the discipline of the exterior man. It is agreed that the rest belongs to the discipline of the interior man. They are in the tabernacle and hide in secret. Through the ark of the covenant, the grace of contemplation is to be understood, through which a certain pledge of love is conferred by God upon His lovers. Contemplation is a free perspicacity of mind, in looking into the things of wisdom with attentive admiration.

There are six kinds of contemplation, each distinct from the other. Two are concerned with visible creatures, two with invisible creatures, and the two last turn upon divine things. To those to whom only two kinds are given, they are said to have wings like an eagle. To those to whom four kinds happen to be given, four wings are said to be given to one and four wings to the other. Those who arrive at all kinds of contemplation receive as it were six wings. Therefore you may say of these, six wings are given to one and six to the other. But the four first are concerned with either visible or invisible created things, the two last concerning divine things. The first four are figured by the ark, the two others by the form of an angel. It seems to belong to the first kind of contemplation, to bring visible things into consideration and admiration. To the second kind, to bring to light the hidden causes of things and to hold the mind in admiration of them. In that we admire with exultation the magnitude, the multitude and the utility of visible things, in this we examine with admiration the reason of visible things. We look upon the beauty of visible things by imagination, we examine the causes of visible things by reasoning. The first kind of contemplation is distinguished by three degrees: the first in things, the second in works, the third in manners. The consideration of things is signified by the length of the ark, the consideration of works by the width of it, and the consideration of manners is signified by the height of the ark. Three things are much to be admired in the rational creature: subtlety of being, discerning of good and evil and free will. The free will of man is very well known. Daily we read these things in our hearts, but who I ask is able to see the substance of his own soul,

and by what sense? I can neither see thine nor thou mine. Nor is any one able to see his own. On this point as long as we live our knowledge cannot extend to a full cubit.

Those things which concern our propitiation are signified by the length and width of the ark, those which pertain to our glorification to its height. But who can understand these things and by what sense: for it is said, "the eye does not see, nor the ear hear nor has it entered into the heart of man." The two last kinds of contemplation turn on divine things as we have said. They look to that which is above reason, but nevertheless not beyond reason. Those things are above reason which exceed the manner of a man's capacity: nevertheless they are consonant with reason, although they are not able to be comprehended by him. In those things on which the last kind of contemplation is concerned, things contrary to reason are seen, and such things as with which no reason could agree, unless faith should direct her to them. This last kind of contemplation is expressed by an angelical form. It certainly behooves us to put on an angelical form, if we wish to fly to the contemplation of eternal and divine things. But this angelical form was commanded to be made ductile, and of gold (in the ark), therefore that it may be of gold the mind of the contemplator must be cleansed from all phantasies. It is made ductile by drawing out, and our cherubim are commanded to be ductile. Hence therefore it is manifest that we must acquire that kind of grace which is better for compunction than for investigation. The excellence of these contemplations is praised in that which is named the cherubim. For in this double contemplation we are promoted to the fullness of knowledge. For there is nothing to seek or find for the increase of knowledge beyond these. It was said above that we ascend by visible things to the contemplation of invisible things. So verily we are raised up through the knowledge of the invisible creature, to the contemplation of the natural mother of things. This is why the cherubim are commanded to turn their faces to the mercy-seat: this is why one is commanded to stand on one side, and the other on the other side. In this contemplation which is understood by the mercy-seat or the propitiary, much similitude of divine things, and much dissimilitude is found. For the spiritual creature is made to the image and likeness of God. One therefore of the cherubim before mentioned holds the side of likeness and the other of unlikeness. But the cherubim are commanded to spread their wings and cover the mercy-seat. What is an extension of wings unless a preparation for flying? This preparation of the mind is turned by flight into eternal things, and into

the shadow. Into the shadow, I say, from the heat of the day, and into a hiding place and a protection from the whirlwind and the rain. But the cherubim ought to turn their faces to the mercy-seat and from gazing upon the image of God, to be instructed more surely in the sublimer kinds of knowledge. The said cherubim ought to regard each other mutually, and to agree in all things asserted by each other. And both must beware that what one affirms the other does not contradict. Thus by one the assertion of the unity is made that the confession of the Trinity be not made void. And so in the other the confession of the Trinity is made that the assertion of the unity be not made void.

By the table of atonement we understand the doctrine of sacred learning. He who aspires to divine revelations let him listen to these comparisons. Rightly is the mercy-seat called an oracle, for thence divine answers are given. The Lord speaks above the mercy-seat or oracle, when He inspires the spirit with things above the measure of the man's knowledge. It is heard from the midst of the cherubim, because it is seen to agree in an equal manner with each. The covenant is placed in the ark near the Dominican precepts. For we are taught to do this in the highest things: firmly to retain in our innermost souls what we have learnt in prayer. The principal commandments of God are called the covenant or testimony, because they bear witness to the conscience of each. Secondly they give testimony to every one as to how much he loves His God. Concerning this highest grace of contemplation, I have spoken with brevity, for I shall discourse upon other things more widely.

By the table of proposition we understand the doctrine of sacred learning; on the table is placed the food that it may be consumed, for refreshment. There is bodily food and spiritual food. That is of the body, this of the spirit: worldly knowledge procures that, the Divine Scriptures this; rightly the divine food of souls is placed in Scripture, and thence it is deservedly called the table of proposition. But the state of human life was one thing under the hope of future redemption and it is right that it should be another (thing) under the faith of the redemption, now accomplished. The Old Testament deals with one, the New Testament with the other. The Holy Scriptures then deal sufficiently with both, hence it is said that the ark was two cubits long. Certainly both Testaments apply only to the care of souls. It is silent about the care of the body, and leaves worldly knowledge alone. It deals therefore with one and not with a double charge, thence it is said to be one cubit in width. But inasmuch as pertains to the manner of our reparation, it deals sufficiently with the state of this present life. It teaches

few things concerning the future: for its height is only a cubit and a half. The full cubit concerns the present state, the half-cubit pertains to the future.

The table of proposition is made of wood, it is overlaid with gold, it is surrounded with a ledge or lip, it is decorated with double crowns. Through the wooden-work we are to understand the historic sense, through the ledge is figured rhetoric, and through the double crown, allegory and mysticism. The table is made of setim wood, which is said to be exceedingly incorruptible. And so sacred history belongs to incorruptible wood, free as it is from all falsehood and foolishness. By the gilding of the table, understand the subtle and wise exposition of the same. It is to be noticed that the first work is gilded, but the other three are not gilded but golden. That which is between the wood and the gold is that which is between the historical and the mystical sense. In Holy Scripture history holds the first place. But the mystical intelligence is certainly divided into three parts. Rhetoric holds one place, allegory the middle, and mysticism the highest. Does not the heart hold highest that which concerns the highest and heavenly things? Allegory turns much upon the sacraments of our faith, and such are to be believed much more than they are to be understood. Rhetoric is concerned with those things which any one easily takes hold of, and understands and it raises them higher. Through the golden ledge or lip, then, I understand the mystical and moral intellect. Something great is signified by this figure of the lip. We know that all our words are formed by the lips. Therefore it is given to be understood that even our common speech ought to be formed by rhetoric. The crown was placed above a polished ledge, because allegory turns upon more subtle and sublimer things. Polished work is accustomed to have certain artificial and as it were hidden places, and who is surprised that allegory in a wonderful way is woven with history? For those things are inserted allegorically, which can scarcely be believed and are not able to be comprehended. The polished crown has its surface plain here, concave there, and perforated there. By the plain is meant those things which are according to reason: by the concave those which are above reason, and by the perforated those things which are contrary to reason. Rhetoric is one thing and far different is allegory. For what is rhetoric unless moral science, and what is allegory unless the mystical doctrines of mysteries? Virtuous customs are naturally written in the human heart. But no one presumes unless rashly to sound from his own sense the depths of mysteries. Hence the height of the crown is said to be only four finger lengths. What I ask are the Holy Gospels but the fingers of the right hand of the Most

High? Allegorical doctrine is formed to their measure, when it agrees with their sayings in all things.

Notice that the crown is ordered to be made with a ledge, because by the virtue of the sacraments the discipline of manners is made useful and capable of being observed. Through the crown, as was said, we understand the golden mystical doctrine. This doctrine concerns the highest things, hence its immense figure obtains the highest place. For what shall we say of mysticism, except that it is the mystical knowledge leading upwards to the highest heavenly things. The foreseeing of rewards hoped for looks by mysticism. The double eminence alone among all is crowned with gold, because Holy Scripture alone is used allegorically and mystically in a mystical sense. It is very much to be noticed that the holy doctors are always ready to give a reason to those asking, for the faith and hope that is in them.

ON THE GRACE OF CONTEMPLATION AS PREFIGURED IN THE ARK  
OF MOSES.

CHAPTER I.—A COMMENDATION OF CONTEMPLATION.

Many things have already been said concerning this grace, but many still remain which may with advantage be said. What the ark of Moses signified mystically in an allegorical sense, and in what way it pointed to Christ, was said by the doctors of the Church before us, and drawn out in the clearest way. Nor do we suspect ourselves of the temerity of incurring carelessness concerning the same, if we say something about this subject from a moral point of view. But that the studious drawing-out of this matter more fully may be sweetened to us, let us consider what that most excellent of the prophets felt concerning it, who calls it the ark of sanctification: "Rise up," he says, "O Lord, in Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy strength." (Ps. cxxxi.) Let us consider first why it is called the ark of sanctification. Moses teaches us that we are diligently to consider and to retain what this thing, which is called the ark of sanctification, may be, saying: "Be ye holy as I am holy." (Lev. xi.) If Moses is to be believed, we know that whosoever touched this ark should be sanctified. If it is thus everywhere, all people would seek to touch it, for the reward, if the virtue of sanctification went out from it. I think something precious is placed in this ark. I should like much to know what this ark may be, which is able to sanctify those coming to it, so that it can be called the ark of sanctification. But I do not doubt that it is wisdom which conquers malice. For I know that those who are healed from the beginning are healed through wisdom. And it is agreed that no

one is able to please God unless wisdom has been with him. But who doubts that it pertains to the sanctification of man, to be purged from all his impurity, and his mind cleansed from all malice and wickedness. It is purged through wisdom supervening strongly and conquering malice, and to be thus purged is as I judge to be sanctified.

No one will I think doubt that the ark was the chief and principal sanctuary, which the tabernacle of the covenant contained. Therefore in seeking what grace this sanctuary signifies, which is higher than all others, he easily discovers unless he doubts what was the better part which Mary (Magdalene) chose. And what was that better part unless to sit and see how sweet the Lord is? For Martha, as Scripture says, was troubled in serving, while Mary sat at His feet and listened to His words. And so she understood by hearing the highest wisdom of God hidden in the flesh, which she was not able to see with the eyes of the flesh, and in understanding she saw, and sitting in this way, and listening, she arrived at the contemplation of the highest truth. This is the chosen and perfect part which shall never be taken away: for the contemplation of truth is begun in this world, but in the future it is exercised continually for ever. O what a singular grace! O what a singular preference through which we are sanctified in the present and beatified in the future!

CHAPTER II.—WHICH MAY BE USEFUL TO THOSE ADVANCING IN THIS  
GRACE.

That ark which by David is called the ark of sanctification, by Moses is called the ark of the covenant. We know that precious things, such as gold and silver and precious stones, were accustomed to be placed in the ark. If we think of the treasures of wisdom and knowledge we shall find more quickly what may be the hidden-place of these treasures. For what does the ark signify in this case but the human intelligence? But the ark was made and decorated with gold by the divine command, that is when the human intelligence is moved by divine inspiration, and revelation to the grace of contemplation. But when in this life we arrive at this grace, what else do we receive than certain pledges of its future fullness, when we shall inherit perpetually eternal contemplation? And so we receive this grace as a pledge of the divine promise, as it were a token of divine love, like the bond of the covenant, and a sign of mutual love. Dost thou now not see how rightly this is called the ark of the covenant of the Lord, in which and through which such a grace is typified? But he who like Jacob would arrive at the

embrace of the Lord, must like him serve seven years, that he may learn to desist not only from evil works, but also from vain and wandering thoughts. There are many who know how to be idle in body, but do not in the least know how to be free in heart, and those who being at rest in the body are wandering about everywhere in heart, never deserve to see how sweet the Lord is, how good is the God of Israel to those who are of a right heart. Moses, in many places of his Scriptures, deals with this grace in figurative language, but here it is distinguished more fully, in a mystical description, where it is divided into different kinds.

CHAPTER III.—IN WHAT WAY CONTEMPLATION DIFFERS FROM MEDITATION AND THOUGHT.

Know then that we look upon the same matter in one way by thought; we examine it in another way by meditation, and we wonder at it in another way by contemplation. These three things differ from each other in manner, although they agree in matter. Inasmuch as thought deals with the same subject in one way, meditation in another and contemplation far otherwise. Thought wanders hither and thither in devious ways, with a slow foot, without regard to arriving. Meditation struggles through rough and hard ways, often with great labor and industry of mind to its appointed goal. Contemplation carries away the soul with wonderful agility, wherever the force bears her in a free flight. Thought creeps, meditation walks, and at most runs. But contemplation flies round all things and when it wishes flings itself into the highest. Thought is without labor and fruit; meditation is labor with fruit. Contemplation remains with fruit without labor. In thought there is wandering, in meditation investigation, in contemplation admiration. Thought is from the imagination meditation from the reason, and contemplation from the intelligence. Behold these three things—imagination, reason, intelligence. Intelligence obtains the highest place, imagination the lowest, reason the middle place. All things which the reason and the imagination do (and many other things which they do not) understand, are comprehended by the intelligence. See then how wide is the radius of contemplation, how far she extends who illuminates everything. Thought always passes from one thing to another by a wandering movement, meditation applies itself to one thing perseveringly, but contemplation spreads itself to innumerable things, under one radius of vision. And so through the intelligence, the path of the mind is extended into immensity, and the apprehension of the contemplating mind is shapened, that it may be capable of under-

standing many things and clear to penetrate subtle things. For contemplation is never able to exist without a certain vivacity of intelligence.

Often the mind of one contemplating is enlarged to the deepest things, often it is raised to the highest, often it is sharpened to inscrutable things, often it is snatched with a wonderful agility almost without delay, through innumerable things; all this it cannot be doubted is done by a certain power of the intelligence. Contemplation is always in things, either manifest through their own nature, or known familiarly through study, or made clear by divine revelation.

#### CHAPTER IV.—DEFINITION OF CONTEMPLATION, MEDITATION AND THOUGHT.

The chief theologian of our time has defined contemplation in these words: Contemplation is a free or uncontrolled quickness of mind in looking at the things of wisdom with suspended admiration. Meditation is the studious effort of the mind fixed upon something to be diligently investigated: or thus, meditation is a careful searching of the mind diligently occupied in inquiring for the truth, but thought is a careless consideration of the mind prone to wandering. So these three have a common, and as it were substantial aspect. For it is as common to contemplation as to meditation to be occupied about useful things, and to be employed assiduously in very deep studies of wisdom and knowledge. But in this they differ exceedingly from thought, which is accustomed to relax almost every moment on frivolous and silly things, and to pour itself without discretion on all things or to fall down headlong. But it is common to contemplation and to thought by a certain uncontrolled movement, and according to a spontaneous will to be carried hither and thither, and by no obstacle of difficulty to be hindered from the force of its discursion. But they differ exceedingly in this way from meditation, whose work is always a labor of industry, whether it be to understand some arduous difficulty of the mind, or to break into abstruse matters or to penetrate hidden things. Nevertheless, in such a wandering of our thoughts, it often happens that the mind meets something which it earnestly sought after and insisted upon.

But when the mind struggles to satisfy its desire in this kind of inquiry, the manner of thought goes beyond thinking, and thought passes into meditation. Something of the same kind sometimes happens to meditation. For the mind is accustomed to receive with avidity any truth long sought after and at length

found, to admire it with exultation and to remain a long time in admiration of it. And this is when meditation exceeds meditation and passes into contemplation. But it is peculiar to contemplation to abide with admiration in the earnest beholding of that which causes this exultation. And in this it differs as much from meditation as from thought. For thought, as we have just said, is always diverted hither and thither by an incessant wandering, but meditation always advances to higher things with a set purpose.

CHAPTER V.—CONCERNING THE MANIFOLD MODES OF CONTEMPLATION.

But when that clear ray of contemplation always remains, from the greatness of its admiration, suspended over something, it does not always act uniformly in one manner. For that vivacity of the intelligence of the soul of the contemplative sometimes goes and returns with wonderful agility, sometimes bends itself as it were in a circle, sometimes collects itself together as it were in one and fixes itself immovably. If we desire to understand this clearly we see something like it daily in the flight of birds. For we see some now lift themselves higher, now plunge lower, and often repeat the mode of these ascents and descents. Now we see some diverted to the right hand, now to the left, now passing a little in front on this side or that side, or scarcely moving at all in advance, and in many instances repeating these changes of their movements. Then with great velocity some will extend themselves in front. Presently with the same speed they will retire behind and repeat these movements, often and with frequency continue and protract these excursions and returnings for a long time.

You may if you will see some bend themselves as it were in a circle, or as suddenly or as often repeat these same or similar movements, now in a wider, now in a little narrower circle, and always return into the same. Or you may see some with tremulous and often reverberating wings suspend themselves for a long time in one and the same place and fix themselves as it were immovably in a movable agitation, and with much and long lingering in the place of their suspension, do not recede at all, and in the execution of the work and its earnestness they seem altogether to exclaim and say: "It is good for us to be here." (Luc. iv.) Truly, the flight of our contemplation is varied in many ways like this example, of a similar kind just set before us, and it is composed in a different way for a variety of persons and of subjects. Now from the lower to the higher, now from the higher to the lower,

it ascends and descends, and now from part to the whole, now from the whole to part of its consideration, it flies with its agility, and it draws its argument to that which it behooves to be known, now from the greater, now from the lesser. But it is diverted sometimes to this, sometimes to the opposite side, and elicits the knowledge of contraries from the knowing of contraries, and is accustomed to vary the execution of its reasoning, in a different way from that of its opposers. Sometimes it runs in front, and sometimes it goes back suddenly; it discovers the mode or quality of a thing sometimes from its effects, sometimes from its causes and sometimes from its antecedents or its consequences.

But when our steadfast gazing is led as it were into a circle, while the universals of everything that may be are considered with many, until to the one thing to be determined, now by similar things, now by things they possess or which happen to them in common, the reason is drawn and assigned. But then the fixing of our consideration on one and the same place remains as it were immovable, when in whatever the thing may be, either in looking into or admiring, the intention of the contemplator dwells uncontrolled. But lest our words should seem redolent of human philosophy, or to depart from the plain tenor of the simplicity of Catholic doctrine, let us say perhaps more conveniently, that to ascend and descend, to go and return, to turn now hither, now thither, sometimes to go round in a circle, or at length it may be nothing else than to remain in one, with the greatest agility, sometimes to pass in mind from things that are unlike to the different kinds of merits and rewards, sometimes to look into the circumstances or the subsistence of anything, with curious consideration, or sometimes in the novelty of any thing contemplated, to satiate the admiration of the soul with the novelty.

Now you see, as we said above, in what manner the time of our contemplation is always suspended or protracted round something, while the mind of the contemplative dwells uncontrolled upon the subject of its delight, while it studies always to go back into itself or to remain immovable longer in the same. Listen to what is said of this kind of contemplation by the prophet Ezekiel: "And the living creature ran and returned like flashes of lightning." (Ezech. i., 14.) He whose mind is rapt in diverse ways, and as it were running about now on this side, now on that with a wonderful agility, is moved in contrary directions, is described in the Book of Wisdom: "The just shall shine, and like sparks shall run about the reeds." He who goes as it were up and down, the psalmist expresses in a few words: "They go up to heaven and go down

into the abyss." (Ps. cvi.) To the kind of contemplation which is led as it were in a circle, thou art admonished by that prophetic voice which says: "Lift up thine eyes round about and look." (Isai. lxi.) But the ray of contemplation is fixed in one place as it were immovably when, as Habacuc experienced in himself (Habac. iii.), "The sun and the moon stood in their habitation." Behold now we have taught by determining and defining what contemplation is. It remains that we should divide it into species, and we shall see in the following pages what the kinds of contemplation are.

CHAPTER VI.—THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF CONTEMPLATION.

There are six kinds of contemplation divided entirely from each other and within themselves. The first is in the imagination and according to the imagination only. The second is in the imagination according to reason. The third is in the reason according to the imagination. The fourth is in the reason and according to reason. The fifth is above, but not beyond reason. The sixth is above reason and seems to be beyond reason. And so two are in the imagination, two in the reason and two in the intelligence.

Our contemplation without doubt is exercised in the imagination when it is led into consideration by the form of these visible things and by an image, when motionless we give our attention, and attending admire those bodily things which we take in by a corporeal sense, noting how great, how numerous, how different, how beautiful or how joyful they may be, and in all these created things we venerate in admiring, and admire in venerating, the power, the wisdom and the munificence of their Creator. But then our contemplation is exercised in the imagination, and is formed according to the imagination alone, when we seek nothing by argument nor investigate anything by reasoning, but our uncontrolled mind runs hither and thither, whither the admiration snatches it, in this kind of steadfast beholding.

The second kind of contemplation remains indeed in the imagination; nevertheless, it is formed and proceeds according to reason, which is done when we turn to those things which are in the imagination, and which we just said belong to the first kind of contemplation, we seek and find the reason and are led with admiration in their consideration to finding and knowing. And so in the first we examine diligently these things, in this we examine, we behold steadfastly, we admire the reason of them, the order, disposition and cause of each, its mode and utility.

We said that the third kind of contemplation was formed in the

reason according to the imagination. But truly we use this kind of contemplation when through the similitude of visible things we are raised up to gazing upon invisible things. But this beholding remains in the reason, because it stops by intention and investigation in those things only which go forth from the imagination, it applies itself to invisible things only, and especially it understands these only by the reason. But it is said to be formed according to the imagination, because in this contemplation a likeness is drawn from the image of visible things whereby the mind is helped in the investigation of invisible things. The fourth kind of contemplation is what is formed in the reason according to the reason: and this is made thus, the matter of it being removed from the imagination, the mind tends to those things only which the imagination does not know, and which it gathers together from the reason or comprehends through the reason. We rest in this kind of contemplation when we know our invisible things by experience, and are led to the consideration of them and take them in through the intelligence: and from their contemplation we ascend to celestial thoughts and to the supreme contemplation of intellectual good things. But this kind of contemplation is rightly said to remain in the reason, because these same invisible things are comprehended by our reason, and do not in the least go above reason.

The fifth kind of contemplation we said was above reason, but nevertheless not beyond reason. In this kind of contemplation we ascend by an elevation of the mind when we know these things by divine revelation, which no human reason can fully comprehend, and which none of our reasoning is sufficient to investigate fully. Such are those things which we believe concerning the nature of the Divinity, and its simple Essence and which we prove by the authority of the Holy Scriptures. Therefore our contemplation now truly ascends above reason, when the soul discovers through the elevation of the mind what the measure of human capacity transcends.

The sixth kind of contemplation is said to be exercised in those things which are above reason, but seem to be beyond or even contrary to reason. In this highest and most worthy kind of contemplation the soul now truly exults and revels, when by a ray of divine light she knows and considers those things which human reason gainsays. Such are almost all those things which we are commanded to believe concerning the Persons of the Holy Trinity. Concerning which when the human reason is consulted it seems to do nothing else but disagree.

CHAPTER VII.—THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE COMMON TO ALL.

And so two of these kinds of contemplation remain in the imagination, because they reach only to sensible things. Two remain in the reason because they rest only in intelligible things. And two remain in the intellect because they concern only intellectual things. I call those sensible things which are as it were visible and perceptible by the bodily senses. I call those things intelligible which are invisible but comprehensible by the reason. In this place I call those things capable of being understood by the intellect invisible which are incomprehensible by the human reason. Therefore from these six kinds of contemplation, the four lower are exercised mostly upon created things, but the two highest in uncreated and divine things.

Again, of these four, the two higher are exercised upon invisible things. But the two lower concern visible and corporeal things. For the two lower undoubtedly are concerned with visible and created things. But the two highest are exercised greatly on invisible and uncreated things. The two middle kinds are concerned mostly with invisible and created things. Especially I would say therefore, that among invisible, created things, there are certain things which are in no wise able to be comprehended by the human reason, and among these are a number of things able to be understood by the intellect, which show themselves to belong rather to the two highest kinds of contemplation.

CHAPTER VIII.—OF THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE PROPER TO EACH.

It is proper to the first kind of contemplation to stay simply and without any reasoning in the admiration of visible things. It is proper to the second to fix upon the reason of visible things by reasoning. It is proper to the third to ascend from visible to invisible things by reasoning. It is proper to the fourth to infer invisible things from invisible by reasoning, and through the understanding of proved things to proceed to the knowledge of unknown things. It is proper to the fifth to admit reason in the understanding of intellectual things. It is proper to the sixth in the understanding of intellectual things, to transcend all human reasoning, and as it were to tread upon it. In the first kind the imagination holds the lowest and a solitary place. In the second kind the reason descends to the lowest. In the third the imagination ascends to the highest. In the fourth the intellect descends to the lowest. In the fifth the reason ascends to the highest. In the sixth the intellect holds a solitary and the highest place.

CHAPTER IX.—IN WHAT WAY THESE KINDS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO MIX  
WITH EACH OTHER.

It is to be noted that as the last two kinds of contemplation ascend above reason, so the two middle ones ascend above the imagination. And as the sublimer of the two last is accustomed to admit almost no human reason, so the sublimer of the middle kinds ought to exclude from itself all imagination. And as that lower of the two last and highest is exercised above reason, but not beyond reason, so that lower of the two middle kinds ascends above the imagination, but nevertheless does not go beyond the imagination. Again as the two middle kinds descend below the pure and simple intelligence, so the two first and lowest kinds descend below reasoning. By the simple intelligence I mean that which is without any influence of the imagination. But as that sublimer of the two middle kinds descends below the simple intelligence, nevertheless it does not remain below it, because it comprehends some things of those in which it is exercised with the simple intelligence, and some it infers by reasoning; so that sublimer of the two lower seems to descend below reasoning, but not to remain below it, because it is accustomed to represent some things by the imagination, and to infer some things by reasoning. Some are accustomed to mix up these kinds of contemplation, which we have distinguished, with each other, and by mixing to confuse that special mode which we have assigned to them. But it was our part in this place to teach the doctrine of what is special to each kind, and to show what they have in common or what is similar in each.

CHAPTER X.—THAT THE PERFECT ONLY SCARCELY ARRIVE AT THE SIX  
KINDS OF CONTEMPLATION.

It is important that he who would reach the highest point of this science should know the six kinds of contemplation familiarly. By these six wings of contemplation we are suspended from earthly things and raised up to heavenly. Thou mayst not doubt thyself to be near perfect, if up to the present thou art not worthy of some of them. It certainly goes well with me and with those like me, if only one or if one out of three pairs of wings is given. "Who will give me wings like a dove that I may flee away and be at rest?" (Ps. xlv.) Nevertheless I know that in two of these first sort of wings it is not given to fly away from earthly to heavenly things and to seek or to penetrate into those inaccessible things of heaven. For as it was just said above, in those six kinds of contemplation,

all consideration of the first two is occupied with earthly and corporeal things and not at all with invisible things.

Although therefore with these two first wings of contemplation we sometimes have sublime and subtle flights above these earthly things, we ought not to be content if we reach to those things only in which we see earthly philosophers to excel. Thou art proved to be a terrestrial and not a heavenly being as long as thou art content to fly with only two wings. Thou hast these wherewith to veil thy body, thou art able to fly with them. Certainly if thou art still an earthly being, if still thy body is concerned with daily earthly things, and in such as the Apostle describes and commands to mortify, it will certainly be good, to have ready that wherewith when thou wishest, thou art able to veil thy body and to hide it from the eyes of thy memory: "mortify," he says, "thy members, which are upon the earth, fornication, impurity, etc." (Closs. iii.)

But what does this veiling of the body under those wings called contemplation mean except to govern the desire of worldly things by the consideration of their changeableness, nay rather to forget them? You are pondering, as I judge, how much this covering and shadowing of the wings avails. When you wish to do so, you are able to fly with them. Verily it is good to fly well and get as far away from this world as you can. Well do they fly with these wings who consider daily the inconstancy of worldly changes and by diligent withdrawal alienate themselves from the ambition of them. Therefore although you may not be able with these double wings to fly to celestial things, nevertheless perchance you will be able to find a safe and quiet haven of rest in their flight. Labor with them as much as you are able, strive after the furthest parts of the sea: "If I should take my wings early in the morning and dwell in the furthest parts of the sea." (Ps. cxxxviii.) The uttermost parts of the sea, that is the end of the world and to every one the end of his own life. And so to arrive at the uttermost parts of the sea is to wait with desire for the end of the world, and to long to depart from this life. He has now reached the uttermost parts of the sea, as I judge, who has been able to say truly, "I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ." (Phill. i.)

I think you will not have received these two wings of contemplation in vain if you have been able to fly to here. Nevertheless it ought not to be sufficient to you to have received these two wings, but that you may prove yourself to be a celestial being study and take great care to have two pairs, and then you will have effectually wherewith you are able to fly to celestial things. Those four animals had truly four wings, and showed themselves

to be celestial and not terrestrial beings whom the prophet Ezekiel saw and described in his vision, saying: "Every one had four faces and every one had four wings." (Ezek. i.) But with two as you read there, they veiled their bodies and with the two other doubtless they flew. And thus when you now begin to fly with four wings you may have considered yourself to be a celestial being, and now to wear a celestial body, nevertheless study to veil it under these said wings. For there are celestial bodies and terrestrial bodies, and some have the glory of the celestials and some have the glory of the terrestrial. "Some have the brightness of the sun and some have the brightness of the moon, and one star differs from another star in glory." (Cor. I., xv.)

If therefore thy whole body should be light, having no part of it in darkness, it would nevertheless be well for you to hide it from the eyes of human arrogance, and in the uncertainty of human changeableness to moderate the light of self-estimation, for "Man knoweth not his own end, but as fishes are taken with the hook, and as birds are caught with the snare, so men are taken in the evil time, when it shall suddenly come upon them." And so it is good for man to hide his own goodness and not to presume at all upon his merits, and to keep himself always in humility. With the first pair of wings, therefore, a man veils his body; with the second pair he flies to heaven. For why do not those two middle kinds of contemplation raise a man to celestial and invisible things, which, as was said, have to do with invisible things only? "For our conversation is in heaven" (Phill. iii.) Nevertheless if thou preparest continually to penetrate to the third heaven with the Apostle (II. Cor. xii) never mayest thou presume to do that with two pairs of wings. For it behooves him without doubt to have all these six wings named higher of contemplation, who desires and seeks to fly to the secret and hidden things of the Divinity in the third heaven. So the perfect only are scarcely able to have these six wings of contemplation in this life. In the future life all the elect among men as much as the angels will have these six wings; so that of both natures it is able truly to be said that one had six wings and the other had six wings.

#### CHAPTER XI.—IN WHAT WAY THE FOUR FIRST KINDS OF CONTEMPLATION ARE DESCRIBED MYSTICALLY.

And so these six kinds of contemplation, as it seems to me, Moses treats under a mystical description when he instituted that material but truly mystical ark, to be made according to the Divine command. And so the first kind is pointed out in the fab-

rication of the ark, the second in its decoration, the third in the crown of the ark and the fourth we understand through the propitiatory. Through the two Cherubim, the fifth and the sixth. But if we look at the figure about to be made and the material in those six works of the hands, we see only the first is made of wood; all the others consist of gold. Thus truly we take in through the bodily senses all those things in which the first kind of contemplation consists, and when we wish we represent them through the imagination. But all the other things from which the other kinds of contemplation are woven we collect by reasoning or we understand them through the simple intelligence. Think, therefore, what may be signified in comparison of the wood with the gold, and perchance you will find how conveniently this kind is represented by the wood and that kind is figured by the gold. In the wood indeed are those things which are subject to the imagination, by the gold are represented those things which belong to the intellect. Gold shines by itself with a great brightness, wood has in itself no brightness except what kindles fire and nourishes the ministering flame of the light. Thus truly the imagination has no light of prudence in itself nor anything excellent, except that which excites the reason in discretion and is accustomed to direct to the investigation of knowledge. But rightly that second kind of contemplation, in which the reason of visible things is sought, is figured by the gilding of the wood. For what else is the reason assigned to visible and imaginable things than, as I say, the gilding of the wood? Rightly, nevertheless, the crown of the ark is able to represent by a mystical interpretation the third kind of contemplation, in which we are accustomed to ascend through visible to invisible things and to rise up to the knowledge of them by the guidance of the imagination. For the crown is fixed at the top of the ark to the wood, but it oversteps the wood by stretching out. Thus that kind of contemplation which is exercised in the reason according to the imagination depends upon the imagination, while it draws the reason out of the likeness of imaginable things and erects as it were a ladder by which it is possible to ascend to the beholding of invisible things.

But the propitiatorium on every side and in all respects is placed above the wood, and therefore that kind of contemplation is very conveniently figured by it, which exceeding all imagination is exercised in the reason according to the reason. And as the propitiatory (inasmuch as it is a cover of the ark) never comes down below the wood nor permits itself to be fixed to the wood, so this contemplation overstepping all imagination, and not consenting to have

anything to do with it, looks at invisible things only and strains after invisible things only.

CHAPTER XII.—IN WHAT WAY THE TWO LAST KINDS OF CONTEMPLATION ARE DESCRIBED MYSTICALLY.

But the two last kinds of contemplation are expressed by an angelical figure. And rightly indeed that feature of the work had not a human but an angelical form, which it behooved to represent those kinds of contemplation through a similitude, the matter of which exceeds all human reason. It is discreetly to be noticed that those aforesaid four kinds are in a certain way joined in one. But these two last kinds are separate and placed by themselves. But in those first four kinds of contemplation we grow daily by our own industry, yet with the Divine help, and we proceed from one into the other. But in these two last kinds all depends upon grace, and they are altogether far off and exceedingly remote from all human industry, except the manner of the angelical likeness to himself. And perhaps not without cause this last creature of the work and angelical figure receives the name of the cherubim, perchance from him who without an increase of this supreme grace is not able to reach to the fullness of knowledge. But because of the two cherubim, one is said to stand on one side and the other on the other side, so one is understood to stand on the right hand and the other on the left. Observe, I beseech you, how aptly these are placed opposite to each other, and they are appointed to be opposite each other as it were in a figure of those things which consent to reason and of those things which are seen to be opposed to reason.

But perhaps some one will inquire what it behooves us to understand in each specially. See, therefore, whether in that cherubim who stands on the right hand, that kind of contemplation ought not to be understood which is above reason yet not beyond reason. But in that which is on the left hand, that kind which is above reason and is seen to be beyond reason. For we know that the left hand is often kept under the clothing and the right hand more frequently brought forth into the open. Thence and rightly hidden things are signified by the left and more manifest things are understood by the right hand. But the manifest things are agreeable to reason and the more hidden are contrary to reason. Therefore the fifth kind of contemplation is rightly understood by the cherubim on the right hand; and none the less the sixth is to be understood by the one on the left hand. And perhaps these things which have now been said concerning the ark of Moses and the grace of contemplation will suffice to the more learned souls. But

because we are careless and speak to the careless we ought not to be lazy ourselves, on account of the more lazy it may be useful and perhaps for some necessary to repeat in a supplement some of these things, and in working in the same material to add something still to it. And so let us deal with the manner of the contemplating and the order of the contemplations, for we cannot see in passing a work of such great delight nor the spectacle of such great admiration. We have added these things that we have now said in a compendium for the busy, but we explain further in repeating the same for the benefit of the leisurely, at the same time warning both beforehand, we shall detain those who would go too quickly and urge the curious explorers of novelties against this prayer.

Translated from the Latin by DARLEY DALE.

Stroud, England.

## BROWNING'S BOTANY AND FLORAL MONUMENTS.

ALTHOUGH Robert Browning was first of all a dramatic poet, with humanity always the current, if not the whole stream of his thought, and although he wrote not a single flower poem, nevertheless one finds scattered all through his works lines which show him to be a devoted and discriminating botanist. He mentions by name nearly two hundred different specimens, incidentally or with a particular purpose, and this list contains some few plants almost wholly neglected by other poets. The "martagon," or Turk's-cap lily, so lovingly welcomed by Pippa, is the only poetical reference to this particular species which I have ever found:

"Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?  
New-blown and ruddy as St. Agnes' nipple!  
Plump as the flesh-bunch on some Turkbird's poll!  
Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the ripple  
Of ocean, bud there—fairies watch unroll  
Such turban-flowers! I say, such lamps disperse  
Thick red flame through that dusk-green universe."

And in "May and Death" he devotes one stanza to the persicary, which no other poet has ever mentioned, to my knowledge:

"Only one little sight, one plant,  
Woods have in May, that starts up green  
Save a sole streak, which, so to speak,  
Is spring's blood spilt its leaves between."

He excels in touches of intimate description which reveal a keen and discriminating observation. He tells us of "the *swinging* campanula bell which betrays the toiling bee within"; "galingale and watermint *out-smoothed* by the rippling streamlet"; "the *labyrinthine* bud of the rose"; "a peach curved *beewise* o'er its bough"; "woolly leaf-buds on the vine"; "the grape-bunch with the rain-water *slipping* o'er the *heavy* blue bloom on each globe"; "the white skin of each grape on the bunches *net-worked* with brown by the long, hot, dry autumn and marked *like a quail's crown*"; "the pom-pion-vine coating the cave-top *as a brow its eye*"; "*silken* barley-stalks sullied and bore earthwards by the rain"; "figs, rathe-ripe, rotten-rich, sweet-sour, *all tastes to take*"; "dark rosemary *ever a-dying*"; "the fig-leaf *like a hand* with five fingers"; and

"Cowslips, abundant birth,  
O'er meadow and hillside, vineyard, too,  
Like a schoolboy's scrawlings in and out  
Distasteful lesson-book."

Often, too, he uses personification to strengthen the picture. There are "pine trees that *go up* the mountainside, row after row, like black priests, and *down* the other side again"; "withered wall-flowers *waving from the tower-top* like an elvish group with thin bleached hair that *lean out* of their topmost fortresses"; "the patching houseleek's head of blossoms that *winks* through the chinks of the dilapidated roof"; "small ferns that *fit their teeth* to the polished rocks"; "a *palsied* oak with a cleft like a *distorted mouth*"; "*frolic* myrtle trees and *grave* maple stocks"; "pansies, eyes that laugh, and violets, eyes that dream"; "a cypress that *points* like death's lean, uplifted finger"; and "a little river

"So petty yet so spiteful! All along,  
 Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it;  
 Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit  
 Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:  
 The river, which had done them all the wrong,  
 Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit."

His descriptions are impressionistic rather than detailed, and yet they always seem complete. They are boldly sketched in with a few all-sufficient words, and they contain the sudden glow, splash or flicker of color a painter would dash into his work. Indeed, Browning's love of color cannot be overlooked. "Sometimes," says Ruskin, "it is not color, it is conflagration." He has painted for us "the poppy's red effrontery"; "poppies red to blackness"; "rich dates yellowed o'er with gold dust"; "the centre spike of gold burning deep in the bluebell"; "pines begirt with ropes of snow"; "sanguine-hearted pomegranate blooms"; "green-fleshed melons"; "a weed whose one small orange cup amasses five green beetles"; "a mossy pillow blue with violets"; a "bruised black-blooded mulberry"; the "hyacinth's staff of honey-colored buds"; "pink leaflets budding on the beech"; "larches, scattered through the pine-tree solitudes, brightening"; the "first-larch bloom crisp and pink"; a "cornfield side a-flutter with poppies"; "a field, scalloped-striped with bands of beet and turnip and luzern, limited only by each color's end"; "the ash so proud to wear its berries"; and

"Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,  
 The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell  
 Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell."

A striking example of his love of color is found in this stanza, where rich black is added to dazzling gold and green;

"Fancy the Pampas' sheen!  
 Miles and miles of gold and green

Where the sunflowers blow  
 In a solid glow.  
 And, to break now and then the screen,  
 Black neck and eyeballs keen,  
 Up a wild horse leaps between!"

Then, too, there is that prefatory lyric to "The Two Poets of Croisic," beginning:

"Such a starved bank of moss  
 Till, that May-morn,  
 Blue ran the flash across:  
 Violets were born."

"By the Fireside" is a revel of autumnal glow and sparkle: the eye leaping from one object to another in pell-mell haste:

"Oh, the sense of the yellow mountain-flowers,  
 And the thorny balls, each three in one,  
 The chestnuts throw on our path in showers!  
 For the drop of the woodland fruit's begun  
 These early November hours,  
 "That crimson the creeper's leaf across  
 Like a splash of blood, intense, abrupt,  
 O'er a shield else gold from rim to boss,  
 And lay it for show on the fairy-cupped,  
 Elf-needed mat of moss,  
 "By the rose-flesh mushrooms, undivulged  
 Last evening—nay, in to-day's first dew  
 Yon sudden coral nipple bulged,  
 Where a freaked fawn-colored crew  
 Of toad-stools peep indulged."

He speaks, too, of the "love-apple lying pulpy and red on its bed of orchard's black mould"; of "gourds fried in great purple slices"; of the "prickly-pear's red flesh that leaves through its juice the stony black seeds on one's pearl-teeth"; of "pomegranates, red-ripe and chapping and splitting in halves on the tree," and of this wayside feast too tempting to be resisted:

"Last eve I rode over the mountains;  
 Your brother, my guide,  
 Soon left me, to feast on the myrtles  
 That offered, each side,  
 Their fruit-balls, black, glossy and luscious—  
 Or strip from the sorbs  
 A treasure; or, rosy and wondrous,  
 Those hairy, gold orbs!"

Browning not only had the soul of a poet, but the eye of a painter—an Oriental painter. His delight in spring finds expression in many of his lines. His first reference to Nature is in the second stanza of his first poem, "Pauline," and it is a spring scene:

"Thou wilt remember one warm morn when winter  
Crept aged from the earth, and spring's first breath  
Blew soft from the moist hills; the blackthorn boughs,  
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening  
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,  
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks  
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes."

Fifty-seven years later, in one of his last poems, Browning is still writing of the season he always seems to love best, "when shy buds venture out." Still another lovely, fragrant spring scene is given in "Sordello":

"'Twas a sunrise of blossoming and May.  
Beneath a flowering laurel thicket lay  
Sordello; each new sprinkle of white stars  
That smell fainter of wine than Massic jars  
Dug up at Baiæ, when the south wind shed  
The ripest, made him happier."

Although Browning's beauty-loving, romantic nature was in character Italian rather than English, in "Home Thoughts" he records an outburst of homesick longing for the spring freshness of the colder climes, which, for the moment, all the perennial beauty of Italy could not excel:

"All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower."

Another spring scene, and that a Maytime one, is found in "Tl Inn Album," where an English elm in full beauty is prominent the foreground:

"the great elm in the open, posed  
Placidly full in front, smooth bole, broad branch,  
And leafage, one green plenitude of May.  
\* \* \* exceeding beauty, bosomful  
Of lights and shades, murmurs and silences,  
Sun-warmth, dew-coolness—squirrel, bee and bird,  
High, higher, highest, till the blue proclaims  
'Leave earth, there's nothing better till next step  
Heavenward.'"

"With Gerard de Lairese" closes in a lyric, half-sad, half-joyful, on the tulip:

"Dance, yellows and whites and reds—  
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads,  
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!

"There's sunshine; scarcely a wind at all  
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small,  
On a certain mound by the churchyard wall.

"Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows  
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows;  
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows."

Not all Browning's pictures are of blossom-time, however; he has also painted autumn sketches full of color and far from gloomy. Perhaps his feeling for this season is best expressed in the words of Paracelsus:

"Nay, autumn wins you best by this, its mute  
Appeal to sympathy for its decay;  
Look up, sweet Michal, nor esteem the less  
Your stained and drooping vines their grapes bow down,  
Nor blame those creaking trees bent with their fruit,  
That apple-tree with a rare after-birth  
Of peeping blooms sprinkled its wealth among."

Browning loved to walk, far into the night, along tree-shaded paths, and perhaps it was in such strolls that he saw scenes similar to these:

"The moon came out: like features on a face,  
A querulous fraternity of pines,  
Sad blackthorn clumps, leafless and groveling vines,  
Also came out, made gradually up  
The picture";—"Sordello."

"The village elm  
That holds the moon."—"Sordello."

"that tree with the thick top  
That holds in all its leafy green and gold  
The sun now like an immense egg of fire—  
(It was a million-leaved mimosa)."

—"The Ring and the Book."

And in some daylight ramble he might have enjoyed the revelation he credits to another :

“As German Boehme never cared for plants  
Until it happed, a-walking in the fields  
He noticed all at once that plants could speak,  
Nay, turned with loosened tongue to talk with him,  
That day the daisy had an eye indeed—  
Colloquized with the cowslip on such themes!”  
—“Transcendentalism.”

His favorite bit of scenery is pools and such sheltered spots of beauty. In “Pauline” he likens Shelley’s lonely and withdrawn character to a quiet spring “scarce worth a moth’s flitting, which long grasses cross and one small tree embowers lovingly.” Then there is a woodland stream which trees bend over as “wild men watch a sleeping girl,” and which tall rushes and thick flag-knots have combined to narrow. He dislikes the Mayne because it

“Bears not on its shaven ledge  
Aught but weeds and waving grasses  
To view the river as it passes,  
Save here and there a scanty patch  
Of primroses too faint to catch  
A weary bee.”

Best of all is that picture he paints for “Gerard de Lairese,” with its afterthought of color to make it complete, a scene ready for some artist’s brush and canvas :

“Deep in the hollow, rather, where combine  
Tree, shrub and brier to roof with shade and cool  
The remnant of some lily-strangled pool  
Edged round with mossy fringing soft and fine.  
Smooth lie the bottom slabs, and overhead  
Watch elder, bramble, rose and service-tree,  
And one beneficent rich barberry  
Jewelled all over with fruit-pendants red.”

For purposes of illustration, Browning has made good use of the vegetable kingdom. For instance, law is likened to an impartial mother in whose care

“the children light come and prompt go,  
This, with a red-cheeked apple for reward,  
The other, peradventure, red-cheeked too,  
I’ the rear, by taste of birch for punishment.”

Solomon draws a lesson from the cedar and the hyssop:

"Aspire to the Best! but which? There are Bests and Bests to man  
With a habitat each for each, earth's Best as much Best as any!  
On Lebanon's roots the cedar—soil lofty, yet stony and sandy—  
While hyssop, of worth in its way, on the wall grows low and  
handy."

Rudel, to the Countess of Tripoli, compares himself to the faithful  
sunflower, whose over-fidelity has worked to its own detriment:

"A Flower I know,  
(The Sun) cannot have perceived, that changes ever  
At his approach; and in the lost endeavor  
To live his life, has parted, one by one,  
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace  
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,  
With ray-like florets round a disk-like face,  
Men call the Flower the Sunflower, sportively."

Paracelsus, in expressing his failure to attain the highest ranges  
of knowledge, says:

"I hate no longer  
The host of petty vile delights, undreamed of  
Or spurned before; such as now supply the place  
Of my dead aims; as in the autumn woods  
Where tall trees used to flourish, from their roots  
Springs up a fungus brood sickly and pale,  
Chill mushrooms colored like a corpse's cheek."

In physical descriptions, he draws such parallels as: "apple-  
shaped head"; "quince-tint cheek"; "small face buoyant as the  
bellflower on its bed"; "mouth of geranium red"; "cheeks red as  
tomatoes"; "eyes dark and humid like the depth of lustre hid in  
the blubell"; "tresses sunnier than the wild-grape cluster"; "mouth  
split red-fig-wise" and womanhood "covered with as multiplied a  
coating as protects an onion from the eye."

Browning's knowledge of husbandry is preserved in the following:

"What wonder that the lady-rose I woo  
And palisade about from every wind  
Holds herself handsomely? The wilding, now,  
Ruffled outside at pleasure of the blast,  
That still lifts up with something of a smile  
Its poor attempt at bloom."—"Mihrab Shah."

"To primrose, polyanthus I prefer,  
As illustration, from the fancy-fact  
That out of the simple came the composite  
By culture; that the florist bedded thick  
His primrose-root in ruddle, bullock's blood,  
Until the pale and pure grew fiery-fine,  
Ruby and topaz, rightly named anew."  
—"Red Cotton Night-Cap Country."

"If field with corn ye fail preoccupy,  
Darnel for wheat and thistle-beards for grain  
Will grow apace, in combination prompt,  
Defraud the husbandman of his desire."  
—"The Ring and the Book."

"The grapes that dye thy wine are richer far  
Through culture, than the wild wealth of the rock;  
The suave plum than the savage-tasted drupe,  
The flowers turn double, and the leaves turn flowers."  
—"Cleon."

The pleasures of the table are not slighted. The homesick market girl in "Pippa Passes" longs for apples to eat—"deuzans, junetings, leather-coats." The poor poet in "How It Strikes a Contemporary" was happy with "three red halves of starved winter-pears or treat of radishes in April." One of the advocates in "The Ring and the Book" is much less interested in the case he is defending than in his eight-year-old son's birthday dinner, then in process of preparation; he thinks of the "liver's leathery slice with here a goose-foot and there a cock's-comb stuck," of the rabbit juggled with pine-pips; and he pauses in his argument to worry over a possible catastrophe in the coming feast:

"(May Gigia have remembered, nothing stings  
Fried liver out of its monotony  
Of richness, like a root of fennel, chopped  
Fine with parsley; parsley-sprigs, I said—  
Was there need I should say 'And fennel, too'?  
But no, she cannot have been so obtuse!  
To our argument! the fennel will be chopped!)"

And conger-eel, Browning records, should not be cooked "in oil and nettles, as man fries the foam-fish kind." His recipe for cooking ortolans makes the mouth water: each fatling dressed with plain bread and

"Then, a strong sage leaf:  
(So we find books with flowers dried here and there  
Lest leaf engage leaf.)"

—"Ferishtah's Fancies."

It makes one long to be in Italy just to try some of these "luscious jumps."

That Browning was a sincere nature-lover is revealed all through his works, and he has not hesitated to confess it openly:

"Many a thrill  
Of kinship, I confess to, with the powers  
Called Nature: animate, unanimate,  
In parts or in the whole, there's something there  
Man-like goes altogether with the heart  
O' the Persian, that old Xerxes, when he stayed  
His march to conquest of the world, a day  
I' the desert, for the sake of one superb  
Plane-tree which queened it there in solitude;  
Giving her neck its necklace, and each arm  
Its armlet, suiting soft waist, snowy side,  
With cincture and apparel."

Truly, "Beatrice (Bice) Signorini" is but using the poet's own discriminating observation when she thus criticizes the flower-wreath painted by her rival:

"No adept  
In florist's lore more accurately named  
And praised or, as appropriately, blamed  
Specimen after specimen of skill,  
Than Bice. 'Rightly placed the daffodil—  
Scarcely so right the blue germander. Gray  
Good mouse-ear! Hardly your auricula  
Is powdered white enough. It seems to me  
Scarlet, not crimson, that anemone!  
But there's amends in the pink saxifrage.'"

#### FLORAL MONUMENTS.

Hartley Coleridge discovered the secret of many a familiar plant name when he wrote, in his poem to the dandelion:

"Strange plants we bring from lands where Kaffirs roam,  
And great the traveler in botanic fame  
That can inflict his queer and ugly name  
On product of South Afric sands or loam."

This very thing has been done time and again, not merely to South African discoveries, but in all new lands where botanists are at work. The dahlia, a native of Chili, perpetuates the name of Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist; the magnolia honors Pierre Magnol, an eminent French writer on botanical subjects; the *Gerardia* commemorates the memory of John Gerard, the famous and quaint English herbalist of the sixteenth century; the *kalmia* was christened by Linnæus after Peter Kalm, one of his pupils who traveled in this country and who was perhaps the first to make known this beautiful shrub to the great master; Linnæus selected the little twinflower ("*Linnæa borealis*"), a tiny blossom found plentifully in the pineries of North America, to bear his name:

"He saw beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,  
The slight *Linnæa* hangs its twin-born heads,  
And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,  
Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson ("*Wood Notes*").

In doing so Linnæus testified to his possession of that appreciation of the daintily beautiful and perfect which is supposed to be lacking in men of long scientific training, and that he had more than an ordinary fondness for the blossom is shown by the fact that he had portraits painted in which he wears "boutonnieres" of the delicate bells. A quaint tradition is given as to the origin of the dayflower's other name, *commelina*. It has two large, rounded petals of a delicate blue, and a third so inconspicuous in form and color that the casual observer often misses the petal altogether. There were three brothers Commelin, natives of Holland; two of them were noted botanists, while the third was but indifferently interested in the noble science. The genus was dedicated to the three; the two large bright petals commemorating the two famous brothers and the unpretentious one representing the indifferent brother. *Lobelia* is named in honor of an early French botanist, Mathieu Lobel, who was physician to King James I. (The great lobelia is sometimes humorously called "highbelia.") Other "monuments to the men of flowers" are wistaria, fuchsia, camellia, begonia, gardenia, zinnia, *eschscholtzia*, or California poppy—a complete list would number hundreds of names, some of them fully equal to Hartley Coleridge's adjectives.

Euphorbus, a Greek physician, is still remembered in the euphorbia, or spurge, and Eupator, king of Pontus, in the eupatorium; while Gentius, an Illyrian king, is said to have discovered the medicinal properties of the gentian. *Cinchona* gets its name from the wife of the Count Chinchon, Viceroy of Peru in the seventeenth century,

who by its use was freed from an intermittent fever and who after her return to Spain contributed to the general spread of this remedy. ("Quinine" is another Spanish name for the plant, or rather the medicine.) Culver's root is one of the many Indian remedies which were adopted by our forefathers; a Dr. Culver first prescribed or popularized it. Joe Pye is said to have been an Indian doctor who cured typhus fever in early New England times by means of the trumpet-weed, hence its other name, "Joe-pye-weed." Another Indian enjoying botanical fame is Sequoyah, or George Guess, a Cherokee half-breed who invented the Cherokee alphabet; his name, Latinized by some botanists into Sequoia, together with that of Washington, forms a book-term for the largest American vegetable, the "big tree" of California.

The name of the first President has been bestowed on several native plants: the Washington palm, of California; Washingtonia, a genus of American sweet cicelies; the Washington lily of the Pacific coast and the Washington thorn of the District of Columbia, though of course these latter reach his name indirectly through their habitat. The Jeffersonia, or twin-leaf; the clarkia (a Pacific slope evening-primrose named from the famous explorer), poinsettia and the clintonia are other plants bearing the names of historical characters. Of the last Thoreau complains: "Gray should not have named it from the Governor of New York. What is he to the lovers of flowers in Massachusetts? If named after a man, let it be a man of flowers. Name your canals and railroads after Clinton, if you please, but his name is not associated with flowers." The twigs of the pokeweed are said to have been plucked and worn by President Polk's followers during his campaign, and some would claim that the plant was named at that time; but the real origin is in the Indian *pocan*. It was probably due to the similarity in names that Polk's champions wore the plant. Captain Shaddock is said to have brought the first grape-fruit from the East Indies; there are two varieties, the pear-shaped and the round, the former properly being called shaddock and the latter grape-fruit or pomelo. Timothy, as will be suspected, is named in honor of its propagator; about 1720 Timothy Hanson carried the seed of this forage plant, known as herd's grass in Europe, from New England, where it had been introduced, to Maryland, where it was then unknown, and his dissemination of the valuable fodder caused it to be called after him. "Queen Anne's Laces" (the wild carrot) probably came into use during that monarch's reign, and is based on the cobwebby appearance of the blossomed umbels; "my lady's laces" is another name, and from the shape of the seeded stalks, it is also known as "bird's-nest."

"Radiant sunshine everywhere!  
 Now you'll find my Lady's laces  
 Spread like frostwork, filmy fair,  
 Over fields and open spaces  
 For the sun to bleach and whiten  
 As all lore housewifely pledges.  
 Each web wrought with daintiest care,  
 See the tiny mesh-dots brighten  
 Into wee blooms at its edges!  
 And that central symbol dark—  
 Ah, that is my Lady's mark,  
 As her own the weaves attesting."  
 —Sarah J. Day ("Wild Carrot").

Good King Henry probably commemorates the sentiment of some loyal subject; so does Victoria regia, that gigantic member of the water-lily family discovered in Africa and naturalized in many botanical gardens and city parks. Then, while not applied to any particular person, we have sweet William, bouncing Betty, ragged Robin, black-eyed Susan, nimble Will, and so on.

It has been said that the life of Christ throws its shadow over the whole vegetable world, so numerous are the legends relating to plants in religion. But, owing perhaps to a sense of reverence, very few plants bear the names of the Deity: God's-eye, Christ's-eye and Christ's thorn are three plants which bear no other name. The germander speedwell is sometimes called God's-eye, the ceiba is God-tree, the hartstongue fern is Christ's hair, the dove plant is Holy Ghost and the pansy is Herb-Trinity. This about completes the list. Some plants received their names from association with events in Christ's life, such as Star of Bethlehem, passion flower, sainfoin. On the other hand, upon the Virgin Mary has been lavished a wealth of flowers, many of the plants having the prefix "lady" or "our Lady" having been originally named in her honor. Blue-eyed Mary, costmary, virgin's bower, may have originated in the same way; rosemary, however, is a Latin combination of *ros*, dew, and *marinus*, marine. The lungwort is often called Joseph-and-Mary, and the goat's beard has another name in Joseph's flower. Many plants have become interwoven with the lives of the saints. St. John's wort is named from the Baptist, its leaves being marked with blood-like spots which appear, according to tradition, on the anniversary of his death. The wild carob was once known as St. John's bread, from a popular belief that he fed upon its seeds while in the wilderness. Samphire is derived from the French term *St. Pierre*, probably because it grows so near the water and even upon

it; the bridal wreath is also called St. Peter's wreath. The filbert is named in honor of St. Philibert, whose day, August 22, fell in the nutting season. Then there is herb Barbara, St. Barnaby's thistle, herb St. Christopher, St. John's lily, St. Anthony's nut (the ground nut, so called because St. Anthony was once a swineherd), St. George's mushroom: in short, a complete catalogue of flowers has been compiled, one for each day of the year, the flower in many cases having been selected because it blossoms on the festival of that saint. And there are Joseph's-coat, Jacob's-ladder, Aaron's rod, Adam and Eve, Job's tears, Adam's-needle-and-thread, and many another Biblical reference in the name and particularly in the pet name of many flowers. For such terms are often folk-names rather than botanical ones, flower-lovers, like fond parents and friends, being fond of coining new cognomens for their little favorites. Solomon's seal, however, came rightly by its name, which botanists accept in their book-term *Salomonina*, for the root-stocks are marked with large round scars left by the death and separation of the stout stalks of previous years, much like the impressions of a seal upon wax. In Europe the plant is called David's harp, from the exact similarity of the outline of the stalk, with its pendant bell-like blossoms, to the drawings of early times in which King David is represented as seated before an instrument shaped like the half of a pointed arch, from which are suspended metal bells which he strikes with two hammers. The Judas tree is said to be named from the betrayer's having hanged himself on a growth of this species; Shakespeare, however, declares that "Judas hanged himself on an elder," while Gerard maintains that it was the wild carob.

His Satanic Majesty, of course, has been well supplied with vegetable possessions. His hand is an ornamental Mexican tree with bright red flowers having five stamens arranged like fingers; his apron is a large seaweed with a flat, leathery structure somewhat like a smith's apron; his leaf is a stinging nettle; his tongue is a species of Jack-in-the-pulpit with a long spadix; his garter is the hedge bindweed; his grandmother is the tobacco weed; his thread is the clematis; his blacking is the mulberry; his shoe-strings are the goat's rue; his snuff is the puffball, when ripe; his oatmeal is the wild parsley, and so on. A host of plants are named or nicknamed for him, and he even contests with the Virgin and the saints the right to many plants: the bird's-foot-trefoil is called both lady's-fingers and devil's-fingers, while the orange hawkweed is both lady's paintbrush and devil's paintbrush.

Tradition claims that the yarrow, or *Achillea millefolium*, was used by Achilles to cure the wounds of his soldiers. The centaury

is named from the centaur Chiron, half horse and half man, that wise teacher to whom was confided the training of Hercules, Jason and Achilles, and who discovered the medicinal properties of the plant. The enchanter's nightshade, *Circaea lutetiana*, is a member of the harmless evening primrose family, and there is nothing in its appearance to suggest an enchanter or any of the nightshades; it seems that the name of a plant called after the enchantress Circe and described nearly 2,000 years ago, was accidentally transferred to this innocent plant. "Arethusa was one of the nymphs who attended Diana," says John Burroughs, "and was by that goddess turned into a fountain that she might escape the god of the river, Alpheus, who became desperately in love with her on seeing her at her bath.

Our Arethusa is one of the prettiest of the orchids, and has been pursued through many a marsh and quaking bog by her lovers." Dianthus means "Jove's flower," from the Greek *dios*, Zeus or Jove, and *anthus*, flower; this highest of all the gods is honored, under his Roman designation, in Jupiter's beard, Jupiter's staff (the common mullein), and Jupiter's eye (the houseleek). The queen of the gods has two plants, Juno's rose (the white garden lily) and Juno's tears (the common European vervain). The goddess of love fares better and has many a pretty floral namesake: Venus' bath is the common teasel, because the leaf that encircles the stem forms a tiny basin which collects rain and dew; Venus' flytrap is one of the insectivora; Venus' looking-glass is a member of the bluebell family with shell-shaped leaves that clasp the stalk so as to form little shallow cups, in the bottom of which three buds appear like tiny reflections. Venus' comb and Venus' slipper are other names for lady's comb and ladyslipper, for in the times of the Reformation the good Puritans, who did not wish to have Catholic names for their common flowers, took many of "Our Lady's" flowers away from her and gave them to the pagan Venus instead. Herb-Paris, supposed to be poisonous, is fitly named for the Paris who caused the disastrous Trojan War; Hercules' Club is a gourd sometimes five feet in length and seemingly appropriate for a giant's weapon; Calypso, Agave, Mercury, Adonis, Iris, Althaea, Syrinx, Narcissus, Andromeda and Hyacinth are other living proofs that this world once had a golden age when it was peopled by gods and superhuman mortals.

"His form Narcissus in the stream yet views,  
In snowy vest, but fringed with purple glare."

—Angelo Poliziano.

"And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,  
A purple flower sprung up, checquer'd with white;  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

—Shakespeare: "Venus and Adonis."

"And Pan did after Syrinx speed  
Not as a nymph, but for a reed."

—Andrew Marvell.

"pitying the sad death  
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath  
Of Zephyr slew him."—John Keats.

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## SOME PHASES OF GAELIC SPIRITUALITY.

**T**HERE is no need of profuse argument to establish as an acceptable fact the prominence of the spiritual element in the character of the Gael. Any one equipped with even an elemental sense of honesty can follow with ease the trail of glory that marks the soul-progress of the Irish nation throughout its history. Long before the high ethics of the great Teacher of Israel came to it the literature and customs that it created were resplendent with the light that lives in a subtle appreciation of the true and beautiful, a lofty and elaborate code of chivalry and a striking predilection for things beyond the ken of sense. As Renan, one of the greatest of modern Celts, informs us, the moulding hand of nature gave to the beliefs and aspirations of the pagan Gael a considerable Christian coloring. The fifteen centuries that tell the story of his life after Patrick's advent to his land and his unique martyrdom for the things of the spirit are luminous with a brilliancy that no eye can exclude save that which ignorance has veiled or prejudice has darkened. Hence in this paper we are not concerned with the needless task of throwing a searchlight on what is evident: we take for granted the intense spirituality of the Irish race, now as in the past, and propose to concern ourselves with some modes of spiritual expression that have appealed to us as especially deserving of notice.

In Ireland a certain continuity of expression so characterizes the religious thought of the people that the invisible world invests with the penetrating and enveloping power of an atmosphere all the nooks and crannies of humblest life as well as the commanding mountain summits where dignity and refinement are established. A respect that pertains more to what is childlike than to what is official is tendered to the Creator. The morning prayer that ushers in the gleam and gloom of each day's varied story and the rosary call to Mary that heralds the rest of sunless hours clamor with as natural an appeal at the portals of the Irish heart as that instinctive voice that calls for the sustenance of corporal vitality. But linking those golden exits and entrances of the hours of work and ease is what Robert Hugh Benson once called a kind of spiritual atmosphere that dominates with an almost ever-present force the conscious hours of the individual. The word atmosphere seems very appropriate to express this religious attitude, for like the physical element it is an intangible, passive-like something that the stranger alone can notice as unusual, that the native takes for granted as most ordinary and that only some exciting force can make manifest what fires of beauty it holds latent within its silent bosom. And when from those quiet depths leap forth those flaming signs of an intensely

spiritual world the great magnet that gives freedom and direction to their energy is the vivid conception of an ever-watchful Providence that is ever ready to give a transforming glory to the tear and a chastened loveliness to the smile. Yet with that fire of fervor and sincerity there is always coupled an astonishing simplicity. When the heart of the Gael gives birth to a prayer its crowning beauty is simplicity, for the Irish soul holds close commune with nature and through it with a God who is essentially devoid of complexity. Thus does it come to pass that the votaries of Him who proclaimed the superiority of the least pretentious of the flowers of the field over a Solomon clad in all the complex magnificence that human power could bestow find nothing sufficiently commonplace to exclude the thought of God. The daily greeting of the Irishman to his fellow-man enshrines a benediction such as: "God and Patrick bless you." A house is never entered without a preliminary blessing on all who dwell therein. The dignity and sanctity of work are recognized by the bestowal of a like greeting upon the laborer in the field. The dead, those dear departed ones, whom the Gael's strong sense of kinship can never hand over to oblivion, find the mention of their names always mated with a heartfelt prayer for their abiding rest. Evil happenings are seldom related without the accompanying request of heaven that all who hear the direful news may suffer no such woe. And when sorrow becomes personal it rarely materializes the Irishman's conception of life and the exalted destiny of a human soul, for with a sense of heroic resignation he exclaims: "God's will be done." He seems to be sustained by a sense of destiny, an unswerving fealty to the belief in an immortality to come, a belief which Renan and more recently Colum have branded as decidedly Gaelic, that makes him see beneath the darkest cloud the latent sunshine of the Father's promise that for the tried and true sorrows shall one day cease.

And yet despite the fact that faith in the unseen is so intimately part and parcel of the national feeling, the Irish people are not consciously demonstrative in matters of religion. There seems to be a strong element of conservatism in the Irish character which, coupled with its clinging love of tradition, calls for a protective veil secrecy to shield the precious ancestral treasure of faith within the sanctuary of the heart. Evidence of this seems to exist in a relative neglect for ceremonial. The Irish people have not consigned to the grave that lack of interest in concrete expressions of devotion that lived with them in the twilight of their Druidic days. For even in that infant stage of national development, when it is usual for the primitive mentality of peoples to demand materialistic methods of worship, the Irish conception of divine beings was rarely actualized

in idolatrous practices, whilst no priestly class like that of Greece or Rome could claim the support of the nation for merely sacerdotal activity. And in these Christian days religion preserves the same tendency to bloom and blush as rose unseen in the secret garden of the heart. To-day its retiring nature is perhaps not only the resultant of the racial shyness so characteristic of all the Celtic races, but also of the lash of time's reverses which whipped the children of the Gael into relative social and political isolation from the rest of Europe and drove the Mass, their premier mode of external worship of the Deity, into the lone and hidden places of their land. In marked contrast with the Catholic countries of Continental Europe, there are no wayside shrines with their simple, yet picturesque appeal to the religious instinct of the passer-by. To the sacred wells of their lands the people still flock to honor the memory of the saints, but are content with the most primitive adornments to bear testimony to the sanctity of these localities. Then the Irish are long-memoried and still tribal in their instincts, and any custom that the sacred name of their fathers has hallowed, even though it be the offspring of alien injustice, they adhere to with unparalleled tenacity. For instance, though anti-religious laws no longer exist and every parish owns its own church the people like to maintain the custom that was once a necessity of having the Mass offered up within the simple precincts of their homes. In these surroundings the Holy Sacrifice does not present as powerful an appeal to sense as within the stately church, but it carries with it bitter-sweet memories of the Golgotha of the race that clamor loudly at the gates of the soul and penetrate the religio-national heart with a cogency that no pomp of ceremony could command.

Descending from religion to folk-lore we find much to convince us of how fascinating some of the channels of Irish spirituality are. Here, however, we have only space to refer to the popular tradition on fairydome which is one of the most poetic and attractive features of national belief. Those frolicsome sprites whom the fancy of the Gael so cherishes and who perhaps captivated the genius of Shakespeare himself, are creatures that he meets as intimates in the world of his imagination. These immaterial beings he accepts with as much confidence and discusses with as human an interest as if the hardest facts of history hammered the truth of their existence into his intelligence. One vein of tradition informs him that they are the remnants of that primitive race, the Tuatha De Danaan, whom defeat forced from the land of Erin to the hidden recesses of the underworld. Thus is an affinity established between him and them, for the latter are a spiritualized people of Ireland who loved the land too passionately to leave it forever and whom the chivalrous

affection of their conquerors consigned to underground Erin, where their joyous spirits might hold perennial revels and still take an interest in the life of the Gael. Another theory, not so national in inspiration, but still showing the love of the Irish for the world of fairy, endeavors to rescue them from the fate of evil spirits and maintains that they are those hosts that were neutral when Michael struggled with the satellites of Lucifer. Even in this doctrine there is a latent sense of pride of land, for those former denizens of heaven are represented as finding consolation in the scenic glories of the western isle. But whatever may be the respective merits, be they fairies Tuatha or doubting angels, as strictly spiritual existences sharing in the territorial property of Ireland they can only be the creation of a people who feel at home with the unseen and like the intimate companionship of beings who convey a poetry and fascination to the popular imagination that no artificial book-lore could confer. It is because of this feeling of familiarity that the people have Gaelicized the hosts of fairy as they have done to every stranger they have permanently admitted to their land and have made them live a life alike in all things to that of mortals save in sadness. The fairies oftentimes fall in love with some of the beautiful ones of earth and once the eye of mortal falls on the witching form of a handsome sprite, no skill of human being can quench the hunger of desire in that benighted heart till it find a resting-place beside its spirit-lover. They love the plaintive croon and the thrilling strains of their goblin bagpipes. They dance with elfish glee the reels and hornpipes of the Celt. With unchecked vigor and ecstasy of wildness they whirl their tiny hurling sticks in fields of midnight frolic. With buckler, shield and spear for sheer love of the delirium of the combat in countless numbers beneath the watching moon they taste the wild joy of battle while death's dread spectre can never stalk amongst their clashing ranks. When night comes on and mortals seek their rest true amity demands that they bequeath the freedom of the hearth and home to the visiting fairies of the hours of darkness. A strange spirit of familiarity with the unseen world dominates the preparations for the reception of the invisible guests, a spirit which Dora Sigerson admirably reveals in her pensive little lyrics. The floor is swept for the nocturnal revelers; the fire must retain its life and the hearth around it be clean and inviting; and that they may suffer no inconvenience all cooking utensils must be at hand.

Oftentimes, indeed, they are dreaded as well as cherished, but even then fear does not doom to death that sense of familiarity that links the terrestrial Gael to the world of fairy. When sometimes the pranks they play upon mortals embody more that is serious than

humorous, the "good people" they are called in conciliatory mood, that their deliberate enmity may not be aroused and they may be aware of feeling of brotherhood for them amongst the Gaels. And from a spirit of fear as well as admiration a veritable fairy topography has been created where countless features of the physical world are for the faint of heart as so many warning signals that in their neighborhood weird things occur, though to those whose hunger for the wonder-world has quelled the coward within them they extend an uncanny fascination. Cairns, cromlechs, fords, solitary thorn trees and glens that shun the light contribute to the belief in an unseen world and constitute no unimportant element of that immaterialism of outlook that is so distinctly Irish.

Passing from the domain of spirit to that of physical nature we find in the latter sphere a fascinating source of spiritual nourishment for the Irish people. Some ethnologists of repute lay special emphasis on climatic and geographical conditions as factors in the formation of national individuality. They would feign have us believe that towering mountains, dreaming valleys, whispering rivulets, meditative lakes, azure depths of sky and other such expressions of nature's countenance can color and mould to an appreciable extent a people's common heritage of ideas. This theory as a key to the mystery of race has often been challenged and seemingly with remarkable success. The influence of climatic conditions on the psychology of a nation is oftentimes exaggerated and confused with other moulding forces. When, however, the observation of such influences is limited to one country, especially one so sparse in territory and so isolated as Ireland, we believe that conclusions may be attained with a considerable degree of likelihood. Taking into account the question of climatic influence upon Irish character, the writer has been for a long time convinced that in this particular it has been very considerable. This we believe to be especially true where the spiritual and introspective bent of the people has to be estimated.

Renan has said that a characteristic of the Celtic races is an overmastering desire to penetrate the unknown. Did Providence ever place a people in a sphere more stimulating for those in quest of the mystic than within the shores of Ireland and beneath the skies of the Gael? That grayness of landscape and heavens that is so vividly mirrored in Gaelic sagas and ancient tales and that Lady Gregory claims to have so powerfully influenced the character of the Irish must assuredly be a constant challenge to the curious instinct of those who gaze so often into its mystery-laden depths. Its very indefiniteness calls out to the human mind ever hot on the trail of the unsolved to dream of worlds and things that belong to

the measureless in duration and extension. That Irish sky which Seumas O'Sullivan calls "the symbol of the unattainable" and yet holds something of promise to be attained implies in its very grayness a transition stage between gleam and gloom that must within the realm of thought link the things that are luminous with earthly light with those that shine behind heaven's curtain of secrecy. That misty vagueness that so prevails in the ancient and modern literary coloring of the Gael and sometimes in the artist's canvas, as in that of John Yeats's sombre landscapes, may go a long way towards explaining the Irish love of dawn and twilight hours. These mystic stages of struggling shade and light find the mind restful and receptive, and send it journeying along the road that links the things of sense perception with the things that the soul demands. Those skies produce an impression of envelopment: they seem to cling to heaven and yet stoop down to fold you in their misty embrace, making you a part of themselves while yet your feet feel the clinging power of earth. They combine an illusory concreteness with a spirit shapelessness that seems to bridge the abyss between spirit and matter and make their respective mysteries in some way the property of one another. The observer becomes as much a part of them as those characters of Seumas O'Kelly's "Waysiders" are of the enveloping atmosphere in which they live. Well do I remember how as a boy the strange clouds that rested on the mountains were the object of my youthful wonder and it seemed to me that could I find myself within their magic circle the secrets of the skies would certainly be mine. For these hovering, clinging mists seemed to hold communion with the hidden wonders of the heavens whilst equally determined to keep their grip upon the stable, though soaring elevations of our planet.

Add to this aspect of a land and sky the surprising sense of quiet that invades the soul of the constant dweller in Ireland and you cannot wonder that where such silence reigns mysticism tends to develop. An American who never saw Ireland until he was a young man and who had little or no traditions to render him susceptible to its imaginative influences once told the writer that the almost vocal silence of the night time was one of the lasting impressions that he carried away from the western island. It is such a silence as that in which "A. E.," master of the Dublin mystics, finds the mysteries of the spheres and the music of the unutterable. It is for the most part unbroken by the clangor of large industrial cities, the uproar and commercialism of which so distract and dull the visionary keenness of souls. Life has not become as artificial and mechanical as in other lands, but is still close to the nurturing breast of nature, whence it drinks in the science of the truth and

beauty and goodness that dwell in the smallest things of creation as well as in cosmic magnitudes. No materialistic civilization has muffled the spiritual ear and rendered it insensible to the heart-throbs of a universe that are distinct and appealing to receptive and attuned faculties. Finally the Gael is favored in this respect at least by the fact of geographical isolation. The Irish share with all the Celts the common fate of material defeat: they have been driven from the disturbing Babel of European noise into their island refuge in the extreme west, where study of self is a striking necessity and compulsory introspection reveals in bold relief the great features of existence and of destiny.

It is the fervent belief and hope of the writer that the future holds no real peril for the spiritual life of Ireland. It has stood the test of as terrible an ordeal as the history of persecution can furnish. It has not only been self-sustaining, but has contributed one of the most vital factors making for the continuity of national life. The nurturing sap of its influence has entered all the arteries of its civilization, making it refined and wholesome in its halcyon days and giving it a resisting calibre of heroic mould in the age of decline. It is not likely to droop and die beneath the nipping frosts of prosperity, for the lure of material gain was often held before the inspired eyes of Ireland and never enticed her from the strongholds of fidelity to her visions. Her empire has been essentially one of the spirit and the principles that governed her past furnish a magnificent guarantee of loyalty to the sceptre of the soul in the future.

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## OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS AND ORDEALS.

PUNISHMENTS came into the world with the fall of our first parents and their banishment from Paradise. Since that time it has always followed real or imaginary offense against established law. The original idea of punishment was the infliction of pain on the offender in proportion to the amount of suffering or pain he had entailed upon others through his offense. Out of this grew the *lex talionis*, or retaliatory idea of punishment, which required "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Christianity was not slow in discovering that vindictiveness or the infliction of pain as a satisfaction for an offense was not the true end of punishment. Punishment was to prevent future offenses, not to avenge the past. The interest of society demands its security from the injury to person or property occasioned by crime and the moral and religious improvement of the criminal. This security of society has been sought for in several ways, viz.: by forcibly preventing the offender from repeating the offense, as by death, mutilation or imprisonment; by reforming the habits of the offender and directing his thoughts into proper channels, by deterring him from the repetition of his crime through fear of greater and more severe punishment, and finally, by making the consequences of violation of law so terrible as to deter others from following in the way of old offenders.

In our day this way of looking at things has undergone some very radical, and we may say, ridiculous, if not criminal changes in the minds of certain persons who, consciously or unconsciously, are trying to counteract the aims of justice. Witness that class of sentimental damsels who rush to the murderer's cell with flowers and dainties, but who never give a thought to the mourning family of his victim. Witness those parents who over-indulge their own children, but whose stock of anathemas is not sufficient with which to overwhelm the children of other people who may have been guilty of the same impropriety as their own. To these we may add the political reasons that too often influence some of our magistrates when called upon to sentence offenders, especially around election times. We have seen cases of this during the war just closed.

In our day, too, there are not wanting sympathetic Christian souls who, unthinkingly, call upon the world to "forget and forgive" the atrocities committed during the late war, forgetting that God's justice is as perfect as His mercy.

*Capital punishment*—so called because the head (Latin *caput*),

from being the most vital, is generally that part of the body which it acted on—goes back to a very early period. We find numerous instances of it in Sacred Scripture and it prevailed among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Plutarch tells us that under the Draconian law “for nearly all crimes there was the same penalty of death.” The man who was convicted of idleness (the I. W. W. of our day, for instance) or who stole a cabbage or an apple was liable to death, no less than the robber of temples or the murderer. Nor must we imagine that such a severe penalty for slight offenses was confined to Draco and his day. Death was, in former times, in England the usual punishment for all felonies and the certain doom of those who were not protected by the Benefit of Clergy.

The Common Law inflicted death on every felon *who could not read*, and the law implied the punishment when the statute made any offense a felony. Then, again, the many acts of Parliament creating felonies, with Benefit of Clergy\* show that the statute law was still more bloodthirsty, for four-fifths of the one hundred and sixty offenses referred to by Blackstone as punishable with death had been made so during the reigns of the first three Georges. It may be interesting for us to mention some of the offenses which came under the sentence of death. Stealing in a dwelling-house to the amount of forty shillings; stealing privately, in a shop, goods of the value of five shillings; counterfeiting stamps that were used for the sale of *perfumery*; doing the same with the stamps used for the certificates for *hair powder*. An analysis of these laws will cause a smile on the faces of the people of to-day. The modern view of capital punishment has a twofold object: First, to deprive the dangerous man of a life that might again find itself bent on

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\*Benefit of Clergy (*privilegium clericale*) grew out of the regard paid by Christian princes to the Church and consisted of: “First, an exemption of places consecrated to religious uses from criminal arrest, which was the foundation of sanctuaries; second, exemption of the persons of clergymen from criminal process before the secular judge, in particular cases, which was the original meaning of the *privilegium clericale*. In the course of time, however, the benefit of clergy extended to every one who could read, which was considered a great proof of learning, and it was enacted that there should be a prerogative allowed to the clergy, that if any man who could read were to be condemned to death, the Bishop of the diocese might, if he would, claim him as a cleric and dispose of him in some place of the clergy as he might deem meet. The Ordinary gave the prisoner a Latin book in black Gothic characters, from which to read a verse or two, and, if the Ordinary said, “*Legit ut clericus*,” the offender was only burnt in the hand; otherwise he suffered death. (Edward I., 1274.) The privilege was restricted by Henry VII. in 1489, and abolished with respect to murderers and other criminals by Henry VIII., 1512.—Stow.

mischief; next, to warn those whose tendencies are similar that their end would lead to disgrace, but in this country the punishment that follows crime (when it does) is so snail-paced that the culprit and his crime are forgotten before the sentence is carried out. Then, again, the "dike" of crime is allowed to gain too much headway before any serious attempt is made to stay its course. The dread of violating the rights of *liberty* culminates in the speedy development of *license*. This point demands the most serious consideration of the American people at this time more than ever before. It is well known that there are dangerous characters, in high places, "representing" the people, who need watching—and silencing for their country's good.

It was because of the deterrent effect that is supposed to reside in the taking of life that Moses tabulated his series of punishments by death which sound strangely in the ears of the people of to-day. In his code of crimes the death sentence followed such apparently trivial offenses as eating leavened bread during the Passover; suffering an unruly ox to be at liberty; compounding holy ointment or selling the same to any stranger; the violation of the Sabbath; any act of violence towards one's father or mother; eating the fat of beasts that had been consecrated; blasphemy, and even the approach of the tabernacle by a stranger. In our own country down to 1650 the list of offenses punished with death was quite elaborate. In that year, in the colony of Massachusetts, the list had diminished until it contained only idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, murder, manslaughter, poisoning, stealing, false witness, treason, cursing and smiting of parents, rebellious sons, and, of course, Quakers, whose tongues and ears were split, and the terrible Jesuits, who returned after banishments. This list was reduced to its lowest terms in 1720, and now it enumerates only treason, murder, burglary and arson. The modes by which the punishment is inflicted vary in every country, from the primitive method of beating the culprit with clubs until life is extinct up to the application of the swift messenger electricity, that does the work almost as quickly and subtly as human thought.

Beheading, the *decollatio* of the Romans, was introduced into England from Normandy by William the Conqueror in 1070, when Walthrop, Earl of Huntington, Northampton and Northumberland, was the first so executed. Since that time this mode of execution became frequent, particularly during the reign of Henry VIII., who found it a convenient way and a more expeditious way than divorce of getting rid of some of his wives. Kings, queens and nobles and ecclesiastics of all grades have perished upon the block in England. Among these may be mentioned Sir Thomas More

(St.), 1535; Mary Queen of Scots, 1589; Charles I., 1649; Anne Boleyn, 1536; Lady Jane Grey, 1554; the Blessed John Cardinal Fisher, 1535, and many others, too numerous to mention. Beheading is of ancient date and was certainly known among the Greeks and Romans. Xenophon tells us that the losing of the head was looked upon as a most honorable death. The decollation, as it was called, of St. John the Baptist proves the existence of this punishment among the Jews under the Roman Governor of Judea. Suetonius says that Caligula kept an artist in beheading, who decapitated prisoners in his presence, brought indiscriminately for that purpose from the jails.

Among the Chinese beheading has long been a mode of inflicting punishment, but the manner of administering it differs from that common in European countries. In some cases the criminal is carried to the place of execution in a bamboo cage, and by his side is the basket in which his head will drop when removed. He is pinioned in a very effective manner. The middle of a long, thin rope is passed across the back of his neck and the ends are crossed on his chest and brought under the arms. They are then twisted round the arms, the wrists tied together behind the back and the ends fastened to the portion of the rope on the back. A slip of paper containing his name, crime and sentence is fixed to a reed and fastened at the back of his head. On arriving at the place of execution, the officials remove the paper and take it to the presiding Mandarin, who writes on it in red ink the warrant for the execution. The paper is then replaced, a rope loop is passed over the head of the culprit and the end given to an assistant, who draws the head forward so as to stretch the neck, while a second assistant holds the body from behind, and in a moment the head is severed from the body. The instrument employed is a sword made expressly for the purpose. It is a two-handed weapon, very heavy, and has a very broad blade. The executioners pride themselves on their dexterity in its management. After the execution the culprit's head is taken away and generally hung up in a bamboo cage near the scene of the crime and with a label bearing the name and offense of the criminal. In some cases neither ropes nor assistants are required at executions, the Chinese having very little fear of death. Indeed cases are known in which criminals have purchased substitutes for capital punishment. In China the headsman and indeed the generality of the inferior officers of justice are selected from the soldiery, according to the custom of primitive barbarians; neither is this employment considered more ignominious than the office of

sheriff in times gone by in our own country nor that of electrocutor to-day.

In France the guillotine has been the most usual mode of decapitation. This instrument was invented about the year 1785 by Joseph Ignace Guillotin as a more sure and less painful means of inflicting the punishment of death. During the Revolution Guillotin ran some risk of losing his life by his own "petard," but contrary to prevailing opinion he escaped and lived to be one of the founders of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, and died in 1814, greatly respected. The guillotine consists of two upright pieces of wood fixed in a horizontal frame, a sharp blade of steel moves up and down by means of a pulley in grooves in the two uprights; the edge of this blade is oblique instead of horizontal. The criminal is laid on his face, his neck immediately under the blade, which, descending, removes the head at a blow from the body. Among the most prominent victims who perished upon this terrible scaffold may be mentioned Louis XVI. and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, in 1793; Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday, also in 1793, and Robespierre, in 1794.

*Blinding*, by consuming the eyeballs with lime or vinegar, was a punishment inflicted anciently upon adulterers, perjurers and thieves. We read in Holy Scripture that as far back as 3283 B. C. an Assyrian King invaded Samaria and carried the Israelites away as captives. These unfortunates had their eyes put out with burning irons in the very presence of the king seated on his throne. Marmontel and Florian describe the heroic Belisarius, a general of the Emperor Justinian, as having been blinded by order of the Emperor, but this has been pronounced mythical by more than one reputable historian. The same may be said of Shakespeare, who in his "King John" gives a most pathetic scene in which Prince Arthur pleads for his eyes, which were to be burned out with hot irons. King John had enough to answer for without having this crime saddled upon him by the Bard of Avon. It has been said of him that "foul as it is, hell is defiled by the fouler presence of John." All Christendom believe him guilty of the murder of the young Prince Arthur, his nephew, and it is well known that "his punishments were the refinements of cruelty"—the starving of children, the crushing of men under copes of lead, but the blinding of the young Prince with hot irons, though perhaps not beyond his conception, cannot be held against him. In the Middle Ages this punishment was frequently changed from total blindness to diminution of sight. When in 1014 the Emperor Basil captured 15,000 Bulgarian prisoners, he caused their eyes to be put out, leaving one eye only

to every hundredth man, to enable him to conduct his countrymen home.

*Boiling to death* was made a capital punishment in England by statute 22, Henry VIII. (1531). This act was occasioned by seventeen persons having been poisoned by John Roose, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. Two of his victims died. Margaret Davis, a young woman, suffered in the same manner for a similar offense in 1542. Those condemned to this sort of punishment were subjected to the process in boiling water, boiling oil (considered in Japan as "something lingering"), molten lead and sulphur. We read in the "Acts of the Martyrs" that more than one Christian was "smothered in the heating room" in Rome in the reign of the Emperor Domitian. The beloved disciple, St. John, was one of them. In the middle of the thermæ, even in private baths, there was always a large basin of circular form, styled *caldarium*, surrounded by some steps, wherein was placed a reservoir of water incessantly heated by subterranean flames which surrounded the sides. "The temperature of that bath," Seneca tells us, "is such that any great criminal might be condemned to be scalded therein alive." The torture which the Emperor reserved for St. John consisted in his being plunged into a caldron of "boiling oil" or merely of boiling water, as St. Gregory of Nyssa interprets it. But the saint did not find his death in this manner. According to the words of Bossuet, "the fiery, seething mass suddenly changed into a gentle dew." All the orders of the prætor, all the rage of the executioners were powerless to rekindle the furnace, and like the eagle, St. John came forth from the flames rejuvenated and renewed, *renovabitur ut aquila juvenitua tua*. This event took place about A. D. 96, the eleventh year of the reign of Domitian.

*Burning alive* was inflicted by the Romans, Jews and other nations on betrayers of councils, incendiaries and for incest. Many persons were burned alive on account of religious principles. The ancient Britons punished heinous crimes by burning alive in wicker baskets. The first to suffer in England was Sir William Sawtre, parish priest of St. Osyth, London (III. Henry IV.), February 9, 1401. Bartholomew Legget and Edward Wightman were burned at the stake for heresy in 1612 by warrant of James I. St. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in the market place at Rouen in May, 1431, by order of her British captors. Joan of Arc was inspired to do the work heaven laid out for her to do, and her triumph attests the energy of her inspiration. Her mission was simply the bursting into action of patriotic faith guided from on high. She lived in it and she died through it, and was lighted to victory and to heaven

by the flame of her enthusiasm as well as the flame of her funeral pyre—her memory survived her martyrdom and she was deified by the Christian element of her country.

Burning alive was the punishment in colonial times for petty treason and murder of a master by a slave. Many were thus burned in all the colonies from Massachusetts to Carolina, and during the short period that Virginia claimed authority in Illinois she disgraced the Mississippi Valley by introducing this form of punishment. Another mode of burning alive, or rather of roasting alive, prevailed among the Chinese. It is known as Pao-lo and was invented by the Emperor Tchcon at the instigation of his favorite concubine, Takiya. The instrument for this punishment was a brass cylinder twenty cubits in height by eight in diameter, with openings at the bottom like a grate. Criminals had their arms and legs fastened around this cylinder, the fires were lighted within and the unfortunate victims were roasted in this manner until they were reduced to ashes. Father Duhalde, a missionary long resident in China and who describes this punishment, says that Takiya made it an occasion of great merry-making. Another and somewhat similar punishment practiced among the Chinese was a coil of snakes. These coils are, or were, of soft metal fashioned in the shape of snakes with open mouths. They were coiled round the naked limbs and body of the sufferer; boiling water was then poured into them, producing the most horrible torture, ending in death.

One of the most barbarous and unheard-of punishments is that known as the "illuminated body." Sefi II., Shah of Persia, who assumed the title of Solomon, indulged to an excess in strong drinks, and when under their influence resorted to the most diabolical cruelties. At an early age he gave evidences of his cruel disposition. In the early part of his reign he took a sudden notion that one of his favorites, whom he held in great esteem, should be married forthwith to some low-born man of the people. The first man that came in sight was the son of the court laundryman, and the marriage took place there and then. The former favorite was well pleased with her bargain and the couple lived happily together for some time. Finally the court laundryman died and his son asked to become his father's successor. The Shah sent for him and asked: "When thou didst marry this beautiful maiden by my command, what didst thou do in the way of a celebration?" "O mighty Prince," answered the young man, "I am a poor man and could ill afford an illumination." "What?" exclaimed the Shah, "the dog had no illumination over his great good fortune! Let an illumi-

nation be made with his body!" The poor fellow was immediately stretched out upon a slab and fastened to it. Innumerable little holes were bored all over his body; these were filled with oil, a little taper was set in each hole and they were all lighted together. It is needless to add that the poor victim perished in the most unspeakable agony.

*Burying alive* was a mode of punishment adopted in Bœotia, where Creon ordered Antizone, the sister of Polynices, to be buried alive in 1225 B. C. The Roman Vestals were subjected to it for levity that excited suspicion of their chastity. At the extremity of the Quirinal, between the Colline gate and the place where later on stood the famous garden of Sallust, was the Campus Sceleratus, or accursed field. Here was a subterranean chamber in which the guilty priestess was buried alive. Stretched out upon a bier, covered over with heavy drapery to stifle her cries, she was borne in mournful procession across the Forum, through the silent crowd, to the vault, in which was placed a bed, a lighted lamp, some bread, a little water, milk and oil—provisions for one day in that eternal prison—given, not in mercy for the poor victim, but the mocking help of a piety unwilling to acknowledge to Vesta the murder of one of her virgins. When the funeral train had reached the fatal vault the high priest offered up silent prayers; then the bier was uncovered and the victim, wrapped in her white veil, as in a shroud, descended by a ladder into her tomb, which was speedily covered up by slaves. The earth above was soon leveled so that no trace might be found of the place where, in the darkness of the tomb, the guilty Vestal had expiated her crime. Nor did her punishment end here.

No libations, which even the poorest Roman offered to the Manes, were made here. The unfortunate maiden was cut off from the world of the living and of the dead. The spectators, after the carrying out of the sentence, slowly and silently dispersed, deeply impressed by the terrible punishment visited upon a young and beautiful girl, and grateful for the greater evils averted from their capital by this propitiatory sacrifice. The Vestals burned alive on a charge of incontinence were Minutia, 337 B. C.; Sextilla, 274 B. C.; Cornelia, A. D. 92. The public maintenance of the Vestal virgins and the worship of Vesta were discontinued by Gratianus, A. D. 382.

Lord Bacon gives instances of the resurrection of persons who had been buried alive; the famous Duns Scotus is of the number. It seems almost incredible that, not satisfied with interring the condemned, some barbarous tribes buried to the hips or shoulders,

packing the earth firmly in, and left their victim helpless to meet a lingering death of exposure and starvation.

*Hanging* is and has been the mode of capital punishment employed in England and America. In its simplest form, that of suspending the criminal by a rope around his neck from the branch of a tree, it must have been of very early origin. Accounts vary as to the date of the introduction of the gallows as the instrument. We read in the Book of Esther (vii., 10), that "Aman (Haman) was hanged on the gibbet which he had prepared for Mordochai." (A. M. 3494.) Hanging seems to have been introduced into the Roman dominions soon after the Emperor Constantine abolished crucifixion. An early form of the gallows or gibbet seems to have been a crude imitation of a tree—a tall post bearing at its top a projecting beam, from the end of which the fatal cord could be suspended. In the fifteenth century the gallows beam balanced, like that of a pair of scales, at the top of the post, from one end of which depended the halter and from the other a heavy weight. When the rope was passed down and put around the offender's neck the weight at the other end lifted him from the ground. A form of hanging very usual in England when the gallows was in use as far back as the thirteenth century consisted in two upright posts, connected at the top by a cross beam, from which the rope was suspended. This form prevailed in the United States. In employing the gallows, the offender was, in early times, taken to the place of execution in a cart, which, after the halter had been adjusted, was driven from under the beam, leaving the victim to fall as far as the slack in the rope permitted. This was the case in the execution of the American patriot, Nathan Hale, of Revolutionary fame. In more recent times a similar fall was secured either by attaching a weight much heavier than the human body to the other end of the fatal rope, which, passing through a wheel at the beam, pulled the body upward some feet, when the weight was released; or by permitting the prisoner to stand on a trap door or platform while the rope was adjusted; the trap was then opened and the victim fell through it to the end of the rope's length.

Hanging, drawing and quartering seems to have been a favorite form of punishment in England during the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth and James I. It is said to have been first inflicted upon William Marise, a pirate, a nobleman's son (22 Henry III., 1241). Five gentlemen attached to the Duke of Gloucester were arrested and condemned for treason, and at the place of execution were hanged, cut down and instantly stripped naked, and their bodies marked for quartering and then pardoned. (22 Henry VI., 1447;

Stow.) Nicholas Bayard, of New York, was tried for high treason and found guilty in 1702. He was sentenced to be "hanged, drawn and quartered." The sentence, however, was not carried into execution. Among unjustifiable hangings may be mentioned that of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, September 20, 1803; Nathan Hale, the American patriot, in 1776, and Mrs. Surrat, in 1865.

In England we find that between 1577 and 1603, during the reign of Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," one hundred and twenty-four priests and sixty-three laymen and women were "hanged, quartered and disemboweled" because of their Catholic faith. Some of these unfortunates were cut down from the gibbet while still alive and in that condition "dismembered, boweled and quartered." Mrs. Ann Line, an invalid, was executed on February 27, 1601, for "harboring a priest." When asked at the scaffold if she was guilty of the charge against her, she replied that her only regret was that she had harbored only one priest instead of a hundred. Rev. Robert Southwell, S. J., was hanged during the reign of Elizabeth, February 12, 1575, "on account of his priesthood." The Blessed John Travers, O. S. A., was executed in London in 1539. Archbishop Plunket, of Dublin, gave up his life in London on June 8, 1681. The names of the priests and other Catholics of both sexes who were executed in London during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. may be found in "Memoirs of Missionary Priests and Other Catholics of Both Sexes That Have Suffered in England on Religious Account from 1577 to 1684," by Bishop Challoner, Vic. Ap. of London, published in 1840 by Michael Kelly, 341 Market street, Philadelphia, with the approbation of the Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, D. D., This book is probably out of print, but I have a copy of it in my library.

*Crucifixion* was a mode of execution common among Syrians, Egyptians, Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks and Romans. It was esteemed the most dreadful because of the shame attached to it, and it was usually accompanied by other tortures. Ariarathes, of Cappadocia, aged eighty, when vanquished by Perdiceus, was discovered among the prisoners, and by the conqueror's orders was flayed alive and nailed to a cross, together with his principal officers, B. C. 322.

The origin of this special punishment has been attributed to Semiramis, but the refinements of cruelty which were subsequently introduced were growths for which, fortunately, no one name can be held responsible. The details of the Crucifixion of Our Blessed Redeemer, of St. Peter and St. Andrew are too well known to all

Christians to call for any description here, and besides they are of too sacred a character to be treated in conjunction with other executions of the same kind. The usual process of crucifixion was for the victim to carry his own cross to the place of execution, commonly remote; the various tokens of the peculiar shame of the punishment were connected with the procession. Arrived at the fatal spot, the victim was stripped naked. He was fastened to the cross, then lying on the ground, either by spikes driven through the hands and feet, or, in another form of the punishment, by cords bound around them. There was another form of the punishment in which a tree or post was used, the hands being secured by one nail above the victim's head, while the feet were fastened by another nail below. The cross was then erected, the foot or base secured in the ground, and the sufferer left to await death by the slow advance of physical anguish. If the intensity of suffering was too slow in its effect for either the malice or the mercy of those in charge, the victim's legs were broken with heavy blows of a club, his vitals were pierced by thrusts of a spear, a fire was kindled around the foot of the cross or wild beasts were admitted to gnaw his limbs. Some drugged drink was sometimes given. In one form the agony was aggravated by placing the criminal with his head downward, as was the practice in Persia in the case of robbers. Great as was the suffering, such is the power of the human frame to bear it that there are accounts of cases in which life was prolonged for several days. It should be added that to prevent any interference it was customary to keep guards stationed until death was assured. Crucifixion was abolished by Constantine in 330. It continues to be practiced by the Mohammedans.

There was a peculiar punishment, and perhaps a capital one, called "Crucifrangium" by the ancients, inflicted on Roman slaves and Christian martyrs, also on women, old and young. Under Diocletian twenty-three Christians suffered martyrdom in this manner. The legs of the victim were laid on an anvil and by main force fractured by a heavy hammer, somewhat similar to the later custom of breaking the bones of the unfortunate on a wheel by an iron bar.

Execution by the garrote seems to have been originally devised by the Moors and Arabs, and to have been adopted from them by the Spaniards, by whom it has been transmitted to the Spanish colonies in America. In the earliest form it consisted in simply placing a cord around the neck of the criminal, who was seated on a chair fixed to a post, and then twisting the cord by means of a stick inserted between it and the back of the neck till strangulation

was produced. Later on a brass collar was used. It had a screw, which the executioner turned till its point entered the spinal marrow where it unites with the brain, causing instant death. In Cuba it was at one time the usual mode of executing the "insurgents." General Narcisi Lopez, one of the early would-be-liberators of Cuba, was executed by the garrote in the summer of 1851. I remember seeing an execution of this character in my early boyhood and have never forgotten the impression it made upon me.

Speaking of military punishments in times gone by there was one form practiced during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in France and Germany, known as "*Passer par les armes*." The accused was tried by a jury of his peers, and if the verdict was not agreeable to the people, the case was submitted to another jury, and even to a third, until a satisfactory decision was reached. If adverse to the prisoner, he was executed there and then. A circle of spearsmen was formed around him, and, amid the beating of drums, the circle narrowed around the victim until his body was transfixed with lances. Death was not slow, for the friends of the accused made sure to shorten his sufferings by piercing the vital parts as quickly as possible.

*Peine Forte et Dure*, or the terrible punishment of pressing to death, was inflicted upon "mutes," or those who refused to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" when arraigned for treason or felony or who made answers foreign to the purpose. By 12 George III., 1772, a judgment was awarded against mutes as if they were convicted or had confessed. A man refusing to plead was condemned and executed at the Old Bailey, on a charge of murder, 1778, and another, on a charge of burglary, at Wells, 1792. An act was passed in 1827 by which the court was directed to enter a plea of "not guilty" when the prisoner will not plead. Walter Calverly, of Calverly, in Yorkshire, England, having murdered two of his children and stabbed his wife in a fit of jealousy, being arraigned for the crime at the York assizes, stood mute, and was thereupon pressed to death in the castle, a large iron weight being placed upon his breast, August 5, 1605. Major Strangeuay suffered death in a similar manner at Newgate, in 1657, for the murder of his brother-in-law. Margaret Clitheroe, charged with harboring a priest, died under the horrible "*peine forte et dure*." The only case we have any record of in this country was that of Corey, pressed in Massachusetts during the witchcraft delusion.

*Shooting* was the approved and prevalent form of military punishment, as it was regarded as the "soldier's death." Among the most notable victims may be mentioned Marshal Ney, the "bravest of

the brave" among Napoleon's marshals, shot in 1815; the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, shot at Queretaro, with Generals Mejia and Miramon, on June 19, 1867, and Edith Cavell, during the late war with Germany. During the ten years of the Cuban struggle for independence many a promising youth was stood up against the grim walls of the Castillo de la Punta, in Havana, and made to face the firing squad for the crime of being patriots. I have seen Spanish soldiers, in the time of Captain General Leopoldo O'Donnell, later on Duke of Tetuan, shot on this spot at early morning for violation of the moral law.

*Drowning* as a punishment is very ancient. The Britons inflicted death by drowning in a quagmire, as Stow tells us, before B. C. 450. It is said to have been inflicted on eighty Bishops near Nicomedia, A. D. 370, and to have been adopted as a punishment in France by Louis XI. The wholesale drownings of the Royalists in the Loire, near Nantes, by order of Canier, November, 1793, were termed "Noyades." He suffered death himself in 1794. This form of punishment seems to have been in vogue in former times in Syria, Greece, Rome and Persia. Among the various methods was that of attaching some heavy weight to the body, then casting it into the sea or river. Another method was that of sewing the living victim in a sack or bag before casting it into the sea. It is said that George, Duke of Clarence, and brother of Edward IV., for "bold and disorderly words" of expostulation against the injustice done by the King was committed close prisoner to the Tower, and then secretly put to death by immersing his head in a butt of Malmsey wine.

*Devouring by wild beasts* was another oldtime punishment. Almost every one has been made familiar with the story of the Prophet Daniel and the primitive practice of exposing criminals to be devoured by wild beasts. They were not always literally "cast into the den," however. In some cases the victim was shut into the cage where wild beasts were kept confined; or in some forms of that penalty, man and beast were ushered into the arena or the pit of the circus and allowed to contend as a public show or amusement. The reign of Nero offers numerous instances in which Christians were devoured in the arena of the Coliseum. By the ancient mode of executing parricides so heinous an offender was sewn in a sack alive, venomous serpents with him, and sometimes a dog, a monkey or the like was added. Vipers are mentioned in some accounts of similar executions.

The modes of punishment in different countries and at different times are so numerous and varied that it would take a volume to

describe them in detail. The mere mention of some of them will suffice for the purpose of this paper.

In Cochín-China, before the occupation by the French, a woman convicted of adultery was trampled to death by an elephant trained for the purpose, and in Tonquin female criminals were tied to a loose stake, and in that situation delivered to the elephant, who seized them with his trunk, threw them into the air, then caught them on his tusks and ended by trampling them under his feet. Stripping the skin from the body of the condemned while he yet lived was formerly practiced in England and among the ancient Mexicans in their sacrificial rites. In England it came to be regarded as a barbarous mode of torturing an offender to death rather than a punishment in a judicial sense.

The mode of punishment which includes "flogging" and the "knout," recently abolished in Russia, are covered by the terms "scourging," "whipping," has not been used, primarily at least, in the other European countries, in modern times for capital punishment, that is, has not been used when the sentence or judicial design has been to inflict death. In Russia the condemned man is led half-naked to the place chosen for this mode of torture; all that he has on is a pair of simple cotton drawers around his extremities; his hands are bound together, palm to palm. He is told to lie down upon his stomach, on a frame inclined diagonally, and at the extremity of which are fixed iron rings. His hands are fastened to one end of the frame and his feet to the other. He is then stretched in such a manner that he cannot make the slightest movement, just as an eel's skin is stretched out to dry. This stretching of the victim causes his bones to crack and dislocates them. The executioner advances a few steps, holding the knout in both hands. When within the proper distance from the prisoner he raises it by a vigorous movement and brings it down on the body of the poor victim. In spite of his tension the body bounds as if submitted to a powerful shock of galvanism. When the thong encircles the body, the flesh and muscles are literally cut in strips as with a razor, but when it falls flat then the bones crack. The flesh in this latter case is not cut, but crushed and bruised, and the blood spurts out in all directions. The sufferer becomes green and blue, like a cadaver in a state of decomposition. The knout is fatal if the whim of the Czar or of the executioner desires it to be so.

Akin to this mode of punishment is the bastinado or bastinado. It consists, according to the strict sense of the term, in the infliction of blows on the soles of the feet with a thick stick. Turkey and Russia are the only European countries in which this mode

of punishment has been sanctioned by law and in both countries it has been carried on to a most unjustifiable extent, the sufferer being frequently maimed and injured for a long time, if not for life. During the '70's the number of Greek Catholic Uniates who suffered untold tortures in this way because they refused to become "orthodox" ran into the thousands. The bastinado has been and may still be a common kind of punishment in China, as well as in Persia and all Eastern countries where Mohammedanism prevails, being ordered by the Koran for many minor offenses.

We can scarcely dismiss the subject of punishments without referring to the various forms visited upon vixens and scolding wives. They seem to have been provided for by the laws of England, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth and even into the nineteenth centuries. The cucking-stool did not, like the ducking-stool, admit of immersion, and was used for both men and women. It was a simple chair, in which the crank or offender was placed, before his or her door, to be pelted and insulted by the mob. In the course of time it gave way to the ducking-stool, which was reserved expressly for women. She was seated in a chair, placed over the water, at the end of a beam, with her arms fastened behind her. The instrument worked on the see-saw principle, and the unfortunate scold was ducked as many times as the sentence called for. Sometimes a poor woman, accused of offenses against the moral code, was placed astride of an ass, with her back to his head and compelled to hold his tail in her hands. In this way, preceded by the officers of the law, she was led through the streets and subjected to the hoots and jeers of the entire populace, who never failed to turn out in large numbers on such occasions. In New England the scold does not seem to have met with any more favor than she did in the mother country; for Josselyn, writing of the old "Body Laws of 1646," says: "They gag and set them at their doors for certain hours, for all comers and goers-by to gaze at." . . . "Ducking in running water" was also a punishment for this class of offenders.

The "pillory," "stocks" and "whipping post" have been seen in this country as well as in Europe. I remember seeing Spanish soldiers in Cuba sitting in the "stocks" for violating some law of military discipline. Cooper, in his "Leather Stocking," describes his hero as "doing time" in the "stocks," while the "whipping post" has been a method of punishment long in vogue in the State of Delaware.

The "ordeal" was a form of trial practiced in the Middle Ages under the belief of an actual interposition of heaven to free the innocent and condemn the guilty. Hence it received the name of

"*Judicium Dei*." A decree of the Fourth Council of Lateran (1215) was issued declaring against trial by ordeal as being the work of the devil. Some authorities claim that the earliest trace of this practice is to be found in the "law of jealousy," or the "waters of jealousy," mentioned in Numbers v., 29. The fact remains that the ordeal had existed for many ages before it was introduced into Europe. In principle and often in the very form used it belongs to ancient culture, thence flourishing up to the mediæval European and modern Asiatic levels, but dying out before the light of modern civilization and its condemnation by the Church.

Some ordeals are simply magical, being processes of divination turned to legal purposes. In Burmah, for example, suits are still, or were until quite recently, determined by the plaintiff and defendant being each furnished with a candle of equal size and both lighted at once. He whose candle outlasts the other is judged, amid the applause of his friends, to have won the cause.

The subject of "ordeals" is too extensive to be described here in all its forms; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving a few examples. A classical mention of the ordeals by carrying hot irons in the hands and by passing through the fire is made more interesting by the contestants, who offer to prove their innocence in this way; offering further to take oaths by the gods, which shows the intimate connection between oaths and ordeals. (See Soph., *ant.* 264. See also Æschyl. p. 284.) The passing through fire is described in the Hindoo Codes of Yagnavalkyn, and others, and in an incident of Hindoo poetry, where, in the Ramayana, the virtuous Sita thus proves her innocence to her jealous husband Rama. (Pietet, "*Origines Indo-Européennes*.") It was not less known to European law and chronicle. We read that Recaidia, wife of Charles the Fat, proved her innocence by going into the fire clad in a waxen garment and came out unhurt by the fire. (Grimm, "*Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer*.") Yet more minutely described in the Hindoo ordeal books is the rite of carrying the glowing hot iron seven steps, into the seven or nine circles traced on the ground, the examination of the hands to see if they show traces of burning, and the binding them up in leaves. The close historical connection of the Hindoo ordeal laws with the old European is shown by the correspondence of minute details; as where, in a Scandinavian law, it is prescribed that the red hot iron shall be carried nine steps. (See Grimm.) In the "*Anglo-Saxon Laws and Institutes of England*," iv., 6, we learn that the iron to be carried was, at first, only one pound in weight, but Athelston's laws increased it to three pounds.

Another form of the ordeal well known in Germany and Eng-

land was the walking barefoot over glowing plowshares, generally nine. In the works above referred to, we further learn that the law code of the Middle Ages shows this as an ordinary criminal procedure, but it is perhaps best remembered in two stories, both without foundation, one regarding Kunegunda, the wife of the Emperor Henry II., of Germany, and the other relating to Queen Emma, mother of St. Edward the Confessor, both of whom the legend tells us triumphantly vindicated their good name by walking unharmed over nine glowing plowshares. The actual practice of the fire ordeal contrasts shamefully with the theory that the fire rather than harm the innocent restrained its natural action. Thus it stands in the Hindoo Code of Mana (viii., 115): "He whom the flame does not burn, whom the water does not cast up, or whom no harm soon befalls, is to be taken as truthful to his oath." In Spain, the test by fire was formally condemned by a synod held at Valladolid, in 1322. In code xxvii., it declares: "The tests of fire and water are forbidden; whoever participates in them is 'ipso facto' excommunicated."

In 1361 the ordeal seems to have assumed a peculiar phase, for we have an account of an extraordinary duel which took place in Paris in that year between a man and a dog. It was of the nature of a judicial combat, in which the right or wrong of a charge was supposed to be proved by the result of a fight for life. A French gentleman, M. Abryde Montdidier, had been murdered and his body buried in a wood. His dog remained by the grave until forced by hunger to leave it. The peculiar actions of the animal induced some persons to follow it, and the body of the murdered man was discovered. Some time afterward the dog flew at the throat of a certain Chevalier Macaire. Suspicion being aroused and the fact coming to the knowledge of the King, the dog was brought into court, and there from a crowd of courtiers the animal picked out Macaire and flew savagely at him. As Macaire denied the crime the King ordered that it should be left to the *judicium Dei*, in a duel with the dog. The lists were prepared and Macaire was provided with a large stick and the dog with an empty cask in which he could find refuge from assault. But far from seeking shelter the dog attacked Macaire so fiercely as to seize him by the throat and bring him to the ground, whereupon he confessed his crime and implored pardon.

Ordeals appear to have been practiced among the ancient Greeks, as we learn from the "Antigone" of Sophocles that a person suspected by Creon of misdemeanor declared himself ready to "handle hot iron and to walk on fire," and Grotius gives many instances of war ordeals in Bithynia and Sardinia and other places. Germany

seems to have been the principal field for the development of ordeals, and this not only in Germany itself, but in the provinces that became subject to it.

Perhaps it might be well to recall the fact that trial by combat was resorted to in feudal times in all doubtful cases, and especially when a crime not capable of notorious proof was charged. It does not seem to have established itself in France till ordeals went into disuse. It may be met with under the Merovingian kings, and seems to have prevailed in Burgundy. It was established by the laws of the Alemanni and Suabians (Baluz, c. i., p. 80). It was always popular in Lombardy. Otho II. established it in all disputes concerning real estate, and there is a famous case where the right of representation, or preference of the son of a deceased elder child to his uncle, in succession to his grandfather's estate, was settled by this test. It was introduced into England for accusations of treason, if neither the accuser nor the accused would produce good evidence. The first battle by single combat was fought before the king and peers between Geoffrey Bayard and William, Earl of Eu, who was accused by the former of high treason. Bayard, having conquered his antagonist, was deemed innocent. The last combat proposed was between Lord Reay and David Ramsay, in 1631, but the king interposed and prevented it. The same method of trial also existed in Ireland. A trial was appointed between the Prior of Kilmainham and the Earl of Ormond, the former having impeached the latter of high treason, but the quarrel, having been taken up by the king, was decided without fighting, in 1446. A remarkable combat took place in Dublin Castle, before the Lords Justices and council, between Connor McCormack O'Connor and Teig McGilpatrick O'Connor, in which the former had his head cut off and presented to the Lords Justices, 1553.

The Wager Fight was most common in Germany. When a man was accused of a crime, he had the right to demand personal combat to prove his innocence. When a woman happened to be the accuser, she was subject to challenge by the man she accused; but as he was by his superior strength certain to overcome his weaker antagonist, he was required to stand in a hole or pit, up to his waist. The arms were clubs, or the woman might use a cloth in which a stone weighing from one to five pounds was tied. This fight was a very serious matter, for the conquered party forfeited life, and, in the case of a woman, she was buried alive in the pit where her antagonist had stood.

There are many other forms of trial by ordeal, such as the

"Wine and Cheese" ordeal, in which the accused was required to consume a certain quantity of these aliments; if they produced no unpleasant results, the accused was pronounced guiltless. Another form, dating back to the eighth century, was the Cross ordeal in which both the accuser and the accused were required to stand before a cross with arms extended; he whose arms fell first was declared to be the culprit. The list of old-time punishments and ordeals is by no means exhausted, for the laws were as capricious as the criminals were ingenious.

To-day, if our laws are less capricious, they are, to say the least, less troublesome to the malefactor, and seem loth to leave the pages of our statute books, else we would not hear of seditious meetings in our public halls and sentiments not above suspicion proclaimed even within the walls of our National Capitol. Father Rickaby, the learned Jesuit, in his "Moral Philosophy," defines punishment as "medicinal, deterrent and retributive." "As it is medicinal," he goes on to say, "it serves the offender; as it is deterrent, it serves the Commonwealth; as it is retributive, it serves the offended party, being a reparation offered to him."

I sometimes wonder what medicine can reach the case of those who violate treaties; who visit with fire and sword the homes of noncombatants; who murder and ill use defenseless women and maim their children; who deport and scatter whole populations and starve them in their exile; who sink ships freighted with women and children; who shoot down in cold blood the minister of God and the nurse who is tending to their wounded; who bomb unprotected cities and grand cathedrals out of pure wantonness; who poison wells and destroy fruit trees and the very machinery that gives employment to thousands of laborers; who incite riots and who plot in every country in the world, etc., etc. What "deterrent" will reach these miscreants that civilization and humanity could devise for any other people and be regarded effective under present circumstances, and finally, what "retribution" can be asked that "will fit the crime?"

"The land wants such  
As dare with rigor execute the laws.

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He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares  
The part corrupted till the gangrene spreads  
And all the body perish; he that's merciful  
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good."

MARC F. VALLETTE.

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WHAT ARE THE EXACT REQUISITES FOR AN EX CATHEDRA UTTERANCE OF THE HOLY FATHER?<sup>1</sup>

THE declaration of the Vatican Council runs as follows:  
"We teach and define that it is a divinely revealed dogma that when, he speaks *ex cathedra*—that is, when in the exercise of his functions as the Shepherd and Teacher of all Christians, he, in accordance with his supreme Apostolic authority, defines doctrine touching faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church, the Roman Pontiff enjoys by the divine assistance promised to him in the person of Blessed Peter that same infallibility wherewith the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be furnished in defining doctrine touching faith or morals. Wherefore the definitions of the said Roman Pontiff are of themselves—not by reason of the consent of the Church—irreformable."

The Council here lays down that the prerogative of infallibility is exercised when the Pope speaks *ex cathedra*. Infallibility is thus attached to an *ex cathedra* pronouncement. What is the precise relationship between these two terms? It is clear that the Pope is not infallible *because* he speaks *ex cathedra*; he is infallible because the Church is indefectible. But when the Pope speaks *ex cathedra* he, so to speak, assumes the toga of infallibility; in other words, the speaking *ex cathedra* is the occasion for the exercise of infallibility, not its cause. After declaring, then, the circumstances under which the infallibility is exercised, the Council immediately states what is meant by an *ex cathedra* pronouncement. Certain conditions are laid down for such a pronouncement. The Pope is said to speak *ex cathedra* when (a) he speaks as *Shepherd and Teacher of all Christians*; (b) in the exercise of his *Supreme* Apostolic authority; (c) when *defining* a doctrine; (d) which doctrine must be concerned with *faith or morals*; (e) and must be one which is to be held by the *Universal Church*.

Two further statements are made, viz., (a) that this infallibility is due to the "assistance" of the Holy Spirit; (b) that the personal infallibility of the Pope is the same as that of the Church. It might seem, then, that the answer to the question before us was an exceedingly simple affair, since it should be sufficient to indicate the above conditions for an *ex cathedra* pronouncement. But unfortunately it is one thing to say what an *ex cathedra* pronouncement is and what are its constituent features, quite another to say how we are to recognize the presence of those features. The question, then, before us is: How are we to know when the conditions for an *ex cathedra* pronouncement are present?

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<sup>1</sup> A paper read before the Anglican Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury, May 22, 1917.

It might be urged that the style of the document should betray its character; that *ex cathedra* pronouncements are framed in a certain way, contain certain set phrases, etc., which serve to distinguish them from other less formal Papal declarations. But this would only remove the difficulty a step further back, for men would at once begin to ask for a decree, saying that the Pope is infallible when he speaks *ex cathedra*, and that he speaks *ex cathedra* when he uses a certain formula, and that this formula is to be understood in this sense and not in that, and so on *ad infinitum*. Moreover, the Pope as supreme legislator cannot be bound by any formula unless he himself chooses; and what one Pope might elect as his personal formula, another might lay aside.

Further, if appeal is made to the statement of the Council that an *ex cathedra* decision is easily recognizable because it presents the features above enumerated, it can with justice be objected (a) that it is not always easy to decide when the Pope speaks as "Universal Shepherd and Teacher of all Christians." How are we to know whether he is speaking as a private doctor or as the universal doctor? And is there no *via media* between these two? (b) Who is to tell whether he is really exercising his *Supreme* Apostolic authority? He may be speaking from a lower level than this. (c) Again, when have we a "definition"? The term is often used loosely. In fact, the Bishops in Council write: "Ego, N., definiens subscripsi." (d) Further, the term "faith and morals" is vague in its extent; things may be directly or indirectly connected with faith and morals; this connection may be proximate or exceedingly remote. Who is to assign limits to the comprehension of all sorts of details within the scope of "faith and morals"? (e) If the Pope writes to an individual whose views are held to be reprehensible, *e. g.*, de Lamennais, can it be said that mere publication of the letter enables us to class it amongst those addressed to the Universal Church? (f) And lastly, this doctrine so defined is one which is to be "held" by the Universal Church; it does not say that it "is to be held *as of faith*." What, then, is the precise force of this expression? These difficulties, which have been all of them raised at one time or another, will show that there remains considerable room for discussion when the question is put: How are we to recognize the presence of the constituents necessary for an *ex cathedra* pronouncement?

# I.

Let us first of all examine the decree of the Council. Session IV., with which alone we are concerned, contains four chapters with a preamble. The latter points out the necessity of declaring the mind

of the Church touching the institution, the perpetuity and the precise nature of the Primacy; these three points are defined respectively in chapters i.-iii. Chapter iv., with which we are immediately concerned, points out (a) that the plenitude of the teaching office is inseparably connected with sound doctrine touching the Primacy; the Councils of Constantinople, Lyons and Florence are quoted to this effect, and it is further pointed out that the Church has always held the doctrine of the Primacy; (b) the reasons for this plenitude of teaching authority are then set forth in words which may be given in full:

"The gift, then (*charisma*), of a truth and a faith which shall never fail was divinely bestowed upon Peter and his successors in this See (*Cathedra*), so that they might exercise this their lofty function for the salvation of all men, so that the entire flock of Christ should by their means be preserved from the poisonous food of error and nourished with the food of heavenly doctrine, and that all occasion of schism being thus removed—the whole Church might be preserved in unity and established upon its own foundation, might stand firm against the gates of hell."

Then, after stating that the prevalent contempt of this doctrine compels the Church to assert it with vigor, the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is thus defined:

"We, therefore, adhering to the traditions faithfully handed down from the beginnings of Christianity, for the glory of God our Saviour, for the exaltation of the Catholic religion and for the salvation of the Christian peoples, with the approbation of this Sacred Council, teach and define that it is a divinely revealed dogma: that when he speaks *ex cathedra*—that is, when in the exercise of his office as the Shepherd and Teacher of all Christians, he, in accordance with his supreme Apostolic authority, defines a doctrine touching faith or morals which is to be held by the Universal Church—the Roman Pontiff enjoys by the divine assistance promised to him in the person of the Blessed Peter, that infallibility wherewith the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be furnished in defining doctrine touching faith or morals: and that in consequence the definitions of the said Roman Pontiff are of themselves—not from the Church's consent—irreformable.

"If any, one should presume to contradict this our definition—which God forbid—let him be anathema."

It may be as well to state here what is meant by "infallibility." Briefly: in the first place, infallibility is not *revelation*, as the Council explicitly declares: "The Holy Spirit was not promised to Peter's successors with a view to their declaring new doctrine through revelation from Him, but in order that they might by His assistance

preserve inviolate and might faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of faith handed down by the Apostles." Neither is infallibility to be confused with *inspiration*, as is again declared in the preliminary Acts of the Council.<sup>2</sup> Neither is it a *habit*, for a habit denotes some quality not only permanently possessed, but usable at will; whereas infallibility is a qualification of the successor of St. Peter which only comes into play under certain definite circumstances. So far negatively. Positively infallibility is inability to err under certain circumstances, and this inability to err does not depend upon any sudden flood of light whether conscious or unconscious—for thus it would be identical with inspiration—but upon the perpetual corrective and suggestive action of the Holy Spirit standing by or "assisting."

Indeed, we have to be particularly careful lest through a conventional use of terms we fall into error when speaking of infallibility. For we sometimes hear people say that the sun will infallibly rise to-morrow. But this would be more correctly formulated by saying: God knows infallibly that the sun will rise or not. For infallibility is a subjective *charisma* qualifying knowledge, but not affecting the thing known save as conferring certitude regarding it. Hence it follows that many propositions may be absolutely true and yet not infallibly so, since no one may know them, least of all know them infallibly. Or again, they may be set forth as certainly true yet not set forth under the influence of the *charisma* of infallibility.

## II.

The question at issue, then, is—to repeat—by what criteria are we to ascertain the presence or absence of the various qualifications for an *ex cathedra* or infallible pronouncement? Let us take each qualification in turn and submit it to analysis.

The first qualification laid down is that the Pope must be exercising "his functions as the Shepherd and *Teacher* of all Christians." It is, of course, impossible to conceive a Church which has no teaching office. The Christian Church, then, being founded by Christ and being truly "the kingdom of God upon earth," must have received from Him the power, the duty and the right to teach. When we say that the Church teaches infallibly, we mean that the formal teaching of the Church is free from error. When we say that the Supreme Pontiff is infallible we do not mean that he is *also* infallible as though the Church and the Pope were two distinct subjects in which this quality of infallibility is resident, but precisely as a man's acts, while emanating from his head or his brain, are yet acts of the whole man, so that while the head or brain is the principle

<sup>2</sup> "Collectio Læcensis," vii., pp. 76-77.

whence ultimately the acts flow, the whole man is the subject in which those acts reside, so, too, in the case of the Pope and the Church: he is the head whence emanate certain qualities which are also correctly spoken of as resident in the body which is the Church.

To avoid confusion we will begin by examining certain preliminary points, *viz.*, (a) the Teaching Office and the consequent meaning of the term *ex cathedra*; (b) the precise meaning of faith, whether Divine, Divine-Catholic or Ecclesiastical; (c) and lastly the term "infallibility" itself.

Thus note the declaration made at the Council: "The proper subject of infallibility, to wit: that to which it primarily and essentially belongs, is, as we are taught by the Scriptures, the actual Apostolic teaching office, which is divinely and for all time established in the Church through whose infallible teaching the infallibility of the faith flows out to the Universal Church."<sup>3</sup> And as a commentary on these words, note the opening clause of the definition regarding the veneration due to sacred images which was published by the second Council of Nice, A. D. 787: "Keeping, then, to the royal road and following the divinely inspired teaching of our Holy Fathers and the tradition of the Catholic Church—for we know that this is from the Holy Spirit who dwells in her—we define with all exactness and diligence."<sup>4</sup>

The basis of the Church's infallibility, then, is her teaching office, and this latter rests on such passages as *going therefore, teach all nations \* \* \* teaching them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world.*<sup>5</sup> The Church is therefore essentially a teaching society. Analysis of the concept "society" shows us that it is only comparable to personality: St. Paul has worked out this analogy for us in detail.<sup>6</sup> But personality involves monarchy, a final court of appeal, a supreme directing influence coördinating all the various principles which go to make up the whole. In other words, personality, and therefore "society," necessarily involves authority. This concept underlies the *Pastoral Epistles*; it is expressed in that "sound teaching" which forms the undercurrent, so to speak, of those first episcopal "charges."<sup>7</sup> It could not be expressed in more concise form than in the Apostle's dictum: "the Church of the Living God,

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<sup>3</sup> "Collectio Lacensis," vii., p. 598.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Denzinger, "Enchiridion," eleventh ed., No. 302.

<sup>5</sup> Mt. xxviii., 19-20; Mk. xvi., 15-16; Jn. xx., 21-23, and cp. the office of "witness" so emphatically assigned to the Apostles, e. g., Lk. xxiv., 48, and claimed by them with equal emphasis. Acts I, 22, II, 32, x., 39, etc.

<sup>6</sup> I. Cor. xii., cp. Rom. xii., Ephes. iv.

<sup>7</sup> The words *didakalia*, *didasko* and *didache* are paramount in these Epistles.

the pillar and ground of the truth."<sup>8</sup> The same feature lies at the root of that "monarchical" episcopate which also appears so vividly in the same *Pastoral Epistles* and finds its fullest expression in the *Epistles of St. Ignatius*.<sup>9</sup> This "monarchical" episcopate, necessitated by the responsibility of the supreme teaching office, is the real key to St. Irenaeus' teaching in his "Adversus Haereses";<sup>10</sup> it appears—where perhaps we should least expect to find it—in Origen;<sup>11</sup> it was the dominant note of St. Cyprian's controversy;<sup>12</sup> though this again will come as a shock to many; finally St. Augustine and St. Jerome repeatedly bear witness to it.<sup>13</sup> In scholastic

<sup>8</sup> I. Tim. iii., 15.

<sup>9</sup> E. g., "So that in one and the same obedience ye all may be perfect, so that through subordination to the Bishop and the presbytery ye may be in all things sanctified (Ephes. ii.) This teaching is the ever-repeated burden of Ignatius' Epistles, cp. Ephes. v., xx., Magnes, ii., vi., vii., xiii., Trall. ii., iii., vii., xiii., Smyrn. viii., Phil. iii., iv., vii., Polyc. vi., cf. Clement, I. Corinth xlii.-xlii. It is surely no mere accident that to the Romans alone St. Ignatius does not address such exhortations, but rather: "Never have ye envied others; others ye have taught. \* \* \* Not as did Peter and Paul do I command you." (Rom. iii., 4.)

<sup>10</sup> E. g., "Adv. Haer.," c. III., 1, iii.; xxvi., 5.

<sup>11</sup> E. g., "Praef.," 2 in "De Principiis."

<sup>12</sup> As for St. Cyprian, it should suffice to read Epp. xxvi., xxxix., xlv., liv., where note in section 14, "the throne of Peter, the chief church whence priestly unity takes its source," lxviii., 8, "the Church which is Catholic and one is not cut nor divided, but is indeed connected and bound together by the cement of priests, who cohere with one another," cp. lxix., 3; lxxii., 7-11; "De Habitu Virginum" 10, "De unitate Ecclesiae," v., 3. He would be a bold man who would nowadays deny the authenticity of the disputed passages in the "De Unitate." See Dom John Chapman's Papers in "J. T. S.," Oct., 1902, also against the so-called interpolations, St. Cyprian's "Treatises" in the Oxford translation, Vol. III., pp. 150-152, and Prof. Hugo Koch, "Cyprian und der Römische Primat," Leipzig, 1910, with Dom Chapman's answer in the "Rev. Benedictine."

<sup>13</sup> E. g., "Contra Cresconium," III., lxiv., (71), P. L., XLIII., 535: "O the mad folly of men! You think you deserve praise because ye believe in the Christ, whom ye see not, and you think ye do not deserve condemnation for your repudiation of the Church, which ye see; whereas the former is the Head in heaven, the latter His Body on earth!" And note St. Augustine's remarkable words: "Our Heavenly Teacher even went so far as to give us a warning hint with a view to rendering His people secure against evil superiors, lest on their account the chair (cathedra) of health-giving doctrine should be spurned; in it even the wicked are compelled to say what is good. Indeed, what they say is not their own, but God's, for in the Chair (cathedra) of unity He placed the doctrine of truth." Ep. CV., v., (16), P. L., XXXIII., 403. Again, on the vexed question of the origin of the soul he quotes a passage from Pope Zozimus, and then says: "In these words of the Apostolic See, so ancient and so established, so sure and so clear is the Catholic faith that it is impious for a Christian to doubt it." (Ep. CXC., vi., (23); P. L., XXXIII., 866.) St. Jerome is still more explicit; of Vigilantius he says: "He is condemned by the authority of the Roman Church." "Contra Vigilantium," 1, P. L. XXIII., 340. To Rufinus: "In none of these things, he says, is there aught in which he differs from our faith. Let the Latin reader judge for

days it was the pivot, so to speak, of the dogmatic teaching of such men as Blessed Albert the Great and St. Thomas. Indeed it could not be more emphatically stated than in a too little known passage of St. Thomas, who in his "Summa contra Gentiles," after treating of the Sacrament of Order, proceeds to speak of the episcopal dignity which is necessitated by the sacrament of Order. He begins by pointing out that "so far as the consecration of Christ's Body is concerned, the episcopal does not exceed the priestly power, but that it does exceed it in the relation it has to the faithful (*viz.*, in jurisdiction)." This leads him to the next point, *viz.*, that "just as in any particular congregation of the one Church it is necessary to have one Bishop who is to be the head of the whole congregation, so in the entire Christian world we must have one who shall be the head of the entire Church. Further, for the unity of the Church all the faithful must agree in the faith. Since, then, questions are wont to arise touching the faith and the Church would be divided by divergences of opinion, the Church can only be preserved in unity by one man's decision. For the sake of this unity, then, it is necessary that there should be one who presides over the whole Church." St. Thomas then insists that since the Church's mode of government must of necessity be the best, since it was established by Him through whom *kings reign and lawgivers decree just things*,<sup>14</sup> and since peace—which is the true object of all government—can only be satisfactorily secured through monarchical government, "it will be manifest that the government of the Church must be such that one governs the entire Church." He then meets the objection that Christ is the one Head and that we need no other. Not so, he says, for the whole idea of the Christian ministry is that Christ instituted it to make up for the withdrawal of His bodily presence in our midst, and that for the same reason "it was fitting that He should appoint some one person who should have charge of the whole Church *in His place*," and he quotes the familiar Petrine texts in support of this.<sup>15</sup> Lastly the saint dwells on the necessity of perpetuity in this ministry: the Church was to endure to the end of time,<sup>16</sup> and therefore, too, its ministry must so continue, in accordance with the promise, *I am with you all days even*

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himself. What is this faith which he calls his? Is it the same as that which gives strength to the Roman Church? Or is it that which he finds in Origen's volumes? If he replies that it is the Roman faith, then we are both of us Catholics!" "Adv. Rufinum" I., 4; P. L. XXIII., 400; cp. "Contra Vigilantium," 6; on Daniel ix.; P. L. XXV., 542, and for "the mind of the Catholic Church" on Gal. iv., 1.

<sup>14</sup> Prov. viii., 15.

<sup>15</sup> Jn. xxi., 17ff., Lk. xxii., 32, Mt. xvi., 19.

<sup>16</sup> Is. ix., 7.

to the end of time. His closing words are worth noting: "Hereby is excluded the presumptuous error of those men who endeavor to withdraw themselves from obedience and submission to Peter by refusing to recognize his successor, the Roman Pontiff, as the shepherd of the Universal Church."<sup>17</sup>

The point to be noted is that while the episcopacy is necessary for conferring orders and for jurisdiction in general, this jurisdiction itself is particularly necessitated by the obligation of preserving unity in the faith, and that is only secured by submission to one who stands in the place of Christ Himself and who can speak with plenary authority. It is this plenary authority which is comprised in the term *ex cathedra*, a term derived, of course, from Christ's reference to the *Cathedra* of Moses.<sup>18</sup>

### III.

The second qualification of an *ex cathedra* pronouncement is that the Pope should speak "in accordance with his supreme Apostolic authority." This implies at once that there are occasions when the Pope speaks with less than his supreme Apostolic authority. When does this take place and how are we to arrive at the knowledge that he is speaking from the fulness or from less than the fulness of that authority?

It must be borne in mind that the Supreme Pontiff has a three-

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<sup>17</sup> "Summa contra Gentiles," Lib. IV., cap. lxxvi. We have felt compelled to draw attention to this passage not merely because of its cogency, but in refutation of an accusation which has been made more than once, and again in recent days by Mr. Athelstan Riley, who wrote to the "Church Times," Jan. 14, 1916, to explain why he was not a Romanist. "Because," he says, "I could not pass through one hedge, the acceptance of the Papal claims. That hedge would tear from me all self-respect; I believe these claims to be historically false. That spurious documents largely assisted in building up the Roman theory will hardly be denied by any. No Roman theologian now believes, for instance, in the forged Decretals. (One may ask whether any theologian ever did so!) But St. Thomas and all the great theologians who built up the Roman system had no suspicion of their falsity \* \* \* St. Thomas in his 'Opusculum contra Errores Graecorum' relied upon a catena of Greek fathers forged by a Latin theologian about 1261, and provided by Pope Urban IV., let us hope innocently, for the purpose of helping him to maintain the Papal claims. I believe there is not a single passage quoted by St. Thomas that is not spurious." We will only point out that the "Opusculum" in question can hardly be called "constructive" theology; it would much more aptly be called "a statement of the case"; St. Thomas' constructive theology is to be looked for in the two "Summas," that known as the "Contra Gentiles" and the "Summa Theologica." The argument for the Papacy will be found in the latter. Iida., IIdae., I., 10; that from the "Contra Gentiles" we have just seen. Needless to say that in neither case is the argument derived from authority.

<sup>18</sup> Mt. xxiii., 2.

fold character:<sup>19</sup> he is presumably an eminent theologian whose opinion must always carry weight; he is also the Pope, *i. e.*, the Head of the Church, and he may in this capacity feel called upon to speak out strongly on certain burning questions. His opinions in this capacity have a special weight in virtue of his dignity, yet who shall say that he is always on such occasions speaking with the plenitude of his authority? His declarations as Head of the Church may be certainly true, but yet not infallibly certain, since this particular *charisma* of infallibility has not been called into play. Consequently, while they demand our most respectful hearing, we clearly cannot give to them the assent of faith, since we cannot be called upon to assent with faith—whether divine-Catholic or ecclesiastical—to an obscure truth unless we have some guarantee that such assent is demanded. It is here that what has been happily termed the *pietas fidei* comes into play, as for instance in the case of an encyclical such as the “*Rerum Novarum* on the Condition of the Laboring Classes.” No one can ask us to believe with divine-Catholic faith what the Pope sets forth in this famous encyclical, and for the simple reason that it is no question of revelation. But neither can we afford to treat such a pronouncement as though it merely emanated from some distinguished theologian; it is much more than that, it is a weighty pronouncement by the Head of Christendom. A notable instance of this is at hand in disciplinary decrees, *e. g.*, in a decree regarding the fast of Lent, whether enforcing it or relaxing it. To refuse adherence to such a decree would argue a failure to recognize what is known as the “*quotidianum magisterium Ecclesiae*,” which permeates the entirety of Catholic life. Moreover, such decrees, while not emanating from the plenitude of power or the fulness of the magisterium, may only just fall short of it, while the resulting declaration may well be closely connected with dogma and may but voice the general mind of the Church. In this connection it will be well to note Pius IXth’s “Letter to the Archbishop of Munich,” December 21, 1863. The Pontiff has found reason to complain of the attitude adopted by certain German professors towards the fathers and doctors of the Church whom they apparently treated as “out of date.” The views of these professors were a foretaste of the Modernism of a later day. Pius IX. therefore points out that “we must keep revelation before our eyes as our guiding star if we would avoid error”—it should be borne in mind that he is dealing with professors of philosophy rather than with theologians—and he continues:

“We are unwilling to believe that these men are desirous to limit the obligation whereby Catholic teachers and writers are strictly

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<sup>19</sup> Coll. *Lacensis*, vii., 285, 1290-94, 1323, 1350.

bound, merely to those points which are set forth by the Church's infallible judgment as dogmas of the faith which all have to believe. Neither can we believe that they would wish to hold that that perfect adhesion to revealed truths which they acknowledge to be absolutely necessary if real progress in science is to be made and error to be refuted, can be attained by faithful and obedient acceptance merely of those dogmas which are expressly defined by the Church. For even if it were a question of that submission which is called for when divine faith is in question, yet even that cannot be limited to things defined by express decrees published by Œcumenical Councils or by the occupants of this Roman See, but has to be extended to those things as well which, by the ordinary teaching authority of the Church dispersed throughout the world, are handed down as divinely revealed and which are therefore by universal and constant consent considered by Catholic theologians as belonging to the faith.

"But since it is really question of that submission to which all Catholics who are occupied with speculative science are in conscience bound if their writings would bring fresh gain to the Church, it follows that these professorial bodies must acknowledge that it is not sufficient for learned Catholics to receive and venerate the aforesaid dogmas of the Church, but it is also necessary for them to submit themselves both to decisions touching doctrine which emanate from the Pontifical congregations and to those points of doctrine which by the common and constant consent of Catholics are regarded as theological truths and as conclusions which are so certain that, while opinions opposed to these points of doctrine may not be declared heretical, they yet merit some other theological censure."<sup>20</sup>

This Letter, be it noted, antedates the declaration of the Vatican Council by seven years. In it the Holy Father distinguishes between the assent which all must give to the infallible decisions of the Church and that *pietas fidei* which displayed in submission to decisions which, while not infallible, are yet binding on the consciences of all who would call themselves true sons of the Church. With regard to the former he expressly declares that divine faith cannot be limited to things defined, but must be extended to declarations emanating from "the ordinary teaching authority of the Church dispersed throughout the world." The importance of this cannot be overrated.

Moreover, the same Letter shows us that there is a very clear line of demarcation between pronouncements which proceed from the fulness of Apostolic authority and those which express the general voice of the Church. The question before us, to repeat, is what

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<sup>20</sup> Cf. Denzinger, "Enchiridion," 11th ed. Nos. 1679-1684.

precisely are the criteria whereby we can distinguish between these two classes of pronouncements. The former are *ex cathedra*, the latter are not.

#### IV.

The next qualification requisite for an *ex cathedra* decision is that the point defined concerns faith or morals, *viz.*, the traditional belief and the traditional practice. By "faith" is here meant the objects on which our subjective faith or belief is exercised. But since acts are specified by their objects it will follow that divine faith is only present when a revealed truth is the object of belief.<sup>21</sup> Faith, then, may be defined as assent to an obscure truth by reason of evidence extrinsic to it, *i. e.*, authority. According as this "authority" is human or divine, faith will be either human or divine, there is no middle term; your authority to which you are said to pin your faith is either God or man. But at the same time, while it is true that, strictly speaking, there is no halfway house between authority either human or divine, yet a human authority may possess qualifications which approximate it to the divine, in other words we have the "priest," who is coeval with the world's history. Now the essential difference between the priesthood of the Old and the New Testaments lies in this: that the priest of the former was constituted as such by God, but only to offer to God man's gifts. It is true that now and again he was the vehicle through whom God communicated His behests to men. We say "now and again," because it was not in virtue of his priestly office that God thus

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<sup>21</sup> The precision of scholastic terminology on this point should be noted; for just as coloured objects alone are the formal object of my visual powers, *e. g.*, no one can see what is colorless; so, too, no keenness of vision will enable me to see in the dark; a third factor in addition to visual power color is required, *viz.*, light, for it alone can bring the faculty of vision into connection with its true object. The same feature occurs in the exercise of faith; the presence of the subjective light—which we call the habit of faith—and the existence of revealed truths are insufficient of themselves to produce an act of faith unless subject and object be brought into connection by authority which says that God has revealed certain definite things. This authority may be either God Himself or His Church. And this authority, again, on which depends the actual exercise of faith, is analogous to the action of light which produces the actual exercise of vision. Scholastic philosophy expresses these facts by terming color the *objectum formale quod* of vision; light it terms the *objectum formale quo* (*mediante scil.*), the actual colored objects seen constitute the *objectum materiale*, while the visual faculty is the subjective principle. In the same way for faith; the light of faith, or the habit, is the subjective principle; the actual truths believed are the material objects; their divine or supernatural character constitutes the *objectum formale quod*; the fact that God has revealed them is the *objectum formale quo*, while the Church is the medium or organ whereby we know that God has actually revealed them.

communicated through him; the prophetic office was distinct from the priestly, the one did not involve the other. The priest of the New Testament on the contrary is appointed by God as the medium through whom God's gifts to men are distributed, whether these gifts are sacramental or whether they consist in teaching communicated through the priest. At the same time we find in the Old Law that the priests were the appointed guardians of the sum of divine revelation,<sup>22</sup> and we find also that to the High Priest was committed a mysterious power of receiving divine illumination touching difficult questions.<sup>23</sup> He was the head of the hierarchy—not indeed as the source of Orders, for the priests were such by birthright—but as the main recipient of divine illumination. All this and more, then, must belong to the New Testament priesthood. The "High Priest forever," whom the Levitical High Priest symbolized or prefigured, was the source of all power and authority; and precisely as it was requisite that the Levitical priests should succeed one another for the sake of successive generations of the faithful, so, too, those priests who no longer symbolize Christ and His authority, but who stand in His place and are called His Vicegerents must succeed one another and also Him who is the source of their authority, each in his degree, but one of them actually *in loco Christi*, as St. Thomas expresses it.<sup>24</sup>

Bearing in mind the distinction thus indicated we can speak of faith as "divine," "divine-Catholic" and "ecclesiastical." These three qualifications express the immediate motives for our assent in each case; thus faith is called *divine* if the immediate motive for assent is the fact that the point in question is divinely revealed, *e. g.*, a saint who receives a divine revelation believes it with divine faith. Faith is Catholic, or *divine-Catholic*, if that revelation comes to us through the medium of the Church, *e. g.*, we accept the articles of faith as well as dogmas and what are termed "theological conclusions in the wider sense"<sup>25</sup> because it is through the medium of the

<sup>22</sup> *E. g.*, Deut. xxxi., 26.

<sup>23</sup> Exod xxviii., 30, cp. Deut. xxxiii., 8, Ps. xlii., 3.

<sup>24</sup> *Supra*.

<sup>25</sup> "Theological conclusions," i. e., conclusions derived from a premiss which is revealed and from another which is a naturally known truth, fall into two classes: (a) Those in which the conclusion is contained in the premisses in the same way as the part is contained in the whole, so that really there is hardly a strict deduction to be drawn, *e. g.*, Christ died for all men; but I am a man; therefore Christ died for me. This is a "conclusion" in the wide sense only and is adhered to with divine faith. (b) Those in which there is scope for a strict deduction. These are "conclusions" in the strict sense, since it is only through the medium of such deduction that their connection with the premisses is arrived at; *e. g.*, Christ is a man; but man has the capacity for laughter; therefore Christ is capable of laughter. Such conclusions come under ecclesiastical faith, which reposes on the assistance promised to the Church.

Catholic Church that we know they have been revealed. But "dogmatic facts, *e. g.*, that the "Augustinus" of Jansenius really does contain in substance the five condemned propositions, are accepted by us not because revealed—for there never could have been any revelation of such a fact—but simply by reason of the divine assistance promised to the Church for the safeguarding of the deposit of faith originally delivered and committed to her. This is termed *Ecclesiastical* faith. It may be well to explain what is meant by a "dogmatic fact." The technical expression is not meant to include particular or personal "facts"; of such St. Thomas remarks that "when it is question of particular facts, *e. g.*, of rights of possession, of crimes committed, or anything of that sort, it is possible for the judgment of the Church to err."<sup>26</sup> But the term "dogmatic fact" is used in reference to any "fact" or "deed" whereby some doctrine is expressed or which is connected with doctrine. For instance, the question may arise whether a certain opinion agrees or not with revealed doctrine, and also whether a certain formula or some book or some series of acts really do endorse such an opinion. Thus the Jansenists did not deny that certain opinions were in conflict with revealed truth, but they denied that such opinions were really to be found in the "Augustinus" of Jansenius. It will be patent that it is impossible to restrict the Church's infallibility to determining whether the opinion in question is in conflict with revelation. The Church—if she is to safeguard revelation with efficacy—must be able to detect the existence of such an error. A blind man may know that he is in a room full of enemies, but unfortunately he cannot see them and so cannot defend himself against them. This is of particular interest in view of the Papal Letter "Apostolicæ Curæ," of September 13, 1896, for the Supreme Pontiff therein says: "Since, then, to this vital (*intimo*) lack of due 'form' there is added lack of intention such as is equally demanded for the presence of a Sacrament. \* \* \* We, in complete and entire agreement with the decrees of Our predecessors on this point, confirming them, too, in the fullest manner and as it were renewing them by Our authority, of Our own motion and with full knowledge, pronounce and declare that ordinations performed in accordance with the Anglican rite are absolutely null and void." The Pope has here declared that a certain formula is insufficient for conveying true Orders. He has not attempted to decide any purely historical fact, *e. g.*, whether Parker or Barlow were really consecrated or not. He has simply decided a dogmatic fact precisely in the same fashion that Innocent X. decided the question whether Jansenius' language did or did not enshrine certain heretical opinions. Thus the dec-

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<sup>26</sup> "Quodlibet" IX., art. 16.

laration about Anglican Orders has at least one of the qualifications requisite for an *ex cathedra* statement; whether the other conditions are present, *e. g.*, whether this declaration can be described as intended to be binding upon the Universal Church, since it is a question which only concerns a portion of Christendom, may be disputed.

We are now in a position to examine what may seem a very technical point indeed. Divine faith, as we have seen, is concerned solely with the deposit of faith or with revelation, and infallibility is promised the Church solely with a view to safeguarding this deposit. Consequently we cannot be asked to accept with divine faith anything which is not in that deposit or connected with it. Hence it has been urged that the *Deposit, Divine Faith and Infallibility* are three correlative terms and that the last named, *viz.*, infallibility, can only come into play when it is question of deciding what has to be believed with divine faith as actually contained in the deposit. Now a proposition would—if contradictory to the contents of the deposit—be heretical; if opposed to a truth not directly contained in the deposit, but directly deducible from that deposit, it would be erroneous rather than heretical, and error as well as heresy are opposed to divine faith. Consequently the promise of infallibility comes into play in either case. But supposing that a proposition is condemned not as heretical or erroneous, but as *male sonans*, or “offensive to pious ears,” or as “rash and temerarious,” then—so it has been urged—such a proposition is neither directly nor indirectly opposed to the deposit and therefore cannot be the object of an act of divine faith, neither can the infallibility come into play regarding it. Indeed it is at least conceivable that a proposition may be “offensive to pious ears” and yet be true, *e. g.*, *Sancta Maria Magdalena, meretrix, ora pro nobis*; the same might be said of a proposition which was condemned as “rash.” The further conclusion has been drawn that so long as Papal decrees do not condemn propositions as “heretical” or “erroneous,” there is no scope for the exercise of the prerogative of infallibility and that consequently such pronouncements are not *ex cathedra*, and the censures leveled against them are not infallibly deserved. This theory has something most seductive about it, since it not only has a show of reason in its favor, but it seems to afford us precisely what we want, *viz.*, a sharp dividing line between infallible and fallible judgments. We should in accordance with this view be able to take any declaration and decide at once whether it was infallible or not by discovering whether the opposite doctrine was declared to be really heretical or erroneous or whether it was merely termed “temerarious.” And we could extend the process because we should

*à fortiori* be in a position to say that when in a given case the subject matter treated of was purely philosophical, *e. g.*, in the condemnations of Gunther and Hermes, and since philosophical truth had nothing to do with the deposit of divine faith, there could be no room here for the prerogative of infallibility to come into play. But speculative theology is always fearful of what we may call "clear-cut decisions." There is so much that we do not know, so much from which the Church has ever shrunk from pronouncing upon, that a wise man hesitates when he is told that any particular theological problem is capable of clear-cut decision. Moreover, the very fact that condemned propositions can be, as in fact they are, so minutely subdivided according to the precise character of the censure attached to them, will at least make us feel that the dividing line between each class of censure is exceedingly fine; we shall feel that divisions must needs so overlap that it becomes difficult to say that because a proposition is only labeled "temerarious" it is therefore in no sense heretical.

As a matter of fact the case against this view is practically overwhelming. When we first learned to play cricket we often yearned to have a bat which was wider than the wicket. But we were told that cricket was a game of skill and that it would be unsportsmanlike to widen the bat. Now safeguarding of the deposit of faith is no game of skill. It is deadly earnest, and comparison should be drawn rather with some contest wherein life itself is at stake, and where, if we are to be certain of winning, the shield must perforce be wider than the vulnerable portions of the body. The truth is that while the deposit, divine faith and infallibility are in fact three correlative terms it does not follow that they are therefore co-extensive. Faith must be more extended than the deposit, for all concede that we have to give the assent of divine faith to things which are only indirectly contained in the deposit. The stock example of this is of course the infallibility of the Church in declaring what are known as dogmatic facts, *e. g.*, to repeat, that a certain treatise contains certain propositions implicitly if not explicitly. If the Church could be mistaken for instance in saying that in the "Augustinus" Jansenius really did set forth the five condemned propositions, even though they are not to be discovered verbatim therein, then the Church would have proved herself unable to safeguard the deposit. Thus if a certain proposition is condemned as "rash," that means that to hold it is to hold what is conducive to error. But if I am free to say that the Church may be mistaken in declaring that this is a "rash" proposition it is hard to see by what right I say that the Church cannot err when she declares that particular proposition is actually erroneous. We could not call a fencer invulnerable if

he only knew the guards wherewith to ward off directly deadly thrusts; it matters little whether he bleeds to death slowly from a multitude of pin-pricks or speedily from one lunge. Similarly if the Church were capable of making a mistake regarding a heresy she would die outright; if she could err on a multitude of minor points she would die by inches only, but still she would die. It was for this reason that the theologians of the Vatican Council insisted that the prerogative of infallibility was the necessary consequence of the Church's indefectibility; if the Church cannot fail neither can she err.

As a matter of fact this precise question, *viz.*, the extension of infallibility to truths which were not strictly dogmas, was discussed in a private congress of the Council. After they had examined a difficult passage in Cardinal Cajetan's Commentary on St. Thomas' "Summa Theologica," IIa., IIae., i., 10, where Cajetan's words seemed at first sight to limit *ex cathedra* decisions to dogmas, the fathers point out that the term "cathedra" or "See" is synonymous with the authority or teaching power belonging to the See of Peter; this, they say, is restricted to doctrine touching the faith, but to say that it is restricted simply to dogmas is arbitrary and not in accordance with the teaching of the early fathers. They close their discussion with these words: "It is not necessary that the definition in question should be limited simply to those things which are to be believed with divine faith; at the same time we are convinced that the present definition should not at this moment be explicitly extended so as to cover other truths."<sup>27</sup>

Moreover, in the original schema of the Dogmatic Constitution "De Fide Catholica" was contained a Canon subsequently omitted: "If any one shall say it is lawful to hold or teach opinions condemned by the Church, *provided such opinions are not condemned as heretical*, let him be anathema." This Canon was in fact omitted, but not because it was rejected by the Conciliar Fathers. For the Bishop of Poitiers has told us "that the Fathers after mature deliberation thought it would be better that so momentous a declaration as this, one, too, which was so exceedingly necessary, should be more fully and clearly set forth in another Constitution wherein the doctrinal and judicial power of the Church should be directly and professedly treated."<sup>28</sup> In fact the doctrine had been already laid down in the "Syllabus," 22, which declared erroneous the proposition that "the obligation whereby Catholic teachers and writers are strictly bound is limited simply to those points which are laid down as binding on the belief of all men

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<sup>27</sup> "Coll. Lacensis," 1709.

<sup>28</sup> "Coll. Lacensis," VII., 208 and 1632.

since they are dogmas of the faith decided by the infallible judgment of the Church."<sup>29</sup>

This point is also clearly set forth by the Bishop of Brescia in his "Relatio," delivered at one of the sessions of the Vatican Council. "The infallibility is promised," he says, "for the safeguarding and the unfolding of the entire deposit of faith. Hence in general it is clear that the subject-matter of infallibility is doctrine touching faith and morals. But then not all truths concerning Christian faith and morals are of the same order, nor are all of them necessary in the same degree for safeguarding the integrity of the deposit." He then points out that the infallibility promised is the same for the Pope as for the Church, that it extends to the fundamental dogmas of the faith, and that it therefore extends to dogmatic facts. It is disputed, he goes on to say, whether its extension to dogmatic facts is in itself merely a theological conclusion or whether it is actually a dogma of the faith, with the necessary consequence that denial of the extension of infallibility to such dogmatic facts would involve heresy. It was unanimously decided, we are told, to leave this point undefined, while affirming that we must believe of Papal infallibility on this head precisely what we believe of the Church's infallibility on the subject.<sup>30</sup>

And as with faith, so with morals, the Church has the guardianship of the traditional practices as she has that of the traditional beliefs. The reason of this is that practice and faith are indissolubly connected. Rubrics enshrine dogmas and protect them. Similarly, disciplinary practices are the outward expression of faith and cannot be disregarded without imperiling the reality of our beliefs.

#### V.

The next qualification for an *ex cathedra* decision is that it must be concerned with something which "is to be held by the Universal Church." As pointed out already, it is not said that it must be concerned with something to be *believed*, but to be *held*. This expression was used partly because the term "believed" could not very well be applied to morals, but partly also because it was intended to signify that the infallibility was not strictly limited by actual dogmas, but of necessity extended to things which did not directly come under divine faith, but were only indirectly concerned with it. See what has been said above on the correlative character of the Deposit, Faith and Infallibility.

The real difficulty with which we are concerned here is the criterion whereby we are to determine whether a particular pronouncement is intended for the whole Church. On what grounds, for

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<sup>29</sup> Denzinger, l. c., 1722.

<sup>30</sup> "Coll. Lacensis," VII., pp. 414-416, cf. 475.

instance, could we claim that the Bull "Apostolicae curae," which treated of Anglican Orders, is not directed to the Universal Church? Is it because it is solely question of "Anglican" Orders, of the Orders of a part as opposed to the whole? But on this plea we should have to rule out of the category of *ex cathedra* pronouncements all those which are directed to individuals, *e. g.*, St. Leo's "Tome," directed to Flavin, and the Encyclical to de Lamennais, "Mirari vos"; yet probably few could be found who would refuse to regard these two Letters as *ex cathedra*. Is it, again, because there is no condemnation of any heresy in it? Yet a Catholic who should deliberately receive Communion at the hands of an Anglican minister would commit idolatry; it is hard to see how such an act would not be heretical. Once more, are we to refuse to regard this pronouncement as directed to the Universal Church because it was simply an answer to an appeal to the Pope from outside? Those who appealed for the decision patently did not regard the Pope as infallible, else they would not have been where they were, *viz.*, outside. They might well say that they appealed to him simply as the Head of Christendom. But would that preclude the Pope from speaking with the plenitude of his Apostolic authority? And since Anglican Orders have an interest for all parts of the world the Papal decision would have effects throughout Christendom. Moreover, it must be remembered that the decision was not meant solely for those "outside"; for among the protagonists of the cause were priests subject to the Pope. Further, in the Vatican decree it is expressly declared that the prerogative of infallibility is rendered necessary for the avoidance of schism. And it might be urged that the schism of the Greek owes its persistence precisely to the fact that its Orders are recognized.

## VI.

We have held over till the last the crucial qualification of an *ex cathedra* decision, namely that it must be a definition. We pointed out above that even with regard to this expression there was room for cavil. For what precisely constitutes a "definition"? And need the Holy Father use the expression "I define"? Is he free to use synonymous terms? This we have already answered in pointing out that no one can bind the Pope save the Pope himself, and not even he can bind his successor. The Pope, then, is not bound to use the formula, "I define"; he may use any equivalent expression he likes provided it is unambiguous; that is to say, if he is going to bind our consciences we must be able to recognize the fact that he does intend so to bind us. We called this last qualification for an *ex cathedra* decision "crucial," for in a sense it comprises and even gives their real qualifying character to all the fore-

going features which we have spoken of as necessary qualifications of an *ex cathedra* decision; much in the same way that the rational soul elevates and places in the category of specifically human qualities those features which our bodies possess in common with the animal creation. For it is not merely the material presence of one or more of these conditions which makes a pronouncement *ex cathedra*. Thus it is not sufficient to ask whether the Pope is speaking on a point of faith or morals. For when it has been shown that the pronouncement is a doctrinal one it has further to be shown that the Pontiff is speaking as universal doctor, and when both these points have been answered in the affirmative we have to show that he is defining and not merely setting forth simple doctrinal instructions. Now a Papal "definition" is a peremptory act; it is expressly said that it emanates from "his supreme Apostolic authority"; it must of necessity be judicial, no mere "obiter dictum," no mere reminder of what the Church has always taught will suffice. It must be an act performed in the deliberate exercise of his fullest authority. We have a good parallel in the case of a sovereign who attends the sittings of Parliament; he may follow the speeches attentively, he may even applaud vehemently and thus show which way his sympathies lie; he may go further and try to induce his Ministers to take a certain line of action. All such acts have a peculiar significance owing to the sovereign's exalted position. But they are not "royal" acts; they are significative, but not authoritative. It is only when he takes pen in hand and signs a royal decree that his action becomes magisterial, definitive and peremptory. We instanced above the Encyclical "*Rerum Novarum*" as a non-doctrinal pronouncement. We might take the Encyclical "*Providentissimus Deus*," on the study of Holy Scripture, as an instance of a doctrinal, but not peremptorily definitive pronouncement. The Pontiff speaks his mind clearly, but nowhere can he be said to define; perhaps the strongest thing he says is that the Higher Criticism is "an inept method." But if we pass to two such Encyclicals as the "*Mirari vos*" of Gregory XVI., in which he condemns de Lamennais, or the "*Pascendi gregis*," of Pius X., in which Modernism is condemned, we feel that we are on different ground. The subject matter is doctrinal, opinions are condemned, positive doctrine is laid down. They bear the impress of peremptory judgments on every page.

This is well expressed by Father Knox when he says: "That which makes these utterances infallible and is at the same time the only sign by which we may know that they are infallible, is the will and intention of the Sovereign Pontiff to teach by means of them the universal flock with the authority that belongs to him as

its divinely constituted pastor. If this intention be wanting, they cannot be infallible; since the Pope is not secure against error as a private theologian, nor even as Head of the Church, when deciding particular questions of fact, or giving counsels to individuals who have asked his advice. The prerogative of infallibility belongs to him solely when he intends to teach the universal flock and at the same time gives outward evidence of this intention by the words he uses or the conventional formalities he adopts. Hence, as an index to the Pope's intention, inferred from a comparison of various dogmatic decrees that have been issued at different times by the Sovereign Pontiffs, we may say that the Pope intends to speak *ex cathedra* and therefore infallibly, whenever in council or from the Apostolic Chair and of his own movement, by word of mouth or written document, as the organ of Jesus Christ whose place he occupies, in the names of SS. Peter and Paul, or in the name and with the authority of the Apostolic See, invoked in formal or equivalent terms, with or without menace of excommunication, he addresses to the whole body of the faithful doctrinal teachings relative to matters directly or indirectly, proximately or remotely connected with the deposit of the faith."<sup>31</sup>

It would seem, then, that the main feature to be looked for in an *ex cathedra* decision is a certain peremptoriness which must inevitably accompany a categorical, definitive pronouncement. It might, indeed, be urged that all Papal pronouncements have a certain peremptoriness about them. This is true because it is the voice of the supreme authority to which we are listening. But the peremptoriness we desiderate, for an *ex cathedra* decision is not simply that which accompanies absolute certainty of what one says, but rather that which characterizes irreformable decisions. There is a vast difference in tone, for instance, between such Encyclicals as the "Immortale Dei," the "Rerum Novarum" and the "Providentissimus Deus" on the one hand—Encyclicals for which no one claims an *ex cathedra* character—and the "Mirari vos" and the "Pascendi gregis" on the other, which are generally thought to be *ex cathedra* pronouncements. This peremptoriness is sometimes merely a general tone of finality, but more usually it is shown in the varying marks of condemnation attached to the doctrines reprobated; they are labeled "heretical," "erroneous," "rash," etc. Sometimes, too, an *anathema* is appended against all who dissent; or, when an actual *anathema* is lacking, its place is taken by strong reprobation of all who uphold the views condemned, *e. g.*, in the Bulls on the "Immaculate Conception" and the "Quanta cura," to which the "Syllabus" is attached. The use of the word "define" or its equivalents is also

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<sup>31</sup> "When Does the Church Speak Infallibly?" 1867, pp. 62-63.

an indication of the peremptoriness called for in a final decision. But while it is clear that the Supreme Pastor is bound by the necessities of the case to show us when he is addressing us formally as such, it cannot be too strongly insisted that he is absolutely free in the means he makes use of to this end. As supreme legislator he is free to use whatsoever formulas he chooses. It is futile to argue that in a matter of such moment we have a right to certainty. In the first place, as we have said, you cannot tie the hands of the supreme legislator. In the next place he alone is judge as to whether such absolute certainty is for our good. The kingdom of heaven is not a question of weight and measure, it is no question of haggling about the precise character of our obligations. Those outside the fold are inclined at times to fancy that the Holy Father speaks for the entire world. Not so. He speaks for the entire world of his children. For them it really matters very little whether a pronouncement is strictly *ex cathedra* and infallible or not, whether they are bound to adhere to it with divine faith or whether it merely involves an exercise of the *pietas fidei*. To listen to certain people one might be tempted to think that a gaping chasm lay between an infallible proposition and one which did not emanate from the use of this prerogative. They almost seem to "snatch a fearful joy" from the thought that a particular declaration does not emanate from the infallible Pastor and consequently has no longer any interest for them. Like certain questions of Probabilism, discussions touching the infallibility or fallibility of certain pronouncements have for a Catholic little more than an academic interest. At the same time they may be led to investigate them simply from a desire to know what in the abstract are the absolute limits within which a Catholic must keep, lest by an excessive rigorism they should frighten off inquirers who look at these things from without and for whom *omne ignotum pro magnifico habetur*.

As a matter of fact, the demand for a further declaration on the criteria which should mark out an *ex cathedra* decision is but a repetition in other words of a famous objection which was urged at the time the Council was sitting. For it was argued that an infallible declaration was rendered valueless by the obvious fact that it could only bind people who were themselves infallibly certain of its infallibility. And this infallible certainty was impossible of attainment by the very definition of infallibility as being "assistance" and not inspiration or revelation. For "assistance" implies of its very nature that the person so assisted himself works. But no one can be infallibly certain that the Pope has in any given instance worked sufficiently to secure such assistance. If, then, an infallible declaration is to be of the slightest use the Pope must of necessity present

us with some infallible means of knowing that such a declaration is infallible. But is it true that we must have infallible certainty that a certain declaration is infallible? All we need is moral certainty. Moreover, infallibility does not in itself depend on the Pope's work, for if he could thus endanger the life of the Church by not working what would become of the Church's indefectibility? Infallibility itself, then, depends on indefectibility. Were it otherwise there would be an end of all that "security" on which St. Augustine so persistently harps and which he summed up in the classic phrase, "*securus judicat Orbis terrarum.*" If it be still further insisted that the Pope perhaps will not work, then we can only answer that his due working, while necessary to the licitness of any *ex cathedra* decision, is not necessary for its validity, and further that God, who has pledged Himself to the end, will not allow the means to fail.

The following declaration by the Bishop of Brescia, to whom it fell to make the formal "Relatio" on Cap. IV. of the Decree, may serve as a convenient summary of what has been said:

"In the first place it is no question of the Pope as a private doctor, nor of the Pope as Bishop and Ordinary of any particular diocese, but of his teaching when he is exercising his functions as Supreme Shepherd and Teacher of all Christians. In the second place, even when the Pontiff is exercising his functions as Supreme Shepherd and Teacher, it is not sufficient for him to make use of any method he chooses in propounding his teaching, but it is requisite that he should manifest his intention of defining doctrine, *viz.*, of putting an end to fluctuating opinions touching some doctrine or point which is to be defined, and this he must do by giving a definitive declaration and by setting forth that doctrine as what is to be held by the Universal Church. \* \* \* This particular feature and manifest indication of a definition properly so-called he should in some sort at least express when he defines a doctrine to be held by the Universal Church."<sup>32</sup>

Without, then, attempting to tie down the Holy Father to any fixed form of words, without endeavoring to make him say, for example, "We wish this to be understood as an infallible declaration," the relator emphatically demands that there should be no ambiguity, "this particular feature and manifest indication of a definition properly so-called he should, in some sort at least express when he defines a doctrine which is to be held by the Universal Church." It must be "a definitive declaration," and what is the criterion of this save its peremptory character?

HUGH POPE, O. P.

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<sup>32</sup> "Coll. *Lacensis*," VII., p. 410.

## WILLIAM DUNBAR—AN APPRECIATION.

**A** SINGER of sweet songs, both sacred and profane, was the Franciscan friar, William Dunbar, who lived and wrote back in that quaint and edifying age when Britain was still Catholic and the literature of England was not yet Protestant. He was one of that galaxy of versifiers of those earlier centuries that blazed the way for the greatness of the Elizabethan period of that country's achievement in the world of letters. In fact, we shall have to pass over two hundred years till we come to Shakespeare, before we can find such a genuine love of nature as is expressed in fifteenth century Scottish poetry. In Dunbar one discovers not only a love of natural scenery and material phenomena, but he is both a poet of nature and of nature's God. His writings are endowed with that higher spiritual sense, savoring at times of the mystical, which from the Catholic viewpoint is all important. Sir Walter Scott said of him that he was "a poet unrivaled by any that Scotland has produced." It was Craik that hailed him as "the Chaucer of Scotland," and he further says of him: "Burns is certainly the only name among the Scottish poets that can be placed in the same line with that of Dunbar, and even the inspired ploughman, though the equal of Dunbar in comic power and his superior in depth of passion, is not to be compared with the elder poet either in strength or in general fertility of imagination."

Dunbar belonged to the age of Chaucer. By virtue of the Norman Conquest, it was an age that reflected a new social code, new customs and manners, and above all a new literature. Religion, the Catholic religion, added its powerful influence to the writings of those days, and Dunbar was one of the voices that proclaimed the glory of the Middle English Period. As Chaucer was the herald in England of the dawn that had broken in Italy in the form of the renaissance of art and literature, so was Dunbar, in strength and imaginative power, the equal of Chaucer in Scotland. Learning, which had been confined to the cloister, was now being revived in the open and spread over Europe. Nor is it true, as a false philosophy of literature would point out, that the Reformation was at the bottom of this awakening. There was a renaissance despite the Reformation. In this connection James Patterson in his "Life and Poems of William Dunbar" says: "The history of Dunbar and his works is, in short, a melancholy illustration of the havoc to which the literature of Scotland has been subjected in consequence of the invasions, burnings and destruction committed by 'our auld enemies of England' and the civil broils arising out of our own feuds. The Reformation, too, must have swept away much of the early writings of the

country. With the down-pulling of the monasteries—those rookeries, as Knox expressed it, where the rooks found shelter—must have perished numerous evidences of the culture which shed a lustre on the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. The flames, kindled by an infuriated mob, destroyed in a few days the work of ages, which would have been now the delight and glory of the land. That the cartularies of the larger religious houses did not wholly disappear, we owe in some measure to the cupidity of the neighboring barons, who failed not to procure a long lease or assignation of the best of the church lands, upon easy terms, from the despairing monks prior to the final overturning. In this manner and by crown grants, the monastical charters frequently found their way to the charter-chests of the barons, and many of them have fortunately been preserved."

Transient as the fame of those early versifiers may have been, however, Dunbar has escaped much of the oblivion which was their lot and he has been largely written about and an anthology of his works has been produced. Our poet was born about the year 1460. He matriculated at St. Andrew's University in 1475, receiving the bachelor's degree in 1477 and the master's degree in 1479. About the year 1480 we find him a novitiate in the Grey Friars' convent at Edinburgh. In 1491 he was honored as a member of the Royal Commission in France, this being the first intimation we have of his being employed by the King, James IV. In 1500 he was pensioned and in attendance at Holyrood; in 1501-2 he was on an embassy to London and was made poet laureate. The date of his death is given as 1522. In James IV., Dunbar had an enviable literary patron. Greenough White says: "James had splendid tastes. He loved music and song; minstrels, rhymers and scholars were welcome at his gay court and gave it a fine lustre. Its greatest literary ornament and, indeed, the chief of Scottish poets throughout the two hundred years' course of independent Scottish literature, was William Dunbar."

"The research of all the annotators and biographers of William Dunbar, it may well be remembered," says James Patterson, "has done very little to penetrate the obscurity which the wars, the feuds and the Calvinism of the past have involved his memory. Early in life he became a friar of the Order of St. Francis, or Grey Friars, a branch of whom, the Observantines, was established in Edinburgh by James I., as we know from his own statement in 'The Visitation of St. Francis.'" He left his convent walls to go through England as a preaching, mendicant friar. Some of his biographers would have us believe that finally he abandoned the garb altogether, disappointed because he received no promotion in the Church. But

inasmuch as he certainly performed Mass in the King's presence, as the royal chaplain, when attending James in his occasional visits to different parts of the country, while he may have left the Franciscans, he performed the functions of a priest and was true to his vows. On March 16, 1504, he received from the King, on the occasion of his (Dunbar's) first Mass, a present of seven French crowns, or about £5 18s. in the money of that period. The worst that can be said of Dunbar was that he was not sufficiently humble and fawned upon his prince's favor to the extent that he was ambitious to become a Bishop. Though he was favored by the King, acting as secretary upon important embassies to continental courts, his benefice was small, amounting to ten pounds yearly, his "silver sorrow." He pleasantly says:

"Of full few freiers that has been sancts I read;  
Wherefore gae bring to me ane Bishop's weed."

Dunbar was the greatest of the group of Scottish writers who added brilliancy to the Middle English Period. Their splendid poetry was written in the Northern dialect, which is as much English as the Midland language of Chaucer. Not until the sixteenth century was the dialect called Scotch. A genuine love of nature is revealed in this dawn of the literature of Scotland. It "was an era of sentiment, of a fresh stir of the affections, of freer fancy and humor, of a new pathos," says Greenough White in his "Outline of the Philosophy of English Literature." There was stimulated "among pious souls a more ardent devotion, a warmer coloring was cast over religion, and it became a matter of feeling," all of which is seen in the devotional poetry of Dunbar. Three distinct stages are seen in Dunbar's writings. As a preaching friar and later in his career at court as chaplain to the King and as poet laureate he was still in touch with the world. He could, therefore, write world-wise songs that were largely secular, although many of them have a devotional strain; other of his poems are nature poems such as we might expect a monk to write, or they savor more closely of the cloistered life, being devotional in their subject matter and are largely penitential in tone; while a third class of his poems were probably composed in his last days when his thoughts were withdrawn from the things of this world and confined themselves to spiritual longings and are characterized by spiritual aspirations bordering on the expressions of a mystic who had passed through the stage of purification and had entered upon the second stage of illumination (*illuminatio*), in which his soul reached a higher purity and was filled with a longing for God in His beauty. In this stage of his career he wrote poems of divine love-longing. Dunbar.

scarcely advanced to the highest stage of mysticism. He was purely a practical mystic, except perhaps in his last days, when he may have entered upon that third stage of contemplation (*contemplatio*), or the contemplative life, where saintly souls heard things not lawful to utter.

During Dunbar's career as a preaching friar we are told he was not much better nor much worse than some other preaching friars of his day. In his wanderings he preached from the pulpits of Dernton and Canterbury, even crossing the Straits of Dover and exercising his profession through Picardy. In his travels, too, he was guilty of "mony wink and wyle, quhilk mycht be flemit (banished) with na haly water." After he came to live at court and was on familiar terms with the King and Queen, he took part in the festivities, on one occasion even taking part in a dance and: "On all the flure there was nane frackar (more agile)." This was about 1503. He refers to himself when he describes in a poem the antics of a clumsy dancer who upset himself and all the candles. In another poem he complains of a headache which prevents him writing a song upon one of these festive occasions. The poems he wrote as a friar were often indecent and irreverent. One of them is a profane parody of the litanies. But a change for the better came over Dunbar and he played his role well as a priest and as chaplain to King James. The change is noticeable in his moral and religious poetry. Some commentators see in the change in his writings a sadness and a melancholy. It is only that he struck more serious chords of a religious nature, having tired of the world and its vanities. From a Catholic point of view, this period of his life and writings is most interesting.

In one of his satirical poems he denounces the vulgar practice of swearing and the roguery which prevailed amongst tradesmen. He gave sound advice to his King to discourage flatterers, sycophants, impostors and oppressors. He did not hesitate to call to task his fellow-friars whose lives were often a scandal. In fact, Dunbar was fearless in denouncing, satirizing and ridiculing what he deemed wrong, just as he was ever ready to applaud what he considered to be right. But there is nothing to suggest that he condoned any irregularities or that he himself was contaminated by his contact with the ways of the court. On the contrary, he does not hesitate to chide even the King himself, who evidently took the good counsel in the spirit that it was given and would retire to some monastery, even though he did return to the revelries of the court again after such periods of penance. It is a pretty safe guess that the good friar did not let the monarch deviate too far from the straight and narrow path. In his "Dirge to the King" at Sterling he mixes his prime

and second lessons and responses of the breviary with expressions of pity for the King away from Edinburgh's joy and bliss and in retreat at Sterling town. For His Majesty had gone thither as was his wont to do penance. "Dirige," contracted to "dirge," is the first word of a penitential psalm, of which it is a profane parody. He sings in praise of womankind, quite chivalrously declaring that "all women of us should have honoring, service and love, above all other things." In another poem he condemns the cunning and craftiness of the merchants of Edinburgh. But while he abuses Edinburgh, in still another poem he praises the city of London, "the flower of cities all." In noble verses he welcomes Princess Margaret on her arrival at Holyrood. No lyricist of the Elizabethan age sings a sweeter song, fresh and fragrant with the dawn of that earlier lyric day, than does our poet in "The Thistle and the Rose," which begins:

"When March was with variand windis past  
 And April had, with her silver showers,  
 Tane leif at nature with ane orient blast;  
 And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,  
 Had made the birds to begin their hours  
 Among the tender odors red and white,  
 Whose harmony to her it was delight;  
 In bed at morrow, sleeping as I lay,  
 Me thought Aurora, with her crystal eye,  
 In at the window lukit by the day," etc.

We need often to refer to a glossary while reading Dunbar, but we cannot help but fall under the sweet suasion of the lilt and beauty of his rhythmical cadences. The "Golden Targe" has been called "the most purely ideal of all of Dunbar's writings." It will suffice to quote the following stanzas to show how beautifully he could write:

"Rycht as the sterne of day began to schyne,  
 Quhen gone to bed was Vesper and Lucyne,  
 I raiss, and by a roseir did me rest;  
 Up sprang the golden candill matatyne,  
 With cleir depurit (purified) bemys christallyne,  
 Glading the mirry fowlis in thair nest;  
 Or Phebus wes in purpour kaip revest,  
 Up raiss the lark, the hevinis menstrall fyne,  
 In May, in till a morrow mirthfullest.

"The crystal air, the saphyrs firmament,  
 The ruby skies of the orient,

Cast beriall beams on emerant bow'rs green;  
 The rosy garth (garden) depaint and redolent  
 With purple, azure, gold and *goulis gent* (beautiful red)  
 Arrayed was, by Dame Flora the queen,  
 So nobily, that joy was for to seen;  
 The rock again the river resplendent  
 As low enluminat all the leaves sheen."

In his poems which are not distinctly religious, Dunbar moralizes well against the vanity of the world and the pride of life. In "This World's Vanitee" he sings:

"Since a' that ever lived are gane,  
 Since we but tarry till we're ta'en,  
 Best is that we for Death prepare  
 By taking in this world we share."

Another time he tells us: "Within this world there's naething sure." He ejaculates:

"Lord! since in time, so soon to come,  
 De terra surrecturus sum,  
 What needs I care for earthly care?  
 Tu regni da imperium  
 For here at least there's naething sure."

He antedates Shakespeare with

"*The world's a stage*, and he plays best wha best himself  
 can guide."

Learning, he says, is vain without good life and tells us that "without good life all in the self does die." "A perilous life is vain prosperitie," he urges. In "The Vanity O't," he sings:

"Right weel we ken that fail we must;  
 The strongest body is but dust,  
 And shall to dust return again:  
 Surely the strength of man is vain."  
 "Yet since 't is fate that rules it a',  
 And life's short day slips fast awa',  
 Let 's tak' the pleasure wi' the pain—  
 It has its value though it 's vain."

And again:

"Man, please thy Maker an' be merry,  
 And set not by the world a cherry,  
 Work for the place of paradise  
 For therein reigns nae covetice."

Again he meditates:

“Despair is ever at my side,  
‘Provide,’ he cries; ‘in time provide:  
Ye’ve wair’d (spent) or waistit a’ your prime:  
Now think upon your latter time—  
How will ye live? whaur will ye bide?”

“And then says Age—‘My friend, come near;  
Why shouldst thou start when I appear?  
Come, brother, by the hand me tak’:  
Remember thou hast count to mak’  
Of a’ the time thou spendest here.’”

One of Dunbar’s famous poems is “The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins.” The poet pictures himself spending the eve of Lent in hell, where the seven deadly sins perform a dance. They are surrounded by human souls who in life were slaves of these sins. He leads off the dance with Pride, because “by that sin fell the angels:”

“And first of all in dance was Pryd,  
With hair wyl’d back, bonet on side.”

Anger comes in “with strut and strife: His hand was ay upon his knife.” Boasters, braggarts and bargainers follow after in pairs. They dance and smite one another with their swords, or run each other through with them to the very hilt. It is Anger that knows no bounds with all its attending evils, causing strife and murder. No other poem that Dunbar wrote is so characteristic of the times in which he lived as this particular poem. It reflects the mediævelism of Dante; but while it resembles the great Tuscan in its subject-matter, it is replete with a grim humor that belongs to the freshness of the Renaissance period. A cloistered monk could not have written it, but only one who from under his friar’s cowl had looked in upon the revelries of the court, and who forthwith took this means to preach a goodly sermon. In his poem Dunbar does not sacrifice literary art to the devotional lyric. Instead he gives us a poem that describes the seven deadly sins not as he would a table of sins, but dwells upon them in a poetic manner, as Dante has poetized with the help of his imagination the scholastic teachings and doctrines of the Church.

In Dunbar’s day the religious lyrics were written either by mystics themselves or by poets that had come under the influence of mystic thought and experience. Says Dr. Frank Allen Patterson in his monograph on the Middle English penitential lyric: “Under the impelling love of God, which mysticism had aroused, there were

written tracts, homilies, legends and poems whose purpose was to create in the ignorant laity a deep religious life. So it came about that, though Latin was retained in the formal church services, preserving more perfectly the dignity and reverential awe suitable to public worship, the vernacular came into use for the more practical purposes of the active life. From using the common language for the purpose of religious teaching, it was but a step to expressing that teaching in poetical form, always more pleasing to the popular ear and more easily remembered." Dunbar, therefore, in going about as a preaching friar, naturally conveyed his teaching in verse as when he tells how to confess one's sins properly and efficaciously, and presented a table of sins for the instruction and guidance of the laity. "The missionary spirit," says Dr. Patterson, "the practical side of mysticism, was the leading motive in the development of the vernacular religious lyric." It was a phase of mysticism which accounted for the liturgical lyrics, as the writer further points out. "Even in Dunbar," he states, "the missionary spirit is easily read between the lines. Poetry as a means of religious instruction or as a mode for expressing divine emotion," he says further, "became popular in a manner that was doubtless unknown in England before. Every kind of religious feeling found expression in verse; prayers fell naturally into rhyme and sermons took the likeness of poetry. Friars found it convenient to set forth in easily remembered verse the simple teachings of the faith, and monks in their monasteries turned irresistibly in their adoration for (*i. e.*, to say, devotion to) Mary to expression in song; even the lonely hermit having reached the glories of a union with God, exclaimed: 'the(y) sang of louyng & of lufe es commen.'" This explanation makes for a better understanding of the character of Dunbar's poetry, notably in his devotional hymns to the Blessed Virgin, in his "Manner of Passing to Confession," and in his mystic utterances of the love of God.

Dunbar has penned two beautiful ballads to Our Lady which rank among the best of the hymns to Mary which are to be found in the devotional poetry of the Middle English Period. In ballad number one he thus acclaims the Mother of God:

"Imperial wall, place palestrall,  
 Of peirles pulcritude;  
 Tryumphal hall, hie trone regall  
 Of Gode's celsitude;  
 Hopsitall riall, the Lord of all  
 Thy closset did include;  
 Bricht ball, cristall, rois virginall,  
 Fulfillit of angell fude.

Ave Maria, gratia plena!  
Thy birth has with His blude,  
Fra fall mortall, virginall,  
Us ransomid on the rude."

In metre and matter ballad number two runs thus:

"Madyne meik, most mediatrix for man,  
And moder myld, full of humilite!  
Pray thi sone Jhesu, with his woundis wan,  
Quhilk deinyit him for our trespass to de,  
And as he bled his blude apon a tre,  
Us to defend fra Lucifer our fa,  
In hevyn that we may syng apon our kne:  
O mater Jhesu, salve Maria!"

In one of his religious poems, "Of the Nativity of Christ," the poet has still another beautiful reference to Mary:

"Rorate Coeli desuper!  
Heavens distil your balmy show'rs,  
For now is risen the bright day-star,  
Fro the Rose Mary, flow'r of flow'rs:  
The clear sun, whom no cloud devours,  
Surmounting Phœbus in the cart,  
Is coming of his heav'nly tow'rs;  
Et nobis Puer natus est."

We are deeply indebted to Dr. Patterson for the proper interpretation of the penitential lyric poetry of the Middle English Period. "Penance, the Church has always held," says this author, "is the first duty of the sinner. The mystics laid much emphasis upon this sacrament; St. Bernard declared the 'first sacrifice to be made to God is a troubled and contrite heart,' and every mystic treatise affirmed that the chief arts of purification were those connected with penitence." To this division belong the poems of Dunbar concerning confession. In a poem which tells of man's mortality and which ranks among the best of Dunbar's moral poems, one verse runs as follows:

"Though all this warld thou did posseid,  
Nocht after death thou sall possess,  
Nor with thee tak, but thy guid deed,  
When thou does fro this warld thee dress:  
So speed thee, Man, and thee confess,  
With humble heart and sober teiris,  
And sadly in thy heart impress,  
Quod tu in cinerem revertiris."

The predominating emotion of Dunbar's religious poetry is a sorrow for sin, wherein he thinks of his past life and of future judgment. His poems are what Dr. Patterson would call contrition or, again, confession poems in which the main feeling is (1) a sorrow for sin, or (2) a purpose of amendment. And as he explains: "A confession is a poem in which the main emotion is an acknowledgment of sin." He divides the confession poems into two classes, public and extended confessions. "The public confession is the *confiteor* that was used in all the Western churches. It consisted of two parts: the confession proper, in which acknowledgment of sin was made, and the prayer for intercession with which it closed. Extended confessions are a further development of liturgical poems. They consisted of a detailed rehearsal of sins, using the Ten Commandments, the five wits, the seven deadly sins and other conventional enumerations of error and wrongdoing." Dunbar's confession poems are two in number: "The Manner of Passing to Confession" and "The Table of Confession." These poems he wrote as verse homilies when he was a parish priest and are distinctly meant for the instruction of penitents. In his poem entitled "The Manner of Passing to Confession," Dunbar, like Chaucer in the "Priest's Tale," urges the necessity of full and clear confession and to tell one's sins with all the circumstance, as when he says:

"Of twenty wounds, and ane be left unhealit,  
 What avails the leeching of the lave (rest)  
 Richt sa thy shrift, and there be ocht concealit,  
 It avails not thy silly soul to save;  
 Nor yet of God remission for to have:  
 Of sin gin thou wuld have deliverance,  
 Thou suld it tell with all the circumstance."

The second poem, "The Table of Confession," is a table of sins in verse, and was meant as an aid to the laity in examining the conscience preparatory to receiving the sacrament of penance. The most striking sentiment about it all is the last recurring line of each stanza: "I cry Thee mercy, and leisure to repent." Herein the penitent is made to pray for forgiveness and the privilege of not being cut off in his sins, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled." But here are the stanzas:

"To Thee, to Thee alone, Redeemer mine,  
 My King, my Friend, my gracious Saviour sweet,  
 Before Thy bleeding body I incline,  
 And for my sins forgiveness thus entreat,

That ever I did, up to this hour complete,  
In act, or word, or unexpressed intent;  
Down on my knees, fu' low before Thy feet,  
I mercy beg, and leisure to repent.

"Lord, I confess that I neglected have  
Sweet Mercy's code, in spirit and in letter;  
Nor meat nor money to the starving gave;  
Nor saw the sick, nor socht to mak' them better;  
Nor clad the naked; nor relieved the debtor;  
Nor of puir waifs an' wayfarers took tent;  
And would have pass'd the Magdalen had I met her:  
I mercy beg, and leisure to repent.

"Thy wise commands—to honour Thee alone;  
Nor tak' Thy name in vain; nor thief to be;  
To covet no man's aucht, pleased with my own;  
Falsehood to shun, an' youthfu' lusts to flee;  
To act obedient to a parent's ee;  
To follow none with murderous intent:  
Lord, for a broken law I lout (bow) to Thee,  
And mercy beg, and leisure to repent.

"Though I have not Thy precious feet to kiss,  
As Magdalen had when she did mercy crave,  
I'll weep like her for all I've done amiss,  
And every morning seek Thee at Thy grave:  
Therefore forgive me as Thou her forgave;  
Thou know'st my heart, like hers, is penitent;  
And grant, ere I the sacrament receive,  
Pardon, and love, and leisure to repent."

In his old age Dunbar wrote of Love, Earthly and Divine, indicating that he had withdrawn his affections from things of the world to those of heaven. It has not, however, the beauty and fine treatment of the same theme in that much earlier production, which is his best moral poem, "The Merle and the Nightingale." It is a scholastic disputation in verse in keeping with his character as an ecclesiastic. In it are discussed the comparative merits of earthly and heavenly love. The merle sings of earthly love and passion, claiming that "a lusty life in love's service been." But the nightingale contends: "All love is lost but upon God alone."

"The Merle said, Love is cause of honour aye,  
Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,  
Love makis knichtis hardy at assay,  
Love makis wretchis full of largeness,

Love makis swear folkis full of business,  
 Love makis sluggardis fresh and *weil besen* (neat),  
 Love changes Vice in Virtue's nobleness;  
 A lusty life in lovis service been.

"The Nightingale said, True is the contrary,  
 Sic frustis (vain) love it blindis men so far,  
 In to their minds it makes thame to vary;  
 In false, vain glory they so drunken are,  
 That wit is went, of woe they are not 'ware,  
 While that all worship away be fro them gone,  
 Fame, guids and strength; wherefor' weil say I dare  
 And love is lost but upon God alone."

H. B. Bailden tells us that "Dunbar had had a hard and even bitter life, whose sufferings, if they left him finally chastened in soul, may well have stamped their rugged traces on his countenance." The same authority tells us that Dunbar before his death "retired from court, probably to a country benefice, where he died without public notices fulfilling, we will hope the Italian proverb to which he refers,

"'The love of God most deir to man suld be  
 All love of God is lost bot upon him allone';

and, having been somewhat worldly in his youth, dying an 'old saint.' " As the last of his days drew near, Dunbar penned that pathetic poem of his, "Lament for the Makaris." At the close of each verse recurs the line:

"Timor mortis conturbat me."

Referring to what he calls the "Timor Mortis" lyrics, Dr. F. A. Patterson says: "It is clear that he (Dunbar) took his refrain, 'timor mortis conturbat me,' and other lines from those popular songs on the fear of death." The refrain is that of Lydgate's poem, "Timor Mortis Conturbat Me," and this refrain, like many Latin others, is borrowed from the liturgical offices of the dead. In his poem, Dunbar moralizes as to the world's vanity, and the instability of all things, as when he says of death:

"He takes the champion in the stour (storm of battle),  
 The captain closit in the tour,  
 The lady in bour, full of beautie:"

And so concludes—

“Sen he has all my brether ta’en,  
He will not live me alane,  
On forse I maun his next prey be:  
Timor mortis conturbat me.  
Sen for the Death remeid is none,  
Best is that we for death dispone,  
After our death that live may we;  
Timor mortis conturbat me.”

In conclusion, we may address Dunbar’s “finer spirit” in the words of Hugh Haliburton:

“The mysteries of life and death  
Opprest thee, as they press us now;  
Therefore is thine living breath—  
Our secret cares still speakest thou.”

And so a consideration of William Dunbar is not wasted effort in keeping green for the sake of an “auld lang syne” of Catholic faith and morals, the memory of an old makar, whose sage advice and pious meditations still impart their salutary lessons to the soul.

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## ARCHBISHOP TALBOT.

THE beatification of Oliver Plunket calls to mind another champion of the faith in Ireland during the dark days of the penal laws. This was Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin. Although he did not suffer martyrdom like the Primate and testify his fidelity by the shedding of his blood, he was still a martyr in the literal sense of the word, for by his sufferings, his imprisonment and his death he was a witness to the truth which he preached and practiced, a victim of the same pitiless persecution which led the Archbishop of Armagh to the scaffold. A member of an ancient and illustrious family that at one time bore the titles of Earls of Wexford and Waterford, he was born in 1620 at Malahide, in the County of Dublin, where in the reign of Henry II., Richard Talbot, who had received a grant of the adjoining lands, built a castle which still stands, though much modernized and exhibiting externally few traces of its mediæval character.<sup>1</sup> He was the sixth son of Sir William Talbot, of Carton, and of Alison, daughter of Lord John Netterville, of Castleton, County Meath. His brother, the celebrated Colonel Richard Talbot, was created Earl of Tirconnell by James II., made Viceroy of Ireland (the last Catholic who held that position), and subsequently raised to the rank of Duke. A descendant of the Earls of Shrewsbury, a branch of which family settled in Ireland, filled very important offices and were noted for their attachment to the Catholic faith, he came of a good stock. In 1635, when he was fifteen, following an attraction to the religious life, he went to Portugal, where he entered the Society of Jesus, to which two of his brothers belonged. After studying philosophy and theology under the guidance of the Jesuits, upon the completion of a brilliant course he received ordination in

<sup>1</sup> Lord Talbot de Malahide's title only dates from 1831, but the Talbot family have been in possession of Malahide since 1174. The oldest part of the castle is as old as that time. In the picture gallery is a painting of the Nativity of Our Lord, which was once an altar-piece in the chapel of the Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, and belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. It is said to have been painted by Albrecht Durer. In the ruined chapel adjoining the castle is the tomb of the wife of Sir Richard Talbot, who lived in the fifteenth century. This was Maud Plunket, whose first husband was Hussey, son of the Baron of Galtrim, in Meath, who was slain on his wedding day. She was thus maid, wife and widow within twenty-four hours. The incident forms the subject of Gerald Griffin's poem, "The Bridal of Malahide." The Talbots of Carton, Maynooth, were cousins of the Malahide Talbots. The Carmelite College, Terenure, Dublin, once belonged to the Talbot who was Earl of Tirconnell and who died during the siege of Limerick. His widow founded a convent for Poor Clares in North King street, Dublin, which existed up to 1825, when they returned to Galway, from which they had originally come. She was Frances Jennings, sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

Rome. After returning to Portugal, where he spent some time, he went to Antwerp, where he lectured on moral theology and began to employ his pen in the production of controversial treatises.

At this time Ireland was ruthlessly ravaged by the Cromwellians. After the execution of the ill-fated Charles I. at Whitehall, Charles II. fled to Paris, from whence he went to Cologne in July, 1655, after the conclusion of the treaty between France and the Commonwealth. Endeavoring to gain the assistance of Spain to effect the Restoration, he sent Talbot on a secret mission to the court of Madrid. He could not have sent a better envoy, as he possessed a great deal of influence with the Spanish ministers in Flanders and was besides an intimate friend of the celebrated Irish Dominican, Father Dominic of the Rosary, a native of Kerry, and then ambassador of the King of Portugal at the French court, while his Jesuit connections enabled him to be of great service to Charles, with whom he became very intimate, frequently visiting and conversing with him. Their conversations often turning on the respective merits of the Catholic and Protestant religions, Talbot succeeded in effecting his conversion and privately received him into the Church. Although for politic reasons it was kept secret, his absence from Protestant services was remarked and his Protestant supporters called upon him to deny the rumor of his conversion, which was not only whispered on the Continent, but reported in England, or to make open profession of Protestantism. With characteristic inconstancy, Charles dissembled and, as Dr. Renehan observes,<sup>2</sup> denied and renounced the convictions of his heart with the same readiness as he pledged his honor or his faith at different times to support and to repudiate the Irish peace, the Scotch Covenant and the English Church. Talbot's labors, however, were not in vain. Though weak of will, the King was at heart a sincere convert, and died a penitent Catholic.<sup>3</sup>

Talbot conveyed to Philip IV., of Spain, the news of Charles' conversion. It earned for him the bitter hostility of the Protestant party, which pursued him to the end. It was further increased by his anxiety later on to secure to Irish Catholics the terms of the peace of 1648 and the restoration of the estates seized by the Cromwellians, which made the Protestants regard him not so much a rival in royal favor as an opponent who, if not speedily crushed, might eventually dislodge them and destroy all their schemes of rapine and self-aggrandizement. A set was accordingly made upon

<sup>2</sup> "Collections on Irish Church History," in which the late president of Maynooth devotes twenty-six pages to an outline of Archbishop Talbot's career.

<sup>3</sup> See Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," Vol. VIII., p. 453, for a detailed account of his last moments. He was prepared for death by Father Huddleston, who had saved his life when Charles was a fugitive.

him, and the most unrelenting and calumnious of his enemies was Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, who seems to have had some grudge against his family. Yet no family deserved better of the Stuarts, being staunch Jacobites. Few men in Ireland had been more devoted to the cause of Charles I. than Sir Edward Talbot, the eldest of his brothers, who along with another, Richard, was imprisoned for six months by Cromwell and lost a large portion of their property. Three of the brothers followed Charles II. into Flanders, and the whole five labored incessantly at home and abroad to bring about his restoration. Yet Hyde, when ambassador in Brussels, strove to undermine them, particularly Peter Talbot, to whom he was personally most hostile, urging Ormond to have him sent out of the way to some remote monastery, and casting unfounded suspicions on his loyalty. They succeeded for a time in effecting a passing estrangement between him and the King. On the death of Oliver Cromwell and the submission of his sons, April, 1659, the Spanish Ministers, who were pledged to the restoration of Charles, were apprehensive that the republican party might gain the ascendancy in England; to obviate this, without consulting the King, they dispatched Talbot to London with directions to unite the friends of Spain and of the monarchy. The King and his English adherents were jealous that the object of this mission had not been concealed from His Majesty, and it was slanderously insinuated that Talbot went to negotiate the terms of peace then proposed by the Commonwealth to Spain. But the King was ultimately satisfied as to the important services to his cause rendered by Talbot, and Ormond was glad to avail of his influence in Madrid to secure a pension promised him by Spain, in which he was successful. He then returned to Bordeaux, where he was living, on May 19, 1660, and from whence he wrote the next day to Ormond, informing him that France and Spain had mutually agreed to bring about the restoration by force of arms if Charles' subjects would not otherwise receive him, but that they would demand liberty of worship for Catholics and the return to the Irish rightful owners of their confiscated estates.

It was during the summer of 1659 he severed his connection with the Jesuits, at the prompting of Peter Walsh, but much to his regret, for he was attached to the Society and its members to him. It is easy to discern the hand of Hyde in an intrigue which led to the Jesuit general sending Talbot an obedience to instantly quit England, with offer of a professor's chair in any other province or college at his choice. But, as he said, he saw that through his whole life he could never expect to do as much for his God, his religion, his country and his King as he then had an opportunity of doing by

remaining a few months in England, executing the commission he had received from Spain. Dr. Renehan effectually disposes of Harris' statement, grounded on the unreliable authority of a party pamphlet, "Foxes and Firebrands," and reproduced with modifications and critical deductions by Dalton in his "Archbishops of Dublin," that Talbot was intimate with Cromwell, walked at his funeral in a mourning cloak, which he wore some time after in public, as was then the fashion; that when General Monk declared for the King he marched out with Lambert to oppose the design and fled the kingdom on the Restoration. Instead of Talbot being intimate with Cromwell and being in London from before the death of the usurper until after the Restoration, Lord Chancellor Hyde informs the Marquis of Ormond in a letter dated October 11, 1659 (seven months before the Restoration), that he had left England some time before that, and in another, dated October 25, that he was in the neighborhood of Bayonne. There are extant letters from Talbot to Ormond and others from Spain and France from October, 1659, to May 20, 1660, three weeks after the formal reinstatement of Charles. He never saw Cromwell. Harris admits that he went to the Continent in 1635, being then but fifteen years of age, and did not return to England from that date till he was sent over by Spain on the death of Cromwell. Harris' whole story about Talbot and Cromwell Dr. Renehan characterizes as "a tissue of calumnious mistakes."

The important trusts committed to Father Talbot's management by the King's Ministers did not allow him to return from the Continent to share in the triumph of the Restoration, but in a few months he went to the English court, where he was well received. It was at the time when the Queen Dowager and Princess Henrietta arrived there. On the King's marriage to Catherine of Braganza, the Infanta of Portugal, a marriage which gave England its first foothold in India, he was appointed one of the Queen's almoners, an appointment which Clarendon strove in vain to prevent, though he subsequently succeeded in getting him deprived of an office which he valued more for the facilities it afforded him in the exercise of his priestly ministry than for any honors or emoluments. "Could his charitable soul delight in revenge," observes Dr. Renehan, "it might have been fully gratified when he saw that same Chancellor that very year impeached for treason, and when a few years after he saw him deprived of the great seal, impeached a second time for high treason, obliged to fly from trial to France, and the Parliament issuing a decree of perpetual banishment against him and ordering his defense to be burned by the common executioner." The greater portion of Talbot's time on the Continent was spent in Flanders. As an

ecclesiastic he appears to have been more appreciated abroad than at home, winning respect by his uncompromising integrity, piety and high principle. Although Cardinal Moran says he was the victim of Ormond's enmity when the persecution was renewed in Ireland, Dr. Renehan observes that "the vehement zeal and obstinate adherence of his family to the Ormond policy and the peace of 1648 made him the object of suspicion to the ultra-Catholic party and stimulated the friends of Rinuccini to endeavor to procure his expulsion from the Jesuit college at Rome when he went to study there," while "his zeal to promote the Catholic religion and his persevering efforts to serve his country and to prevent that wholesale spoliation effected by the miscalled Act of Settlement drew on him the furious hatred of many of those who were wholly intent on enriching themselves by the plunder of the Irish estates."

In 1664 the Internuncio in Brussels wrote offering to have him appointed to a bishopric. In his misplaced confidence he showed the letter to the too-famous friar, Peter Walsh, in whom he still trusted. He could not have selected a worse counsellor than the author of the Remonstrance, an intriguing and ambitious priest, to whom he said that he would not accept a mitre without the approbation of Ormond, then Viceroy of Ireland, and that he was personally indifferent whether he was or was not promoted to the episcopate. The sees of Dublin and Armagh were then vacant. Walsh confidently expected to be nominated to Dublin and his friend Caron to Armagh. It was certain that these two sees would be provided for before less important ones would be filled. As soon as Talbot opened his mind to him, he decided that he must prevent at any cost his selection or his own chance of promotion would be lost. That day he went to Ormond, then in London, and told him that he had discovered a plot of the Talbots to procure the assassination of the Viceroy. Ormond believed or affected to believe this incredible story, and instead of approving of Talbot's appointment, imprisoned his three brothers. When they were brought to trial their innocence was proved. But the false charge so far served the purpose of the calumniator that the Church in Ireland was for a time deprived of a Bishop and Richard Talbot of his estate. How little Peter Talbot ambitioned being mitred may be inferred from the fact that when later he heard of his intended promotion, he went to Father Joseph Simons, then provincial of the Jesuits in England, and offered to rejoin the Society of Jesus if he or Father Oliva, the general, deemed that course more conducive to the interests of religion, but they, wisely deciding otherwise, renounced their claim upon him and used all their influence to forward his promotion.

At the close of the year 1668 there were only two Catholic Bishops living in Ireland, Dr. Patrick Plunket, Bishop of Ardagh, and Dr. Owen McSweeney, Bishop of Kilmore. On the Continent three other members of the Irish hierarchy, the Bishop of Kilfenora, the Bishop of Ferns and the Archbishop of Armagh, lived in exile "No wonder, then," says Cardinal Moran, "that the widowed churches of Ireland should have hailed with joy the 21st of January, 1669, the day on which the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda nominated four new Bishops to vacant sees: *i. e.*, Dr. Peter Talbot to the archiepiscopal See of Dublin, Dr. William Burgatt to Cashel, Dr. James Lynch to Tuam, and Dr. Phelan to Ossory. During this period of persecution our Irish hierarchy was more than once on the verge of destruction, and if our Church at the present day does not present the sad desolation of England and Scotland, we are indebted under heaven to those indefatigable men who labored in season and out of season to preserve unbroken, despite the efforts of the enemies of our holy faith, the succession of our chief pastors.<sup>4</sup> Consecrated Archbishop of Dublin at Antwerp on Sunday, May 8 (styl. vet.), 1669, Dr. Talbot left Brussels on the 28th of that month, hastening to London in order (his eyes now being opened to the character and designs of his quondam false friend) to oppose Peter Walsh and his famous "Remonstrance," and what he designates as "his infamous efforts against God, the King and his country"; having obtained a Brief authorizing him to exercise the prerogatives and privileges of the Pallium until such time as he should be formally invested with it. One of his first episcopal acts was to unite with the Bishop of Ferns in constituting Dr. Oliver Plunket, who had already been for some time agent in Rome for his relative, the Bishop of Ardagh, the representative in the Roman court for the newly appointed Bishops, including the Province of Dublin; "well knowing," he wrote to the future Primate, "your zeal for the faith and the affection you bear your friends, and that you will correspond to the confidence placed in you, and give full satisfaction to all." In the same letter, noting that there was such confusion in the Province of Armagh, the see being then vacant through the death of Dr. Edmund O'Reilly at Paris in March, 1669, he adds that he proposed three names for the selection of a successor in the Primacy: Dr. Patrick Everard, a learned Jesuit of noble and ancient lineage, rector of the Irish College at Antwerp, who had studied in Seville, had suffered much for the faith for thirty-six years and was a good theologian and preacher; Dr. Thomas Fitzsymons, and the venerable Capuchin, Dr. Nugent, who was living in Spain, giving his preference to the first named. He subscribes himself "your most affec-

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<sup>4</sup> "Memoir of Oliver Plunket," chapter III., pp. 23-24.

tionate cousin." His distinguished relative and correspondent, who was to reflect such lustre on Ireland and its primatial see by his holy life and heroic martyrdom, was the subsequent choice of the Holy See and the personal selection of the Holy Father. No one rejoiced more at this than Archbishop Talbot, who would have proposed him at first, had Dr. Plunket not written to him, stating his desire not to enter for some years on the Irish mission until he had finished some works he was writing.

There were troubled times in Ireland, and still greater troubles ahead, at the time of Dr. Talbot's nomination. He was averse to the publication of the faculty of absolving from the censures fulminated by Rinuccini, fearing it would occasion great disturbance, as there was a rigorous edict of the King against all who would ask for such an absolution, involving incapacity of acquiring property or receiving any inheritance, and exposing the hierarchy to great risk. The question of the validity of the censures was, besides, in dispute. The result of his representations to the Internuncio was that the faculty, though sent to the Bishops, was not published. Dr. Talbot shouldered the burden imposed upon him with a stout heart and a courageous spirit. Writing to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda in May, 1669, he says: "I confess that the burden imposed on me by His Holiness far exceeds my strength, which I know to be slight indeed. But I hope that the Spirit which rules the whole Church, and distributes its graces and gifts according to the exigency of the office which each one discharges, will also grant to me such aid as may enable me to guard from the wolves the flock committed to my charge." The diocese had been deprived of the presence of a Bishop for thirty years. Dr. Fleming, owing to extreme old age, must have been able to afford it little succor during the last seven years of his life, spent in concealment. After a civil war of ten years' duration, Cromwellian devastation and fanaticism, and the legalized spoliation of the Act of Settlement, many tares must have grown up among the wheat, and there must have been many things affecting faith, morals and discipline calling for the exercise of episcopal zeal, energy and activity. A few days before his departure from London, where he had been endeavoring to get Peter Walsh to make his submission to the Holy See, of which he was apparently dubious, he wrote to Monsignor Baldeschi: "In the month of October the Parliament will assemble and we are in dread of persecution if liberty of conscience be not granted." Notwithstanding this foreboding, he crossed over to Ireland, landing at Skerries, on the east coast, in 1669, still hopeful of another restoration, dearer to him than that of the Stuarts, the restoration to its rightful place of the Catholic religion in his native country, for the advancement of which

he was constantly forming designs, laboring for their accomplishment by honorable, peaceful and legitimate means, though his detractors misrepresented him as a man of aspiring and restless spirit involved in political intrigues.

On the 21st of May, 1670, Lord Berkley, of Stratton, was sworn in as Viceroy of Ireland. The appointment filled the Irish Catholics with joy, and all were animated with the hope of a peaceful administration. One of its first fruits was the convocation of a National Council or General Synod of the Irish Bishops, held in Dublin on the 17th of June of that year "in Bridge street, in the house of Mr. Reynolds, at the foot of the bridge," as a note of the archives of Propaganda states. It was convened by Dr. Oliver Plunket, the recently nominated Archbishop of Armagh, for a twofold purpose: first, to correct some abuses which had crept in during the preceding persecutions; and, secondly, to draw up an amended formula of an address of allegiance to the King. At this period the Irish Church numbered but six Bishops in its hierarchy, all of whom, including Archbishop Talbot, took part in the deliberations of the synod. Cardinal Moran, in his "*Memoirs of Oliver Plunket*" (p. 137), corrects a grave error into which many writers have fallen respecting this National Council. "Some writers," he says, "confiding too much on the authority of historians who were alike the enemies of Ireland and of our Catholic faith, have broached assertions regarding this synod which are wholly repugnant to truth, and are alike discreditable to the Archbishop of Dublin and to the subject of these memoirs. Thus, it is gravely asserted that Dr. Talbot, on arriving in Ireland, found the prelates assembled in Dublin—and this, too, in 1669—that he at once introduced himself amongst them, announcing that the King had appointed him to oversee them all; that Dr. Plunket, 'considering this an unwarranted assumption, desired to see the authority on which it was advanced, alleging that if there was in fact such an authority, he would submit to it. The other answered that he had not it under the great seal, to which Dr. Plunket replied that the little seal would serve his turn, but until one or other was produced, he would take care to oversee Talbot and expected to be obeyed.' All these assertions are most unfounded, and are as little consonant to the truth as is the date 1669, which some of these writers assign to the National Synod. It was Dr. Plunket, indeed, that convoked this synod; but Dr. Talbot, who was long in Ireland before the synod, was the chief Bishop with whom he made arrangements for its convocation. The question of the Primacy<sup>s</sup> being as yet undecided, and the presidency of the synod

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<sup>s</sup> That is the extent of the primatial jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Armagh.

depending on who was to be considered the Primate, Dr. Plunket proposed that the decision of the question should be left to the assembled prelates, but Dr. Talbot chose rather to refer it to the decision of the Holy See, to which the Archbishop of Armagh readily assented, and in the meantime, with the protest which is usually made in such cases, that the rights of the respective parties should receive no prejudice from the order of subscribing to the decrees, etc., the presidency was ceded without any opposition to Dr. Plunket, and the Bishops proceeded with their deliberations in a most perfect spirit of unity and peace.

"It was at the close of the proceedings that a dispute arose which, though of no importance in itself, yet gave some coloring to the fabrication of the above monstrous tale. In the letters of Dr. Plunket no reference is made to this dispute, but in a note of Propaganda it is recorded that on the synod being convened by Dr. Plunket, principally for the purpose of drawing up a declaration of allegiance to His Majesty, and when all the assembled prelates had signed the proposed declaration, a question arose as to who should present it to His Majesty. Some proposed Sir Nicholas Plunket, who had been long distinguished for his services to the Catholic cause, and as well in the deliberations of the Confederation of Kilkenny as in various embassies of which he formed a part had given clear proofs of his ability and prudence. He was a near relative of the Primate and brother of the Bishop of Meath, and in attestation of his services he had received the order of knighthood from Pope Innocent X. Dr. Talbot, however, opposed his appointment to present their address, alleging that he himself had long been intimate with the court and the royal family, and that he had received an authorization from the King to superintend the clergy in civil matters of this kind. Dr. Plunket demanded that this commission from the King should be presented in writing and under the King's seal, adding that then, without hesitation, all would leave in his hands the presentation of the address. Indeed, there can be but little doubt as to Dr. Talbot's having received such a commission from the court, especially as we find a letter addressed to him from London, in September, 1672, by Dr. Patrick Magin, brother of the vicar general of Dromore, conveying to him a similar commission, requesting him, in the name of Lord Arlington, to superintend the manner of acting of the Irish clergy, and to check the violence of some of the prelates. But on the present occasion either Dr. Talbot had not received this commission in writing or was unwilling to present it to the synod, and hence the assembled Bishops deputed Sir Nicholas to be the bearer of their declaration to the King."

A larger and more important question, upon which Dr. Plunket and Dr. Talbot joined issue, was that of the position and prerogatives of the Primacy, such as the right to receive ecclesiastical appeals, make visitations throughout the whole country, and the like. It had been long in dispute, and the Dublin synod of 1670 occasioned the revival of the controversy. It gave birth to a learned discussion, led by Dr. Plunket in 1672 in a work entitled "*Jus Primatiale; or the Ancient Preëminence of the See of Armagh above all other Archbishops in the Kingdom of Ireland,*" which was followed, in 1674, by Dr. Talbot's "*Primatus Dublinensis,*" which put forward "the chief reasons on which the Church of Dublin relies on the possession and prosecution of her right to the Primacy of Ireland"; Dr. Hugh McMahon, Dr. Plunket's successor, in 1728, continuing the discussion in a large quarto volume, "*Jus Primatiale Armacanum,*" in which the right of the Primatial See of Armagh "over all the other Archbishops, Bishops and the entire clergy of Ireland" is asserted. Dr. Talbot took offense at the publication of Dr. Plunket's work, the only one of his which has come down to us, and gave expression to his feelings and opinions in writing to the Secretary of Propaganda. During the heat of controversy a temporary estrangement between the two prelates created an unpleasant situation, which was accentuated by the injudicious interference of lay partisans, and of which the Government took advantage to create dissensions in the Catholic body in furtherance of that insidious policy of *divide et impera* which has always been the motive principle of a Protestant power in its relations with a Catholic nation. It was that which made them favor the Remonstrants, Peter Walsh, as Dr. Talbot, in his "*Friar Disciplined*" (1674), pointed out, being a mere tool and dupe of the Government, used to "divide the Catholics among themselves and discredit their religion," as well as to afford a pretext for subsequent arbitrary measures to penalize them. It was the avowed aim of the crafty Duke of Ormond, as revealed by Carte.<sup>6</sup> "The more they differ the better," wrote his successor, the Earl of Clarendon, "and it is a pity the contests between them may not be encouraged." As far as dispute regarding the Primacy was concerned, Government was foiled. Through the medium or mediation of Dr. O'Molony, Bishop of Killaloe, a reconciliation was effected between the two Archbishops. "This intelligence," wrote the Internuncio, Monsignor Airoidi, "was the more welcome to me, as it was least expected; indeed, I esteem it rather the work of God than of man." "The reconciliation between me and the Archbishop of Dublin," said Dr. Plunket, "will be uninterrupted, because we will no longer give credence to the sowers of discord. We have agreed to send all our

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<sup>6</sup> Carte II., Appendix 101.

respective arguments to Rome, and we will await its decision." Dr. Talbot wrote in the same strain: "As regards the Archbishop of Armagh, I am his friend, for I attribute whatever he has done to imprudence, rather than to bad intention. I am and ever shall remain his friend, for this conduces to the glory of God and is desired by our friends." They were again of one mind and one heart. "The Archbishop of Dublin and myself are like two real brothers, we agree so well," said Dr. Plunket on another occasion. When a common danger threatened them both, he wrote to Propaganda: "The Parliament of England sought to give annoyance to the Archbishop of Dublin and to me, but through the mercy of God, *laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus.*" In 1671 he interposed his good offices with the Viceroy to have Archbishop Talbot exempted from any penal decree, for, little inclined to favor the Archbishop of Dublin or his family, the Viceroy had resolved to banish him from the kingdom. "I opposed this resolution of the Viceroy with all my power," wrote Dr. Plunket, "humbly supplicating him to desist from it. At the same time I assured him that whatever difference there might be between the Archbishop of Dublin and myself in regard of the question of jurisdiction, yet we were friends; so that His Excellency was appeased, and declared himself edified by my interference in favor of Dr. Talbot."

The danger alluded to was averted for the moment, but not for long. In the beginning of 1672 Dr. Talbot wrote to the Internuncio of Brussels for permission to leave his diocese for awhile. In a letter of March 5 of that year the Papal representative in Belgium announced to Propaganda that Dr. Talbot had been chosen by the court and invited to London for the purpose of being sent to Innsbruck as the King's envoy, and the Internuncio adds that he readily accorded the required permission "as the Archbishop of Armagh and the other prelates of Ireland were of opinion that great advantage would accrue to religion from this mission of Dr. Talbot." His intimacy with the King, when that monarch was in exile, and his high family connections made Dr. Talbot an influential personality. When Lord Berkeley—whom Dr. O'Connor in his "History of the Irish Catholics" praises as a man of probity and moderate principles, who substituted a mild and merciful administration for the unrelenting tyranny and oppression of the penal laws—was sworn in at Dublin Castle as Lord Lieutenant, Archbishop Talbot, on his return from Ghent, where he had sojourned for a short time, immediately on landing waited upon the Viceroy, was courteously received and permitted to appear in his archiepiscopal character before the council, an indulgence without precedent from the time of the Reformation. The relaxation of the penal code permitted the

public exercise of the Catholic religion, and for a brief spell Catholic Ireland enjoyed comparative freedom. Archbishop Talbot availed of it to hold synods, the acts of which are extant; to draw up what Dalton<sup>7</sup> calls "a manly but moderate assertion of the rights of Catholics," who were emboldened to petition the King for a review of the Act of Settlement, though Ormond prevented either the petitioners or their counsel being heard; and published "A Confutation of the Principles of the Protestant Religion as they are maintained by Dr. Stillingfleet."

But, as always happens in Ireland when any generous concessions are made to the native race or the creed of the majority, they awaken the jealous hostility of the pampered and favored minority and rekindle the smoldering embers of bigotry. The Protestants were, forsooth, indignant because he had the courage to exercise his ministry publicly, a thing unheard of since the Reformation, while some timid Catholics thought he was going too far. But what created the greatest alarm was the power he exercised through his brother, Sir Richard Talbot, over the new deputy. Both parties took up an attitude of hostility towards him. The Protestants charged him with the design of introducing, contrary to law, "Popish" Aldermen into the Dublin Corporation, and reversing the Act of Settlement. They appealed to the English Parliament and presented an address to the King, calling upon him to impose disabilities upon the Catholics. The consequence was a recrudescence of persecution. Thus, in 1672, the liberal and enlightened Lord Berkeley was removed to make room for the bigoted reactionary, Lord Essex. This led at once to a storm of persecution which broke over the heads of the Catholics. Archbishop Talbot was marked out for proscription. Before the end of March, 1674, he was forced to fly, distrusting, as well he might, the mercy or justice of those who should adjudicate in his case; and after some wanderings and concealment, reached Paris. From thence, on May 2, 1674, he issued a pastoral, or rather an address to the Catholics of Ireland, and particularly those of the city and Diocese of Dublin, "On the duty and comfort of suffering subjects," a long homily on patience, fortitude and trust in Providence. It is documentary evidence that he did not, as his detractors would have us believe, sink the prelate in the politician; that the charges of disaffection and turbulence laid to his account were unfounded; that, on the contrary, he used his great authority as a moderating influence, as Irish Bishops have always done, undeterred by the clamor of bigots or the menaces of Ministers, possessing the fullest confidence of the people.

It was at this epoch of his life he published, in reply to Dr.

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<sup>7</sup> "Hist. of the Archbishops of Dublin."

Plunket's "*Jus Primatiale*," a Latin treatise, "*Primatus Dublinensis*," which Ledwick admits exhibits strong good sense and liberality. It is a long forgotten controversy closed by a very wise decision of Rome. No matter how strong were the claims of Armagh in the past to universal jurisdiction, it is obvious that the exercise, even occasionally, of such a jurisdiction, would infringe upon the legitimate freedom and independence of the episcopate. He also published in the same year, and at Paris, "*The History of the Iconoclasts*," "*An Efficacious Remedy Against Atheism and Heresy*," "*The History of Manicheism and Pelagianism*" and "*The Friar Disciplined, or Animadversions on Friar Peter Walsh's New Remonstrant Religion*." In 1675 he ventured into England, taking up his residence at Poole Hall in Cheshire, being then broken down in health and in a precarious condition. The persecution of 1674, which drove the Primate, Dr. Oliver Plunket, and Dr. Brennan, Bishop of Waterford, for refuge into the hills and mountains and woods, wandering about the country in disguise, suffering the greatest hardships and living concealed, was followed in 1678 by another renewal of persecution, another outburst of fanaticism, of which the Titus Oates plot was made the pretext. Ormond, though he did not believe in this bogus plot, was constrained in consequence, through pressure from London, to impose penal disabilities of a very drastic character upon long suffering Catholic Ireland. Archbishop Talbot had meanwhile sought and obtained, through the interest of his brother with the Duke of York, the Viceroy's permission to come to Ireland, "to die," as he said, "in his own country." The feeble prelate was borne in a chair to his brother's house after landing. It was soon after this that Ormond received from the Secretary of State a letter informing him of the "Popish plot" and of the alleged means adopted of extending it to Ireland; adding maliciously that Peter Talbot was one of the accomplices and that assassins had been hired to murder the Viceroy himself! The result was that on October 8, 1678, he signed a warrant for the arrest of the Archbishop of Dublin and dispatched an officer to secure his person. He was arrested, according to Dr. Renehan, at his brother's house at Carton, near Maynooth; while Dalton says it was at Malahide. He was removed to Dublin in a chair and committed a close prisoner to the castle in a miserable and helpless condition, the violence of his malady being hardly endurable, threatening his death at any moment; so much so, that, it being impossible to remove him at once, his transference was postponed for a while, his brother being accepted as security for his appearance. Nothing incriminating was found among his papers to justify the accusation or the

arrest. But that did not save him from a long imprisonment. Dr. Plunket, who was to be a fellow prisoner of his about a year later, wrote on October 27, 1678: "I was quite astonished at the arrest of the Archbishop of Dublin, the more so as since his return to Ireland he did not perform any ecclesiastical function." It was known that Dr. Talbot was suffering from a very painful disease and nearing the close of his life. The malignity of Ormond selected him as the first victim of the revived persecution. The Archbishop of Dublin being imprisoned in Dublin, the other prelates fled to retreats in the woods and morasses, while the flocks were scattered and filled with dismay. The priest-hunters, held in leash like a pack of hounds, were let loose all over the country. A proclamation offered £10 reward for the arrest of a Bishop or Jesuit and £5 for a vicar general or friar. Writing to Propaganda on December 17, 1678, the Internuncio says: "The Archbishop of Dublin still continues in prison; as far as I have been able to learn, none of the other prelates have been as yet apprehended or compelled to leave the Kingdom; but it is certain that they are all retired to places far away from the public, and the most difficult of access, so that they are no longer able to continue their correspondence with me."

Though he was in a dying condition when arrested and lay on what would have been his death-bed, and was almost at the point of death when removed to Dublin Castle, he lingered, in great pain and agony during two years of a weary imprisonment. His last days were, besides, saddened by the news, which reached him from time to time from outside of the persecution prelates, priests and people were undergoing, how his unshepherded flock was left at the mercy of a pitiless Government, a prey to informers and soul-snatchers. In 1680, the Nuncio wrote from Brussels to Rome: "My Lord Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, is dying of his sufferings in the prisons of Ireland." Dr. Oliver Plunket and Dr. Peter Talbot were confined in adjoining rooms, side by side, in the castle. "Before the glorious end of his earthly career in 1680," writes Cardinal Moran, "the Archbishop of Dublin wished to give a final proof to the world that he was moved only by a sense of duty in carrying on this controversy (about the Armagh Primacy) and that notwithstanding their apparent conflict, the fire of charity ever glowed in his courageous soul; and hence, he addressed from his prison chamber, in which he was soon to die, an humble apology to Dr. Plunket, asking his pardon and forgiveness for any fault into which, in the warmth of dispute, he might have fallen. In this holy rivalry of Catholic charity and mutual love Dr. Plunket was not to be overcome, and we learn from a letter

of the Bishop of Kildare.<sup>8</sup> that when it was reported to him that the Archbishop of Dublin was about to enter on his agony, Dr. Plunket could no longer be restrained, but bursting through his guards, rushed to give a last embrace and absolution to the dying confessor of the Catholic faith."

On March 20, 1917, information was received in Ireland from Rome of the restoration of the name of Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, to the list of Irish martyrs included in the Apostolic process then being held under the supervision of Archbishop Walsh. His name did not appear in the decree of the Congregation of Rites in 1914, but further representations to the Holy See as to his claims to be considered worthy to have his cause tried along with the other 180 servants of God have proved successful. Dr. Renehan, who gives an imperfect list of his writings from Southwell's catalogue, which reaches no further than 1675, comments upon the fact that Dr. Talbot's works are not to be found in any Irish public libraries; a further proof, he says, of the shameful neglect of Irish literary labor, so often complained of that it seems to be the duty of every one to protest against it. Had not Dr. Talbot himself, out of love and respect for the glorious society of which he was once a member, presented copies to their library in Rome, the very titles of most of them would have been lost and the others' names forgotten. They include a treatise "On the Nature of Faith and Heresy" (Antwerp, 1657); "The Catechism of Politicians to Instruct Them in Divine Faith and Moral Virtue" (1658); "On the Nullity of the Anglican Protestant Church" (Brussels, 1658); a "Treatise on Religion and Government" (Ghent, 1670); a "History of the Iconoclasts" (Paris, 1674), etc.

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Dublin, Ireland.

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<sup>8</sup> Dr. Forstall's letter was dated June 5, 1880. In it he says: "*Miserimus Dublinensis cerebro totoque corpore ægrotans plurimum, vix ultima die veneris sanctissimam non efflavit animam. Primate strenue perumpente inter reluctantes satellites ut sum solaretur et absolveret.*"

IRISH SAINTS HONORED IN SCOTLAND.

**I**N an article entitled "The Saints of Catholic Scotland," which appeared in a former issue of this REVIEW (July, 1918), it was stated as unquestionable that the majority of those holy ones of bygone centuries whose names were held in reverence as saints of God in the kingdom of Scotland were actually denizens of Ireland. The circumstances which led to such a result may be thus summarized:

1. The large monastery, founded at Whithorn by St. Ninian, on the model of the celebrated Marmoutier of his kinsman, St. Martin, and popularly styled *Magnum Monasterium*, attracted crowds of eager students from Ireland. Thither—besides numerous pilgrims of less distinction—came the renowned St. Finnian of Moville, to study the Sacred Scriptures and to drink in the principles of true monasticism, for the benefit later on of his own country. Thither, too, as tradition affirms, came the illustrious St. Patrick himself, to visit in loving veneration St. Ninian, the helper of the earliest missionaries to Ireland, and his senior by some forty years. For the fishermen of Port Patrick, from the testimony of a priest living there a century ago, were accustomed to point out a certain spar of rock there as the spot where St. Patrick tied up the boat on which he crossed over frequently from the Irish shore.<sup>1</sup>

2. That district of Strathclyde, moreover, where the "Great Monastery" was situated, gained distinction from the fact that it was the traditional birthplace of St. Patrick. "For more than a thousand years," Cardinal Moran asserts, "it was the uninterrupted tradition of Ireland and Scotland that our apostle, St. Patrick, was born in the valley of the Clyde." Although, as he goes on to remark, this opinion was rejected by learned historians of the nineteenth century, many documents which had come to light since then had served to confirm what he styles "the more venerable" tradition, and that to which he himself had always adhered.<sup>2</sup>

3. Three Irish chieftains, sons of Erc, and named respectively Fergus Mor, Lorn and Angus, left the district of Dalriada, in Ulster, early in the sixth century, and with their followers settled on the opposite coast of what is now called Scotland. There, north of the Clyde, and westward from the mountain range of Drumalban, in the district now known as Argyle, they founded a little kingdom, which they named after their homeland, Dalriada.<sup>3</sup> Small in its beginnings, the kingdom increased in extent and power during the

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<sup>1</sup> Moran, "Irish Saints in Great Britain," p. 152.

<sup>2</sup> Moran, "Irish Saints in Great Britain," p. 144.

<sup>3</sup> Hunter-Blair, "Hist. of Catholic Church of Scotland," vol I, p. 128.

following centuries, until in the eleventh century the name of Scotia—properly belonging to Ireland, the land of the Scots—was extended to the country which was embraced by the Dalriadan rule on the opposite coast, and eventually to the whole of Caledonia or North Britain. The first settlers in Scottish Dalriada were Christians, who had been blessed by St. Patrick in person, and they formed the nucleus from which faith was to spread later in that part of the country.

From these facts we are able to estimate the close connection which sprang up between the two countries, and especially the surpassing interest felt in the spread of Christianity among the pagan peoples of the north by their Irish neighbors. In Strathclyde—St. Patrick's birthplace—was the further attraction of the "Great Monastery" of St. Ninian, to whom Irish Christians looked for the attainment of sanctity and learning; in Dalriada their own countryfolk had settled, and their boundaries were growing ever wider—stretching on the one hand to the islands of the west and on the other towards the territories of the partly converted Southern Picts beyond the mountains, while to the north lay the vast pagan lands inhabited by Northern Picts. Add to this the fact that as early as the end of the century which saw the death of St. Ninian, hundreds of former converts in Strathclyde and among the Southern Picts—dwelling between the Firth of Forth and the Grampians—had relapsed into paganism. The missionary zeal of the Irish was stirred on behalf of peoples whose destitute condition seemed to cry out: "Come over \* \* \* and help us!" And to that appeal they gave a generous answer.

It was to Scottish Dalriada, as was natural, that the first Irish missionaries seem to have come. Among the first of these, if we are to accept the opinion which places his death in 507, was St. Modan. He was certainly one of the most celebrated; traces of his labors are to be found all along the west coast of Scotland. Many places still bear his name, although his life and labors have been forgotten by those who inhabit them. He was the son of an Irish chieftain, and became a monk early in life. All that is known of his after career is gathered from the many dedications in his honor in the districts where he preached. His first oratory was at Balmodhan ("St. Modan's Dwelling"), a short distance from the later priory of Ardchattan, near Loch Etive; St. Modan's Well is still pointed out. The site is one of great beauty and charm. Another ancient church of which he is patron is that of Rosneath, in Dumbartonshire. Its name signifies the "Promontory of the Sanctuary." It was here that he was laid to rest, and his tomb was the bourne of a favorite pilgrimage. Kilmodan, on the Kyles of Bute, and another church

in Argyleshire were also under his patronage.<sup>4</sup> Scott testifies to the popular devotion shown to this saint in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

"Then each to each his troubled breast,  
To some blest saint his prayers addressed—  
Some to Saint Modan made their vows,  
Some to Saint Mary of the Lowes."<sup>5</sup>

As in the case of saints of Scottish origin, it is necessary for brevity's sake to restrict our view to the chief figures of each century. To touch upon all would demand a volume rather than a few pages. We pass on, therefore, to a prominent saint of the same sixth century, St. Medan (also called Modwenna), an Irish nun who took part in the spread of religion in Scotland by the foundation of as many as six or more churches and monasteries for women. She had received the habit of a nun from St. Patrick himself, and was the dear friend of another of his disciples, the renowned St. Brigid. Medan was born in the district of Conaille, and after spending some years as a recluse in her own land, passed over to Scotland. The chief of her foundations was in Galloway, in the parish known by her name in the corrupted form of Kirkmaiden; her cave chapel is still existing close to the Mull of Galloway, near to the site of the ancient church, which, dedicated to the saint—as were also at least three other parish churches in the same county—gave the place its designation.<sup>6</sup> Other churches were founded by St. Medan in Strathclyde; recent antiquarian discoveries on the top of Trapain Law, East Lothian, are considered by competent judges to have brought to light the remains of one of these. An ancient life of the saint says that one of her churches was situated on Mons Dunpeleder—a corruption of Dunpender, the original Celtic name of the hill in question. But still more interesting is the fact that a similar discovery made in 1918 under the chapel in Edinburgh Castle known as St. Margaret's, has led to the conjecture that another of St. Medan's foundations—that of Edinburgh—must have existed in that spot. If so, it is a striking corroboration of the opinion of the learned Dr. Skene, a former Historiographer Royal of Scotland, that the terms "Maiden Castle" and "Edinburgh" referred to this saint. Her name Medan, or Medana, is formed from Mo-Edana, after a common practice with regard to Celtic names, as will be seen more than once in this article.

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<sup>4</sup> Moran, "Irish Saints," etc., p. 184.

<sup>5</sup> Scott, "Lay of Last Minstrel," Canto vi.

<sup>6</sup> Moran, "Irish Saints," etc., p. 153.

"Medan's Castle" and "Edana's Burgh," in such cases, have suffered little change in course of time.

St. Medan is said to have died in extreme old age at Longfordan, near Dundee, after a most penitential life, during which she made at least one pilgrimage on foot to Rome. In addition to her ancient dedications and her holy well at Kirkmaiden, the saint's name has been perpetuated in the modern Catholic church at Troon, called SS. Mary and Medan; it stands appropriately in Meddan (or Medan) street in that Ayrshire town.

St. Brendan was another very popular saint in the western parts of Scotland. After missionary labors in Wales and the foundation of many monasteries in his native country, where he is said to have ruled over as many as 3,000 monks, he journeyed to Scotland. The exact sites of the two monasteries he founded there cannot be accurately designated: three in the Hebrides and the Island of Bute are conjectural localities. The many dedications of churches in his honor witness to the devotion shown to the saint, whether or not they were in some instances founded by him. They are Kilbrannan, in Mull; Kilbrandon, in the island of Seil; Boyndie, in Banffshire; Birnie, in Moray; Kilbirnie, in Ayrshire, and a ruined chapel on St. Kilda. The fishermen of the Western Isles perpetuated until almost recent times an ancient appeal to the saint for a favorable wind. Though ignorant of the significance of the invocation, they would cry repeatedly: "*Brainuilt, Brainuilt!*"—a contraction, it is supposed, of the Gaelic equivalent for "Brendan the Voyager!" The title refers to the tradition perpetuated by narratives—probably dating long after the saint's time—of his wonderful missionary voyages to regions hitherto unknown to mariners. Much in these stories is undoubtedly fabulous, but it is undeniable that the saint's journeying was extensive. Some writers have maintained that he actually touched the American shore. However this may be, there can be little doubt that the tradition—familiar in every European country—of St. Brendan's wonderful discoveries of vast countries in the west hitherto unexplored, kept in mind the possibility of lands existing beyond the western seas and led eventually to the discovery of the great American continent. The feast of St. Brendan, on May 16, has been restored to the Scottish calendar. He died in 577.<sup>7</sup>

Considerations of space urge the passing over of such names as St. Blane, whose church at Dunblane became one of the Scottish Cathedrals; of St. Finbar, of Cork, missionary to Kintyre, whose memory lives in the designation of the island of Barra and in other place-names; of St. Finan the Leper, patron of Glenfinnan, in Argyle-

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<sup>7</sup> Barrett, "Calendar of Scott. Saints," p. 76.

shire, where his ancient bronze bell is still treasured, and of others of like renown. The prominent figure among the Irish missionaries of the century is the great Columcille, or, to give him his more customary title, St. Columba. It is impossible to pass by this world-wide saint without a few words of appreciation; yet to treat adequately his wondrous life with its labors, penances and miracles, is out of the question here.

The apostle of the northern regions of Scotland was born of kingly race in 521. He gave himself in his early youth to God's service, and at twenty-five years of age founded his first monastery at Derry—the precursor of the hundred houses of God which Ireland was to owe to his unremitting zeal. As a proof of his boundless energy in the work of transcription which formed the chief labor of his monks, it is said that he actually wrote out with his own hands 300 manuscripts of the Psalter and the Gospels. In his forty-second year Columba was inspired with the resolution of carrying into effect a long-cherished project of leaving his beloved land to carry the Gospel to the pagans of Caledonia. On Whitsunday, 563, after a brief examination of the island of Oransay, he landed with twelve companions on Iona, destined to become the centre of their marvelously successful labors. When on June 9, 597, St. Columba was called to his reward in heaven, after thirty-four years of unremitting effort, his missionaries had carried the faith beyond the Grampians and even to Shetland and Orkney, while churches and schools of sanctity and learning had been founded on all sides, both on the mainland and adjacent islands. The traces of the cult paid to this saint in the shape of dedications, place-names, holy wells, fairs and the like, are too numerous to recount. St. Columba is credited with having founded no less than fifty churches in Scotland.\*

The work of evangelizing the north was continued with no less zeal by St. Columba's disciples. Two of them deserve special notice. St. Machar, called also Mochonna, son of a chieftain of Ulster, was one of the twelve first companions of the great missionary. After being consecrated Bishop he was sent to Strathdon with twelve others, to preach the Gospel there. Tradition says that St. Columba commanded Machar to settle at a spot near the river Don, where the shape of a Bishop's pastoral staff was formed by its windings, and that this led him to fix his see at Aberdeen. The old Cathedral there bears his name, as also two parishes in the county. His holy well was venerated near the Cathedral. St. Machar's feast falls on November 12 and was restored to the calendar by Leo XIII. in 1898.†

St. Drostan, the other disciple alluded to, lived beyond the end of

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\* Adamnan, "Life of St. Columba" (Reeves), *passim*.

† Forbes, "Kalendars" (St. Machar.)

the sixth century, and his name is in still greater estimation. He is said by some writers to have been born in Scotland of the race of kings of Dalriada. He became a monk at Iona, and was chosen by St. Columba to evangelize the district of Buchan in Aberdeenshire. In reward for the restoration to life at the prayer of Columba of the son of a Pictish chief, land was given for the establishment of a monastery on the bank of the river Ugie, about twelve miles inland from the Moray Firth. Drostan was left in charge, and his sorrow at parting with his master led to the place being called Deer. The Celtic legend embodied in the "Book of Deer," the oldest Scottish MS. extant, preserved at Cambridge University, thus relates the circumstance:

"Drostan's tears (*deara*) came on parting with Columcille. Said Columcille, 'Let Dear be its name henceforward.'"<sup>10</sup>

The saint ended his days at Deer, and according to the Aberdeen Breviary, was laid to rest in a stone tomb at Aberdour, "where many sick persons," it affirms, "find relief." Before entering Iona, St. Drostan seems to have labored as a missionary in Inverness-shire. The beautiful and fertile valley known as Glenurquhart, opening out from Loch Ness, about twelve miles from Inverness, is associated with him. A small piece of land there is still called in Gaelic "St. Drostan's Croft," and the glen was formerly styled *Urchudainn mo Dhrostain*—"St. Drostan's Urquhart"—to distinguish it from other localities bearing the same name. There are numerous dedications to St. Drostan in Scotland. The churches of Aberdour and Old Deer in Aberdeenshire; Glenesk, Edzell and Lochlee, in Forfarshire; Rothiemay, Banffshire; Alvie and Urquhart, Inverness-shire; Hal-kirk and Cannisbay, in Caithness, are some of them. No less than five holy wells in the adjacent counties of Aberdeen and Forfar bear his name.<sup>11</sup>

St. Moluag, a contemporary of St. Columba, was a monk of Bangor who passed over to Scotland to work for souls. He took up his abode on the island of Lismore, in Argyleshire, and converted many to the faith. He founded churches and monasteries in other localities also, especially in Ross-shire. St. Moluag's name is an example of a custom alluded to above, of the addition of the prefix *Mo* to the actual designation of a person. His real name was *Lugaidh* (pronounced and sometimes written *Lua*); its Latin form is *Luanus*. *Mo* in Gaelic is a title of honor, and *ag* an endearing suffix; thus Moluag may be translated literally, "My own dear (little) Lugaidh." *Kilmalomaig*, an ancient burying ground near Fort Augustus, and reserved to Catholics long after the Reforma-

<sup>10</sup> "Book of Deer" (Spalding Club), p. 92.

<sup>11</sup> Barrett, "Calendar of Scott. SS.," p. 100.

tion, is named after this saint. St. Bernard, in his life of St. Malachy, relates of St. Moluag: "One of the sons of that sacred family (Bangor), Lua by name, is said himself alone to have been the founder of a hundred monasteries"—this refers, of course, to Ireland. St. Moluag died in 592.<sup>12</sup>

Lismore became eventually the seat of the Bishopric of Argyll, and the ruins of the ancient Cathedral—said to be the smallest in Britain, though possibly much of the fabric has entirely disappeared—may still be seen. It bore the saint's name, as did also many churches in the Western Isles and some others on the mainland. The pastoral staff of St. Moluag is in possession of the Argyll family.<sup>13</sup> His ancient bell was lost at the time of the Reformation. Great devotion was shown to this saint both in Scotland and Ireland. He is styled in the "Félire of Aengus":

"Luoc the pure, the brilliant, the Sun of Lismore in Alba."

St. Donnan, another contemporary of St. Columba, was an Irish monk who journeyed with fifty-two companions to the Island of Eigg, in the Hebrides. While the saint was saying Mass, the pagans broke in upon them. Respite was asked until Mass was ended, when all were slain. The massacre was ordered by a female proprietor of the island, styled in ancient chronicles the Queen. The saint and his companions were reckoned martyrs, and many churches built in their honor in the Western Isles. The feast of St. Donnan and his companions has been restored to Scotland, and is kept on April 17—the date on which Sunday fell in the year of their martyrdom, 617.<sup>14</sup>

Mention has been made already of St. Finian, the founder of the celebrated monastery of Moyille, in County Down, as having studied at *Candida Casa*, St. Ninian's "Great Monastery" at Whithorn. It was at Moyille that many notable Irish saints and scholars were trained—St. Columba being one of them. St. Finian's part in the evangelization of Scotland must not be overlooked. The Scottish tradition speaks of his having settled in Ayrshire with a few companions and established monastic life in the Cunningham district; the abbey of Kilwinning, where Benedictines were established in a later age, is called after him, for its name signifies "Church of Wynnin." The varying forms in which his name appears are to be accounted for by the character of the different languages used. There is a still more startling change of this kind in connection with the same saint. After a pilgrimage to Rome, whence he returned to

<sup>12</sup> Barrett, "Calendar of Scott. SS.," p. 22.

<sup>13</sup> Hunter-Blair, "Hist. of Cath. Ch. of Scot.," vol. II, p. 267.

<sup>14</sup> Moran, "Irish SS.," p. 87.

his own land with a treasure—precious in those early days—under the form of a manuscript copy of the Sacred Scriptures, Finian traveled to Italy a second time. Staying for a time in the city of Lucca, when that see was vacant, the people became so struck with his holiness that they procured his consecration as their Bishop. His life and miracles in that place form the subject of a portion of the "Dialogues" of St. Gregory the Great. In Italy this saint is known under the designation of Frigidian. He died in 572.<sup>15</sup>

Another missionary of that epoch was St. Mirin, who preached the faith at Paisley, where his tomb became the bourne of many pilgrims. His name was perpetuated in the dedication of the important abbey of Cluniac Benedictines, founded there in a later age. There are many traces of other dedications to this saint and of holy wells called after him. The seal of the abbey bore his image with the inscription: "O Mirin, pray to Christ for thy servants!" Lights were kept burning round his tomb for centuries, and a small chapel of great beauty, built in the late fifteenth century by a devout citizen and his wife, in honor of St. Mirin and St. Columba, is still to be seen annexed to the ruins of the ancient choir of the abbey. It is used as a mortuary chapel by the Abercorn family, who came into possession of the monastic property.<sup>16</sup>

A female saint who inspired great devotion in Scotland was the virgin Triduanna. She lived as a solitary at Rescobie, in Forfarshire, about the seventh century. Of her a popular legend related that when a prince of that country conceived an unlawful passion for her and pursued her with his unwelcome attentions, Triduanna plucked out her beautiful eyes—her chief attraction—and sent them to him. In reward she obtained the power of curing diseases of the sight. She died at Restalrig (anciently written Lestalrig), a village about two miles from Edinburgh. Her tomb became a popular place of pilgrimage from all parts of Scotland, and was the most important shrine in that part of the country. Her holy well there was frequented by those who suffered from any affection of the eye. Sir David Lyndsay, the satirical poet of the Reformation, ridicules the superstition of those who resorted to "St. Trid Well" "to mend their ene." On account of the popularity of this church, and the fact that Dean Sinclair, the superior of the collegiate body established there, was one of the most prominent opponents of the Reformation, the building was ordered by the General Assembly of the Kirk in the first year of the supremacy of the Reformers (1560), "to be razed and utterly cast down as a monument of idolatry."

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<sup>15</sup> Moran, "Irish SS.," p. 192.

<sup>16</sup> Barrett, "Calendar Scott. SS.," p. 123.

This was so completely done that only fragments were allowed to remain.

In 1907, after the building had served for some seventy years (by means of partial restoration) as a chapel of ease to the parish church of South Leith, a scheme was set on foot to restore a small six-sided building hard by, which went by the name of "Chapter House," but which had become entirely filled with earth and rubbish with trees growing out of it. Wonderful to relate, this was found to be a beautiful Gothic building which had once stood over a well of water, to which steps led down. There could be no doubt in the minds of antiquarians that this had been the famous "Trid Well" of pre-Reformation fame. The building has been put into complete repair. The saint's name is met with in many different parts of Scotland, but in some cases it has undergone such changes as to render it almost unrecognizable. It occurs under the forms of Tredwell, Tradwell, Traddles, Trallew, Trallen, etc., and is found as far north as the Orkney Islands.<sup>17</sup>

It may be noticed here that legends speak of the coming of St. Brigid to Scotland in an earlier century; there was certainly a widespread devotion to her, and one of her disciples founded a monastery for women at Abernethy, to which it is possible she may have come. The sacred songs of the Western Islanders are filled with the praises of Brigid, Patrick and Columba. Many churches, too, bear St. Brigid's name.

Other Irish female recluses visited Scotland. Among these were St. Kentigerna, daughter of one Irish prince and wife of another, who took up her abode on an island in Loch Lomond, after her husband's death. The island acquired the name of *Innis na Caillich* ("The Nun's Island"), and is still so called. The old parish church of Buchanan, built there, was dedicated to her. It is now in ruins. St. Kentigerna died in 733. A century later two other holy women from Ireland came over to Scotland to live a more hidden life and to pray for the people of the country. One of these emigrants was St. Bāya (or Vey), a virgin recluse who lived in solitude on the island of Little Cumbrae, in the Firth of Clyde, where ruins of her chapel are to be seen. St. Maura, another Irish virgin, who governed a community of nuns on the mainland, used to visit her friend Vey for spiritual converse from time to time. She died at Kilmaurs ("Church of Maura") in Ayrshire. These two saints flourished in the ninth century.<sup>18</sup>

With St. Kentigerna came her young son Foelan, both being in

<sup>17</sup> Barrett, "Calendar Scott. SS.," p. 134. Barrett, "Footprints of Ancient Church of Scotland," p. 117.

<sup>18</sup> Barrett, "Calend. of SS.," pp. 6, 145.

charge of her brother, Comgan. The latter was prince of his province in Ireland, but had to fly for his life on account of opposition to his Christian rule, and took with him for safety his sister and her son. St. Comgan lived in great austerity in Lochalsh, Argyleshire, and died at an advanced age. There were many dedications in his honor in different parts of the country. One of the most important was Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, where a collegiate church was founded in the thirteenth century for the benefit of thirteen poor men who were maintained there. It was known as St. Comgan's Hospital.<sup>19</sup>

St. Foelan (or Fillan) spent some years with his uncle at Lochalsh, but the scene of his labors was Perthshire, where Strathfillan is called after him. Near Houston in that district are the ruins of an old church which bore his name, a stone hard by is called Fillan's Seat, and a holy well once existed there, until a parish minister of the eighteenth century caused it to be filled up as a remnant of superstition. A fair was formerly held there also on the saint's feast day. In Strathfillan are the ruins of another ancient chapel, close to the Holy Pool of St. Fillan, whose waters in Catholic ages were believed to have power in curing the insane. Even now it is much frequented—chiefly by Protestants—for the cure of various maladies; about a century ago a visitor relates that he saw hundreds of persons bathe in the water: the stones at the side were covered with gloves, handkerchiefs and bandages—a relic of Catholic practice in bygone days. Near Struan Church, in the same county, another well of this saint was once greatly esteemed as miraculous; St. Fillan's fair was held there annually on his feast, January 9, and continued after the Reformation.<sup>20</sup>

There are two notable relics of St. Fillan still in existence. His crozier is in the National Museum, Edinburgh; his bell, once kept near his holy pool, was carried off to England by a visitor more than a century ago, but was restored to Scotland later, and is now preserved in the museum of the Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh.<sup>21</sup> The relic of the arm of the saint is said to have been instrumental in gaining for Robert the Bruce the victory of Bannockburn. The custodian had feared to risk the loss of the relic, and had brought to the battlefield the empty case only, but on opening the latter before the battle, the relic was found within it; the miracle is said by the chronicler, Boece, to have given such valor and confidence to the army that their success was the result. The saint's feast was restored to Scotland by Leo XIII.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>19</sup> Barrett, "Calend. of SS.," p. 136.

<sup>20</sup> Moran, "Irish SS.," etc., p. 206.

<sup>21</sup> "Proceedings Soc. Antiquar. of Scot.," vol. VIII., (1870).

<sup>22</sup> Barrett, "Calendar Scot. SS.," p. 19.

St. Adamnan, abbot of Iona, is famous for his *Vita S. Columbae*, styled by a Protestant writer of repute "the most complete piece of such biography that all Europe can boast of, not only at so early a period, but even through the whole Middle Ages."<sup>23</sup> He was born in Ireland about 626, and belonged to the family of St. Columba. At the age of thirty-five he entered the monastery of Iona, and was raised to the abbacy about twenty years later. For learning and literary ability he ranks very high among ecclesiastics of his time, being well versed in Scripture and acquainted with both Hebrew and Greek; he is extolled for his holy and penitential life by St. Bede, Alcuin and many other of his biographers. Devotion to this saint is evidenced by the many churches dedicated to him, and the place-names still in use. His chief churches were Aboyne and Forvie (Aberdeenshire), Forglen (Banffshire), Kileunan (Argyleshire), Dull, Blair-Athole and Grantully (Perthshire), Kinneff (Kincardineshire), and Abriachan (Inverness-shire). Many holy wells bore his name, and fairs were held on his feast day in some places. The name of Adamnan has passed into various forms in different localities; it has been corrupted to Aunan, Arnty, Eunan, Ounan, Teunan ("Saint-Eunan"), Skeulan, Arnold, Eonan and Ewen—the latter being a favorite Christian name in the Highlands. St. Adamnan's feast falls on September 23.<sup>24</sup>

In the same eighth century flourished St. Maelrubha,<sup>25</sup> another Irish saint, very popular in Scotland. He passed over from Ireland in his thirtieth year and founded at Applecross, in Ross-shire, a monastery which eventually rivaled the Irish Bangor where he had been trained; over it he ruled as abbot for more than fifty years. Throughout the whole of the west of Scotland and the adjacent islands he acquired a widespread reputation for sanctity. Scottish tradition has ranked him with the martyrs, as having been slain by pagan Norsemen, but in this the Irish records do not concur. Antiquarians have maintained that with the exception of St. Columba, no saint had more churches dedicated in his honor in the western districts of Scotland than St. Maelrubha. As in the case of St. Adamnan, this saint also is known under the most varied appellations—Malruf, Molroy, Mury, Maree, Errew, Olrou and the like. At many places fairs were held on his feast: at least twenty-one churches are enumerated as bearing his name—many of them, formerly considered as dedicated to St. Mary, are now held by historians as having St. Maree for titular.

Loch Maree, a beautiful fresh-water lake in Ross-shire, renowned

<sup>23</sup> Pinkerton, "Enquiry," pref. vol. I., p. 48.

<sup>24</sup> Barrett, "Calend. Scott. SS.," p. 127.

<sup>25</sup> Moran, "Irish SS.," etc., p. 203.

for its magnificent scenery, is the most interesting locality connected with this saint. One of its many islands contains the remains of an ancient chapel and burying ground; a deep well near it was famed for the efficacy of its water in curing lunacy. The feast of St. Maelrubha falls on August 27; it was restored to the Scottish calendar by Leo XIII.

St. Adrian and his companion martyrs belong to a later century. An old legend, now held as unauthentic, made him a native of Hungary, who journeyed to Scotland with several companions to preach the faith there. It has been demonstrated by modern antiquarians that this saint is identical with Odhran, an Irish missionary, who took up his abode with several companions on the Isle of May, in the Firth of Forth, and there founded a monastery, which became in later ages a famous place of pilgrimage, after he and his monks had been martyred by the Danes.<sup>26</sup> A Benedictine priory, under the jurisdiction of Reading abbey, in Berkshire, was established there by King David I. in the twelfth century; it was later transferred to the Austin Canons. St. Monan, one of the martyrs, who had preached the Gospel in Fifeshire, became patron of Abercrombie, in that county; the town became known as St. Monance, on account of the translation thither of the saint's relics, but is now generally called by its former title. St. Adrian and his companions were put to death about the year 875.

St. Geradin (or Gervadius) was an Irish hermit who took up his abode in the province of Moray in the latter half of the ninth century. The site of his cave was long pointed out at Lossimouth, now an attractive little watering place about five miles from Elgin. For many centuries this habitation was left intact; an ancient Gothic doorway and small window were built into the face of the rock, which acquired the name of "Holy Man's Head." More than a hundred years ago the stonework was demolished by a drunken sailor, and eventually the whole rock, with the sacred spring known as Gerardin's Well, was scooped out by stone quarriers. No trace is left of it. The saint had an oratory at Kinnedar also; the spot is now identified with the churchyard of Drainie, the parish in which Lossiemouth is situated.<sup>27</sup>

Tradition tells that the saint was accustomed on stormy nights to wave a lantern to and fro, in order to warn passing vessels of the proximity of dangerous rocks. It is interesting to find this tradition perpetuated in the armorial bearings of the modern burgh of Lossiemouth: St. Gerardin, lantern in hand, is there portrayed, and above him runs the motto: *Per noctem lux*. A recently built Presbyterian

<sup>26</sup> Moran, "Irish SS.," etc., p. 217.

<sup>27</sup> Barrett, "Calend. Scott. SS.," p. 147.

church there has been named—contrary to the usual custom—after this local saint. St. Gerardin died in 934.

Many illustrious examples might be added to the above: the great Bishops Aidan, Finan, Colman, Malachy—all prominent in the history of their times—as well as others less known, such as SS. Boniface, Ronan, Voloc, Marnock, etc.; the abbots Regulus, Canice, Kieran, Kevin, Cumine, Baitan and the martyred Blaithmaic; the hermits Fiacre, Molios, Ethernasc, Fechin, Mahew, Fillan the Leper and others; these with many more took part in the evangelization of Scotland by prayer, preaching, and—more powerful than all else—the virtues of a saintly life.

Enough has been said to show the immensity of Scotland's spiritual debt to the Island of Saints, and her acknowledgment of it by the loving reverence paid throughout the ages of faith to those holy sons and daughters of Ireland. May that devotion revive and increase in our own generation; then we may surely hope to experience the effects of the powerful intercession of the saints in the restoration of the faith of old to the people of Scotland.

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**Book Reviews.**

"Convent Life: The Meaning of a Religious Vocation." By Martin J. Scott, S. J., author of "God and Myself," etc. 12 mo., pp. 315. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

How often do we not hear persons, inside the Church as well as outside, ask questions concerning religious, their vocation, their novitiate, their life, their discipline, their joys and their sorrows, which perhaps we cannot answer at all, or answer in a satisfactory manner? How often do we not hear those who are in doubt about their vocation ask such questions? How often do we not hear the enemies of the Church make attacks on convents and their inmates which perhaps we cannot repel in an effective manner? It is to answer all these needs that Father Scott has written the book which we find before us, and which explains the religious life in a most charming manner. If we make a running summary of its contents, we shall be able in a most attractive way to bring before our readers its many excellent qualities and its fund of information.

In the United States there are at present about a hundred thousand women who have consecrated their lives to religion as Sisters. That is a considerable army, the Red Cross of Christ. Every year thousands of young ladies enroll themselves under the standard of the religious life. Many people must, therefore, be interested in the sort of life to which the Sister dedicates herself. The present volume aims at putting the religious vocation before the public. Most Catholics understand what the career of a Sister implies, but, nevertheless, desire to know a little more about it. Non-Catholics are interested to know what it is that attracts the choicest souls, year after year, to the sacrifice of all that people value most highly. The word "convent" means an assembly, a coming together. In the ecclesiastical sense it means an assemblage of persons dwelling together in a religious house, to acquire perfection by means of the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience under the authority of a religious superior. The establishment of a convent requires either episcopal or Papal authorization.

"The words "convent" and "monastery," although originally quite different in meaning, are now employed to express much the same thing. Generally, however, a convent refers to a religious establishment of women, while a monastery usually, but not always, indicates a place for men. The words "nun" and "Sister" are now employed by people generally without any difference of meaning, although ecclesiastically they are quite distinct. This being a treatise for general readers, the terms "nun" and "Sister" will be employed in their popular sense.

Convents are cloistered, and may be either enclosed or unenclosed. The enclosed convents are those whose members are absolutely closed off from the outside world. The enclosed Sisters never leave the convent. Sisters of the unenclosed convents go in and out as their duties require. Those who live in convents are called religious or a religious community. As applied to nuns and Sisters, this term means that their lives are devoted exclusively to the service of religion. Religious are said to lead an active or a contemplative life, according as their special manner of living is devoted mostly to external works of mercy or to prayer. In former times, when Christian civilization was in formation and society was crude and vicious, the contemplative life dominated. Pious souls who wished to escape from the contagion of evil withdrew to the cloister as a place of security and prayer, to do penance for the sins of the world. Later on, when woman's place in the world was made more secure, devout souls entered the convent as a place to sanctify themselves, in order to issue forth and do service to their fellow-men for the love of Christ.

This service consisted in what is called nowadays social service. Whatever a woman can do to give a helping hand to one in need, that is the work of a Sister. It may be rescue work among the fallen or unfortunate, or helping the poor or nursing in hospitals and poor homes, or caring for orphans and the aged and the blind and the outcast. In times of war, the battlefield is their convent. Hence they are known as Angels of the Battlefield and Angels of Mercy. All this we shall dwell on later in our chapters on the Red Cross Sisterhoods and the social service Sisterhoods. For the Red Cross, which is now the badge of mercy the world over, was the special insignia of the religious Orders of Mercy as far back as the twelfth century.

Besides the Sisterhoods which devote themselves to contemplation and those that give themselves to works of mercy, there are the orders wherein the members exercise the duties of both the active and the contemplative life. In the contemplative orders one of the essential duties is the recitation of the Divine Office in choir. Besides that duty they have many others. Some active orders have choir duty also. These Sisterhoods, by thus combining some of the main features of the contemplative orders with the duties of the active orders, are what is called religious of mixed life. In modern times most of the religious orders belong to this last class.

In both the enclosed and unenclosed communities there are lay Sisters, that is, Sisters who are not obliged to do choir duty. There are many religious souls who have not the education required to fulfill the duties of choir Sisters, but who, nevertheless, yearn for a

life of service and sanctity apart from the hindrance of the world. For such the lay Sisterhood is open.

Before a convent is established, the permission of the Bishop of the place is required. Except those convents which are immediately under Papal authority, all convents are subject to episcopal jurisdiction. The Bishop or his delegate may inspect them at any time, and all the nuns may have recourse to him whenever they see fit.

Everything in regard to convent life aims at giving the Sisters the latitude of the children of God. As we shall see in the body of this work, the fullest freedom is given the young woman who contemplates being a Sister. None but those who have applied for admission as a Sister can realize how difficult it is to be received. This will be shown in detail further on.

After admission they are called postulants, that is, they postulate or request to be admitted permanently. As postulants they live the life of the Sisters and see it in all its phases. During this time of postulancy, which lasts from six months to a year, they may leave any time without any formality.

After being postulants, they are received as novices into the community. This means that they enter more intimately into the life of the Sisters, but are not yet received as such. The novitiate, as this period is called, lasts usually a year. During this period the novice may leave at any time without any formality whatsoever.

After the novitiate, they are permitted to take the religious vows for a specified time. Only after three years are they allowed to bind themselves permanently to the obligations of the religious life.

On a certain occasion a non-Catholic was heard to remark: "Where in the world do all the Sisters come from?" Not only to those outside the Church does this question suggest itself, but also to Catholics themselves. You see the Sisters everywhere. They are caring for the old in homes for the aged, and watching over infants in foundling asylums. You will find them nursing the sick in hospitals and binding up the wounds of soldiers on the battlefields. In schools and academies they are engaged in the education of youth, and in distant lands they help the missionaries to civilize the savage. Others devote their lives to the adoration of God in the Blessed Sacrament, to prayer, contemplation and charity. Some give their lives to penance and reparation for the sins of the world, which else might call God's wrath upon mankind. Then there are those angels of restoration who seek the sheep that have strayed to bring them back into the fold, as did the Good Shepherd Himself in His days among men. And where do they all come from? From everywhere and from every class and condition of society. In the convent you will find those who were rich and those who were poor, the educated

and the simple, the aristocrat and the humble. That is what they were before entering; once in the convent, they are all Sisters, they form one family in Jesus Christ, they have all things in common, for which reason they are called a community.

Now there are certain souls who are drawn to Christ by the great love He has shown them. He became a little child for them, lived, suffered and died for them. If there were no heaven or no hell, they would love Him and serve Him in return for His love. They would delight to serve Him personally if He were on earth, as the holy women in the Gospel did, but that they cannot do.

However, they realize, from His own words, that service done to others for His sake is taken by Him as done to Himself, so they burn with a desire to work for and with Christ. By helping others, they are doing something unto Christ Himself. By prayer, adoration and penance, they are working with Him in saving the souls of men. By teaching, they are instructing little ones in the ways of the kingdom of God and enlarging that kingdom which He established on earth.

To work for and with Jesus Christ! That is the noblest motive for entering the convent, and it is the motive which actuates most of those who become Sisters. The personal love of Christ! Love for Christ stronger than human love; love of Christ so strong that it has made the young, the beautiful, the rich, prefer it to all the love and luxury of the world; love so strong that it causes those who love father and mother more than all else to sacrifice that love unto the love of Christ; love so holy that, while it claims the whole heart, it yet makes the love for father and mother greater than it was before.

For the love of God does not destroy rightful love, but increases it and hallows it. The love of a woman for her husband does not lessen her love for her mother, but rather intensifies it. And so the love of the maiden for Christ, to whom she consecrates her heart and her life, serves to intensify her love for her dear ones. But for Christ's sake, to give him proof of her love, she withdraws from what she loves most on earth. These, therefore, are the noble souls who embrace the religious life; these are they who enter the convent. The call having come to them, they respond. Those who enter are the flower of maidenhood.

Some people think that those who renounce the world and family ties are heartless, but, on the contrary, it is because they have such great heart that they enter the convent. It is usually the most loving daughter that obeys the call to the religious life. You would not say that a girl had no heart because she leaves father and mother to get married and lives in a place far away from her parents. If the love for a man can make a girl suffer a separation

like that, how much more should the love of Christ do it!

Those who enter are of the same clay as others. They have the same human nature with its passions and inclinations, its virtues and defects. But feeling called to a higher life, they aim at curbing passion and cultivating virtue in a life devoted to service and sacrifice for Christ's sake. With Him as their model and leader they endeavor to become more and more like Him on earth that they may be closer to Him for eternity. They have received from Him the invitation to draw near. Souls chosen from the multitude, they step out from the ranks of the great Christian army and take their place close to Christ, the King, to serve by His side.

Father Scott's book will be the standard work in English on the religious life. It should find its way into other languages. It will be useful to young people who have not yet decided their vocation; to religious who have already chosen the better part, because it will remind them of the motives which should guide them and sustain them; to the Catholic laity, who ought to know the meaning of the religious life and be able to explain it to others; and to non-Catholics who want to know the truth and who will be edified by the lives of these choice children of the Church.

(To be continued.)

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"A History of the United States." By John P. O'Hara. 12 mo., pp. 461. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"This volume aims to present the story of American history in a form which will engage the interest of pupils in the upper grades of the elementary schools. It will be found that a considerable amount of material of traditional interest, but of small intrinsic importance, has been omitted in order that a fuller emphasis might be placed on events and movements of greater significance. Following the best teaching opinion, the volume deals constantly with the casual relations of historical events, due regard being had for the capacity of the pupils who will use the book. The wealth of illustrations and the many excellent maps with which the volume is equipped greatly enhance its value for school use."

This announcement indicates very clearly the purpose of this volume, and when we say that the author has carried out his purpose faithfully and skilfully, we feel that he will be satisfied, because that is high praise.

History is a difficult field at best. The gathering of material, the sifting of authorities, the reconciling of contradictions, the drawing of correct conclusions from many and conflicting premises—all render the way of the historian a hard one. To do all this in brief form

is still harder, and therefore to produce a brief, complete, clear, truthful history of the United States in a volume of less than five hundred pages is a task which might discourage even those best fitted for it, and is an achievement of which even a scholar may be proud.

We may, therefore, congratulate the author on the excellence of his work. The outline illustrations are artistic and interesting, the maps are helpful, and the class questions at the end of each chapter are searching and stimulating.

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"The Theistic Social Ideal or the Distributive State." By Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A., professor of sociology. 12 mo., pp. 68; pamphlet form. Milwaukee: Diederich-Schaefer Company.

The author thus defines the Distributive State: "When society is so economically adjusted that at least the majority of the citizens of any given community possess individuality and exercise control severally over a 'useful' and adequate amount of the 'means of production,' so that the whole community bears the stamp of the diffusion of wealth. Such a society, by reason of its economic foundation, is termed the *Distributive State*."

By a useful and adequate amount of "the means of production" is meant such a sufficiency of the said means as will by reason of their productive capacity guarantee an individual, his wife and family, a decent livelihood, plus a surplus to tide the family over financial panics and industrial crises.

Now that all sounds very clear and seems very simple. It is no new doctrine, nor will any one refuse to subscribe to it, and yet the millennium has not arrived. For who shall say what is a "decent livelihood," and who will decide what is a sufficient "surplus" to provide for the future? As long as men expect to find true happiness in this life, and do not believe that they have not here a lasting city, but must tend to one that is beyond; as long as they refuse to believe that man's life on earth is a warfare in which many contending forces struggle constantly; as long as they will not acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being on whom they depend and to whom they must render an account, they will be dissatisfied. They will give way to inordinate desires, and they will use unscrupulous means to gratify them. They will be torn by envy and jealousy, with all the attendant evils that follow in the wake of these passions.

We can never settle the affairs of men until we take into consideration the nature of man, the end of man, the obstacles in the way of his attaining that end, and the adequate means that must be used to surmount those obstacles.

In other words, we cannot settle the affairs of men if we leave

God out, and that is exactly what most persons are trying to do at this moment. It cannot be done. It has been remarked that the name of God has been studiously avoided in the transactions of the Congress of Nations which has formed a League that is to bring peace to the world and end war for all time. These same modern wise men refused to declare for liberty of conscience and worship, notwithstanding the fact that the greatest wars of all times have been fought for these principles, and will be fought in the future; and when we say greatest, we do not necessarily mean biggest, because bigness does not always include greatness.

Those who know the truth should never modify it or minimize it when discussing the affairs of men. It is good to consider the social, political and economic aspects of all such questions, but they can never be solved without due consideration of the religious element. Hence the value of this brochure by Father Casey. He says very truthfully: "Theism is the only system of philosophy which is compatible with any endeavor towards social reform. This is a proposition simple in its outline, clear in its meaning, conclusive in its import, yet around which has arisen such a Babel of confusion that at the very outset its incontrovertible truth must be inculcated and its precise import realized by every one who would work in the field of social endeavor."

The author closes by saying: "Our solution for current economic ills is a larger diffusion of wealth. We entirely reject by that solution any form of collectivism or Socialism. Socialism is that economic scheme which aims at greater concentration of wealth and consequently at a greater economic autocracy than the world has ever before experienced. Its programme is to place in the hands of social authority all the means of production. Its avowed object is to effect for society at large that self-contradictory thing, to give everybody everything by giving nobody anything."

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"Catholic Home Annual," 1920. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This excellent publication with its wealth of useful information, its excellent fiction and its copious and beautiful illustrations, is worthy of a place in every Catholic family. If parents would supply books of this kind in larger number for their children in place of the secular magazines and current fiction, they would have the consolation of seeing them advance further in wisdom and grace as they advance in years.

In the current number we find an excellent summary of Monsignor Walsh's life of Joan of Arc; an interesting article on the feasts of the Church by Father Garesche, S. J., and an edifying instruction on the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary: all of these are

copiously illustrated. To these should be added a charming article on Subiaco, the Cradle of the Benedictine Order, by Rev. Michael Ott, O. S. B., with beautiful illustrations. And then there is excellent fiction by Mary T. Waggaman and others, and a sprinkling of poetry to complete the literary feast. The publishers are to be congratulated on the excellence of this number of a publication with a long and honorable history.

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**"The Government of Religious Communities." A Commentary on the Three Chapters of the Code of Canon Law. Preceded by a Commentary on the Establishment and Suppression of Religious Communities. By Hector Papi, S. J., author of "Religious Profession," professor of canon law, Woodstock College. 12 mo., pp. 200. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.**

When Dr. Papi's work on "Religious Profession" appeared, we were not alone in wishing that he would be able to give us commentaries on other parts of the New Code. At that time he expressed his intention of publishing a treatise on "Religious Vows." Since then he decided to bring out first a commentary on a very practical part of the Code dealing with religious, and therefore the main subject of this publication is "The Government of Religious Communities." We are not surprised to learn that the author received many requests from various sources for this treatise. It is of great practical value, and the masterly manner in which Dr. Papi does the work leaves nothing to be desired. When he has finished, the subject is exhausted, and all who are interested can act intelligently and safely.

In order to make the treatise more complete, in addition to the main subject taken from the Tenth Title of the Second Book of the Code, the author has included the Title on "The Establishment and Suppression of Religious Communities," which precedes Title Ten, and by a preliminary on "Religious Communities and Their Members," by which the Code opens this part on religious. The two chapters that will attract most attention in this book are probably those treating of "Superiors and Chapters" and "Confessors and Chaplains." In the first we find a clear explanation of the law which concerns superiors so much at present in regard to their changes every three or six years; in the second, we learn fully the wishes of the Church concerning the confessors of religious, a very far-reaching question. We hope that the learned author will continue these commentaries. They are so necessary, and he does them so well that if it were not impudent or presumptuous, we should be tempted to say it is his duty to do so.

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**"Ireland's Fairy Lore." By Rev. Michael P. Mahon. 12 mo., pp. 219. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn Company.**

The chapters of this book appeared first in the Boston "Pilot"

during 1910 and 1911 as a series of papers on "Ancient Irish Paganism," but that does not detract from their interest in book-form, because they will now come into the hands of many who have not seen them before, and they are well worth while preserving in permanent form. They are interesting, amusing and scholarly.

Who is not interested in fairies? Surely no one of Irish birth or ancestry. They have existed in every nation from time immemorial, but Ireland seems to have been their true home in all ages. We can remember sitting around the fire in the days of our childhood listening in open-mouthed wonder to tales of these mysterious beings. We can recall our intense delight when the first book of fairy-tales came into our hands, and we were able to devour it. Nor did it furnish one feast only, for we returned to it again and with ever-growing appetite. And then we can go back to our first and long-expected visit to fairyland, to Ireland itself, where not the least of our joys was the hope that we might meet the little people face to face, or at least meet some intimate friends of them who had held close converse with them. But alas! and alas! the nearer we got to the fairies the farther away from them we seemed to be. When we were children, we often met persons who had heard the fairies or who had seen the effect of their work, or had known others who had known them, and the evidence was most convincing to us; but when we got closer and inquired more particularly, we found that the fairies had somewhat changed their mode of life, or had become more retired and less active. Nor were those who came in contact with them nearly so numerous as we expected. The first night we spent in Ireland we had to drive eleven miles along the seashore and through the country to reach our destination. As we took our places on the jaunting car and began our peaceful journey over the smooth roads for which Ireland is noted, lighted by a full autumn moon, it was almost midnight. All the fairy-lore of our childhood came back to us with a rush! Now, we said, everything is propitious. We watched and listened with all our eyes and ears, and although we heard many strange sounds and saw many odd forms in the shadows, we fear that our senses were not properly attuned, for the little people did not invite us to their feasts, their sports and their homes.

Now that is exactly what this book is for—to attune its readers so that they will be able to understand these mysterious beings and recognize them—when they see them. It is very interesting and very complete. It shows extensive research. The author is thoroughly in sympathy with his subject. It is admirably written, and those who wish to study the subject or be amused for an hour or two cannot afford to pass it by.

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Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat  
invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem.  
S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.



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(Extract from Salutory, July, 1890.)

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## NATIONAL IDEALS IN EDUCATION.

**I**NFLUENCED by the importation of ideas from abroad and stirred to action by the successful development of modern methods for which the present century is justly famous, Ireland has been undergoing a radical change. A microscopic searching into our national life has resulted in a marked expansion. With the overthrow of the Penal Laws and the consequent outcome of many successive political ameliorations and assuagings, together with the establishment of Tenant-Right, Catholic university education and the Department of Agriculture, a new era has dawned for Ireland. This expansion witnessed a renewed impetus by the last half decade. The opening up of new industrial vistas, the rise of new schools of poetry as well as the rising of Easter week, 1916, are the all-important circumstances which precipitated thought on the problems of New Ireland. To-day every aspect of our national being has its galaxy of eager hands. Ireland is vibrant with the consciousness of a new energy and bounding zeal. Hence it may not be *extra rem* to discuss our educational side.

One would be inclined to take a rather pessimistic view of the present state of education in this country were it not for some assurances we have got of a new intellectual epoch. The Gaelic colleges—the first of which was established in Ballingeany by Dr. O'Daly a decade or more ago—have been slowly and imperceptibly making their way into the most remote and out-of-the-way headlands of the country. Like the early universities on the continent and the

monastic schools of ancient Ireland, they may yet be but the germ or seedling from which will branch off the great tree of our regenerated civilization. Father O'Leary, too, having brought with him the tradition of Ireland's part in its fullness, is the Christien de Troyes of twentieth-century Ireland, nurturing the native culture against the inroads of Imperial cosmopolitanism. Here we have links which bind us to and continue on the noble heritage of Irish scholarship, for which Ireland is justly famous. Culture of this kind is in accordance with the ways of education, properly conducted, as explained by specialists. Irish education along native lines makes for the highest degree of development which the individual capacity of the people and the national local circumstances admit of. It is an evolution of the nation's intellectual past adapted to the needs of the present. It is truly national and most natural. It touches chords in the hearts of the people. Culture may rise and fall among privileged classes. It may be for a time the monopoly of universities and of refined coteries. But permanence it must inevitably lack so long as it remains exclusively in the hands of a small section and the great body of the nation are unmoved by its learning.

What is education? Education is sometimes defined as an attempt on the part of the adults of a society to shape the development of the coming generation according to its own ideals. Again, it is spoken of as the developments of the child's faculties so that in time it will be able to think for itself. Both these definitions are at once too wide and yet not comprehensive enough. It is a fundamental truth that there is an irresistible tendency in our nature to develop the powers that were given us. Education means assisting all these powers of nature. Education in the full and true sense of the word means the training and development of all our powers, the harmonious cultivation of the whole being, the so fashioning the young life that it will have a healthy mind in a healthy body. True education must be relative to the state of culture of its time and place, but with still an effort to elevate the general tone of the age. A question of much doubt is in regard to the amount of latitude that should be given the child in the selection of his work. It is generally held that a conception of the end in view should be uppermost and that this should be accompanied by an effort to make the child reach that end. His material should not be too embracing, but rather our aim should be thoroughness in small things. An interest in the work and a personal attraction for study are all-important factors. The needs and drawbacks of the country are matters which should not be lost sight of. Educationists should ask themselves what are the great crying needs which at present make themselves felt within the sphere

with which they have to do. A remedy should be adopted to get rid of the flaw. The ancient Greeks, anxious to produce a race of soldiers, brought up their young men keeping that idea foremost. Games, gymnastic exercises, feats of physical endurance and a corresponding mental training were all employed to produce the desired effect. Later on when their idea was to possess great orators, they centred their attention and set their heart on the possession of this cultured accomplishment.

The language employed for educational purposes, of course, should be the national language—a very important factor in education, since all their other subjects must be done through it and the literary masterpieces are written in it. Hence the importance of national ideals in education. In Ireland, the mind is open to British influences, foreign ideals and outlook have begun to take the place of the native. “By their fruits you shall know them.” We ourselves are living witnesses to the baneful influences of an un-Irish and exotic system of education. In proportion as we hold up England to be our model, in the same degree are we losing our own identity and sacrificing our national being. Perhaps a greater case in point cannot be had than the decadence which set in in Roman literature when she began to copy that of Greece. The utterance became devitalized and a period of stagnancy and unproductiveness followed. Christian classic culture also had a great leveling or denationalizing effect which played havoc with the national spirit. Literature, then, if it is to be of any avail, any permanence, must be racy of the soil, no imported pattern: it must possess a continuity with the past. The present must lead us back beyond the mist of centuries and our forefathers speak to us from out the gulf of time. When Charlemagne set out to lay the foundations of a new empire, he first collected the carmina of Germany. In Ireland, likewise, material or spiritual advancement or decadence must go hand in hand with the development of the native culture or its neglect. Scott and Burns were great poets and their poetry has met with a remarkable longevity. But Scott and Burns were, above all else, great Scotch poets. German literature and mystic poetry has secured a well-merited reputation, but it exhibits all the qualities of pure German poetry. We have all heard of Bishop Grundturg, of Denmark, and his celebrated winter schools. Taking up the sagas and warrior poems of his native land, he built a new civilization on the literature of his forbears. In these schools the traditional songs and folk-stories of his country were used, and those alone. The result was one not of linguistic revival merely, but economic, industrial as well. The people, saturated with national love, drank in the traditions of the past and a great awakening of the spirit ensued.

The people became more responsible and were quick to realize their glorious past which they were now determined to convert into a still more glorious future. Thus the cultivation of the national culture was the happy means whereby every phase of their country's making was affected. By a strict fidelity to the ways of the past we are observing a strict obligation to old Dame Nature herself. National speech and culture embodies the spirit of the nation. One's ideas and whole physical and mental outlook, which would be otherwise warped by strange and unnatural thoughts expressed in a strange tongue, flow now with all the fluency and naturalness of a gently meandering stream.

The connection between national education and character is important. It fills the people with self-reliance and activity, destroys inertia and apathy and gives a congenial stimulus for effort. The case of Hungary is one in point. In the eighteenth century, when the Austrians took possession of Hungary, the Magyar language was neglected. The Hungarians, having lost their language, in a most cowardly fashion offered their services to their oppressor. But when Kisfaludy's dramas appeared, the language gradually gained ground again, and finally it became a powerful agent in rousing the nation to action. A self-reliance and intense national spirit set in. Other phases of the country's well-being became manifest. They were soon able to build up their country's impoverished industries and finally to win for themselves freedom. Several other instances might be given in proof of the importance of national ideals in education. Even in the Irish-speaking districts of Ireland home industries and manufactures are remarkably preserved in spite of almost insuperable difficulties.

The connection between language and race is not merely superficial. Literature is the reflection of the inward and outward life of the nation, of its traditions, hopes and ideals. Peoples differ in temperament and in inspiration and the difference clearly becomes evident in the literature. But the language is the *actus formale* quo of that literature, and any disturbing element in the one becomes an obstructive wheel in the natural movement of the other. The adoption of the English language is the adoption of her civilization and ergo an imitation of her models and fashions; the importation of her goods and the abandonment of the ways and fashions in vogue at home which will result in an inevitable struggle between two civilizations with consequent disaster for the intellectuality and material well-being of this nation.

Religion is one phase of the intellectuality of a nation and an extremely important one. The child lisping his prayers at his mother's knee is taking his first dip into the fountain of learning.

Later on, the exigencies of his religion requires him to learn songs and hymns, to make himself adepted in Christian doctrine and to know the essentials of his religious practices. The Irish language is *par excellence* the language of a religious people, and whereas it drags out a lingering existence its devoted adherents may be easily set apart for the purity of their morals and the genuineness of their belief. Manuals of prayer, homilies, psalters and other works of a religious nature are to be met with in the bibliographical lists of Ireland with a profusion unknown in other countries. The Irish language is long associated with prayer and the two ideas are joined together by writers of widely different nationality. The common, every-day speech of the people is strewn deep with prayers and pious supplications to God. The youth of Ireland, therefore, educated on Irish lines, must inevitably find in their religion a strengthening of their purpose, an educational asset not to be trifled with.

In Ireland we are long obsessed with a system of primary schools whose ostensible purpose, in their beginning, at any rate, was to make us forget ourselves, to rob us of our God-given rights, to root out our long-cherished nationality and religion and to Anglicize us as far as it lay in England's power. A preposterous mixed control was set up that prevents direct action from yielding fruit. To protect us from that wicked thing, secular education, the Church was allowed to control the teachers, but the foreign State retained control of the programmes. It is to educational institutions like the Gaelic League, the summer colleges, we are to look for the sources of pure and ennobling education in modern Ireland. Even now an attempt has been made to foist an alien and un-Christian system of education on our kin of Ulster by a would-be kind and beneficent government. In brief, such a purely secular, non-denominational scheme does not find a place in Catholic ethics. Not providing for the training of character and the development of the will, it falls short of its purpose and stands condemned as an educational machine. The fact that it takes no cognizance of religious teaching unfits it for a Catholic country or a Catholic province of a country.

Coming now to the secondary schools, we can say that the history of intermediate education in Ireland does not give us proof of merit sufficient to warrant its continuance. As an educational scheme in any country it is to be rejected, but as an Irish one it is ridiculous. It is of a purely English brand and one would think that the Commissioners of Education in this country were blind to the fact that different conditions prevail in this country from those of Kent or Yorkshire. English is an obligatory subject for all, while Irish is merely optional. It is a hide-bound, artificial system that gives its knowledge in snippets and does its work as if boys were mere

machines or automata. Far from providing any local interest, it shuts the door against intellectual pleasure. Calling forth no zeal and eliciting no pleasure, it dries up the fountain of inspiration and strangles initiative and originality at their birth. Ad hoc preparation designed to suit the tricks of a stereotyped examination, superficial information without any relation to actualities is the crazy humdrum of an intermediate system that withers up all knowledge at its entrance and stunts the growth of the faculties that have a natural adaptation for receiving it. It would be useful here to compare the methods of secondary education in vogue in Germany before the war, and I think we would find in the grading and sorting of German secondary schools a sufficient justification of the theories we have been asserting.

Our universities until recently made no provision for the proper study of native culture, antiquities or literature. They made more provision for the Jews to study Hebrew than for the Irish to learn their own language. An un-Irish atmosphere permeated them and everything seemed calculated to produce educated men with a horror for everything Irish. These schools, oftener than not, had their destinies guided by men who were not likely to effect amelioration in the proper quarter. Its professors were rarely animated by patriotic motives and hence their badly-needed services were not commandeered in throwing some new streaks of light on the undeveloped and neglected thesaurus of native art and literature. They did not seem to be interested in Ireland themselves and they instilled no interest in their pupils. Under such a nefarious system of education, native culture was allowed to rust and atrophy in the "forgotten graveyard of dead pleasures."

Since the foundation of the Munster College of Irish great work has been done for Ireland. An impetus has been given to the Irish revival, the Irish language has been gripped together in the Irish-speaking districts. Now a fac-simile of the Munster school is to be found wherever the vernacular sticks fast to its native hills and mountains. The project of establishing a Gaelic university on the plan of the Irish colleges has been already under consideration with certain generous souls. By a Gaelic university we mean a university in the full sense of the word, where the Irish language would be the medium of instruction as English is now in the United Kingdom and Latin in the ecclesiastical schools. It would imply also a focusing of attention on Irish and kindred studies, a delving anew into the neglected domain of Irish history, an investigation of ancient Celtic civilization, the development of Ireland from within. It would mean a University of Ireland, for Ireland and peculiarly Irish. Such an institution is a live need and would, we think,

satisfy the requirements of the most inexorable antagonists of educational reform.

For an educational scheme to be of any value it must be carried out on Irish lines. The Irish language must be the medium through which everything will be taught and comparisons made. It seems to us that this can just as easily be done in Ireland as the Czech language is employed in the Bohemian university at Prague. The mind of a people becomes warped and helpless under the influence of a foreign tongue and the consequent bane of an unappealing literature.

An esoteric scheme of education based on such corrupting forces loses all driving power. It is most incongenial, it offers no stimulus, instills no pleasure, and what is most important of all, supplies no interest for the learner. If the youth of Ireland were trained in their own traditional culture, given at least an insight into Irish history and antiquities, they would at once become more responsible and the national ideal foremost in their minds, they would take care to honor the works of their countrymen with more than a mere passing familiarity, and would in time begin to write themselves and thus lead to a great national rebirth. Ever since the foundation of the society known as "*Undeb y Ddraig Goch*" in Wales, they have clung to their language and as a striking proof of its superiority in educational matters the standard of education is much enhanced and from being a slow and retrograding race they have become an energetic and powerful people. Neither has the Welsh revival meant a hindrance to commerce nor has it spelt ruin for industrial efficiency, but the Welsh people find they can perform all their commercial transactions now just as successfully as under the regime of the language of empires and commerce. No system of mental training is capable of raising the national feeling, of uniting the efforts of the present with the struggles and aspirations of the past than that which has its source and structure raised on the pedestal of native tradition. Judging by the methods in vogue here and the results achieved, we are well warranted in saying this. We have gradually and more markedly become a part of a literary cosmopolitanism, whose civilization is coterminous with the boundaries of continents and whose leveling and imperializing influence is fast destroying national responsibility and efficiency, whirling the sacro-sanct bits of democracy that still endured into the unending and ceaseless eddying stream of a materialism worse than Mammon and a worldliness that is fast riding to its fall. Even now we are reminded of the immoral and poisonous literature, the godless license that sapped the foundations of the literary splendor and classic glory of ancient Greece and Rome. Burns was a great poet when he wrote the

simple lyrics of the homeland, but when he ambitioned the becoming a great English poet as well, it was *nec sutor ultra crepidam*. German expansion and commercial domination was adumbrated by decades in which the cultivation of poetry and the fine arts was the sole title to fame which Germany possessed. A great intellectual heart-searching preceded a great industrial and economic awakening. So it must be with Ireland. More than men of action, men of thought, educationalists, poets and scholars are needed to frame and hand on the ungarnished figure of our attenuated civilization. Without intellectual greatness a country must be materially poor and apathetic. No wonder a terrible wave of irresponsibility has swept over the land, no wonder the people have not the heart nor the courage in them which would inspire them to repair the long-felt drawbacks and cure the oozing wounds of our motherland. Deprived of our own culture, the usual spring of Irish authorship was dried up and we were supplied instead with first-class thought from over the channel. Thus when men think now they are faithful to their English training, as is most marked in the English tone of the products of the Anglo-Irish school. Thus we have drank in England's glories as well as her shame. "The Golden Treasury" will not be half so common in places decked to catch us as her licentious and ephemeral garbage. Gradually we have let our world-famous characteristics slip away till we can be compared to an English shrine or a West-British province. Such a misfortune would be a great loss to mankind, but a particular loss to ourselves. But it is to be feared that we would never submit to it. Gradually and imperceptibly Scotland and Wales are setting up barriers of language and literature between themselves and the Empire which we believe will tell some day. Ideals of nationality and self-improvement such as we have advocated are of paramount importance for us and we should cry anathema on any system of intellectual concern that does not take cognizance of native culture. It must be no foreign incubation, but racy of the soil, warp and woof of the Irish mind. We must try and set about rediscovering our language and widening its sphere of operation. We must elevate it to its rightful place in all our schools and colleges. It must be, above all, the new currency made legal tender, the medium quo of education in Ireland, the *sine qua non* of Irish national preservation.

You cannot build a new edifice on a rotten foundation. Where fundamental unsoundness exists no patchwork incoherency will cure. The only chance is to obliterate it with one clear stroke. But incurably rotten is an object of such total transformation. Whatever advocates of French Revolution principles even in matters of education may assert, it seems to us that a complete clearance in

Irish educational methods would spell unutterable ruin. In any attempt to reform our existing system of education we should prefer to cater for the successive ameliorations of centuries of endeavor and gradual reconstruction. Any such extreme theories either in religion or in politics will eventually terminate in putting the desired object beyond reach altogether. We should build therefore upon the present basis, for only thus could disaster be averted for half a century. But even the most comprehensive and far-reaching danger can be effected by a gradual method of treatment, a continuous readjustment by imperceptible degrees. If anything valuable or permanent is to be effected towards nationalizing education in Ireland, we must not expect it to proceed too quickly, but the people must slowly be led round to the acceptance of the changed tactics by an unaggressive attitude. If a Gaelic university is to be established it can hardly be done by a sudden metamorphosis of any existing university, but it must be drafted on one of the Gaelic colleges or by a night lecture extension of the Dublin schools of Irish. In regard to the changes to be introduced we must be guided by past results. We must be on the lookout for the crying needs of the day. For instance, it seems to us that the great drawbacks in Ireland at the present day and the lines along which future development will go, is that of agriculture, industries and home manufactures, the former especially. We may not ever become a great commercial nation, but at present agriculture is the staple industry of the country and it is hoped that it will so remain. No doubt, therefore, particular attention should be focused on these matters in the schools and ample provision should be made for them even at the very lowest and elementary stage. It is in the main due to educationally catering for these concerns that modern Belgium was made. Technical schools and those of the Agricultural Department are doing excellent work along these lines already, but their sphere of influence is infinitesimally small. The whole outlook of the country must be opened up to the need and necessity of its inculcation in all grades of learning. Of course, in our projective educational reform we should exercise a good deal of restraint and not go hampering about a superfluous number of things. Looking at the industrial ineptitude, the decline in general sense of responsibility and a tendency to lag and fall behind, the spread of English ideas and foreign and unnative growths, we think that a wholesome check should be applied in time. And here the most important weapon is the national ideal.

Mrs. Greene has made it clear that the common national link in Ireland down through the centuries was literary unity, or a common connection in literature for all the provinces. In England the

national idea was somehow associated with politics or the continued existence of a line of kingship. Hence it was when the enemy who came in upon us tried to break our national backbone, she took measures to destroy this literature and to give us a foreign one instead. This literary tradition of which we have been speaking was free from all dialectal differences. "Then," says Mrs. Greene, "the pride of nation and the pride of art was strong and took possession of the whole people. Its bards and poets were learned and its literature is one of the first in Europe for its time." Thus in relying upon our self-made culture we are depending upon no mean or miserable heirloom. But there are even other reasons for attending to it. In European literature there will be perhaps no study so alluring . . . where scarcely a path is trodden by more than a solitary worker and where adventure will force many before hope of intellectual reward. The latest research points to lines of thought which have been too long obscured." The National University since its foundation has taken an interest in this untrodden and unexplored field and many intellectual centres in Europe and America are following suit. But it is a pity that the school of Irish learning—devoted entirely to work of this kind—has been unable to continue on its beneficial work.

In discussing these principles of education and their application in Ireland we are taking for granted that we have been favored with some substantial measure of political freedom with the control of education coming within its ambit. There may be a need for setting up new scholastic institutions or using methods of education not yet in vogue. All this, however, is mere anticipation and the more tangible thing for us to attend to at present is the most effective reformation of the existing methods. Regarding the matter of Irish education from the linguistic side, it may be usefully debated whether we should begin from above and work downwards or take an opposite course, viz., by bringing the full rigor of the Gaelic League to bear on the schools. But there are only a comparatively small number who can ever even aspire to university education. Moreover, to be thoroughly national our system must be democratic, and the lamentable failure of Irish propaganda may be strongly defended as due to confinement to certain colonies, and in not taking the practical and work-a-day people into their project. The Danish schools of Grundting were not idly styled the "People's Higher Schools." University trained men may be all right in theory, but it is practice we want, and to grapple with the evil at its source we must begin at the beginning. We must open up the impressionistic and observant mind of the child to the evils and drawbacks of our country and must avail of his early facilities to learn the phonetics

and idiom of Irish speech. The primary schools may be divided into two classes, those of the native-speaking districts and those outside these districts. I would propose that all schools in the former localities or even bordering on them should as far as possible be bilingual. The importance of the bilingual school must not be mitigated. Strictly speaking, they should be called uni-lingual, because the work of mediation done by the English language in the ordinary national school is here replaced by Irish. Mathematics, history and geography, and the ordinary routine of school work is performed, making Irish the language of exchange, so to speak. No doubt in such institutions Irish traditions are observed and Irish songs, music and folk-stories are allowed fair scope, but we would recommend more formal provision. We would suggest that something on par with a ——— of the Gaelic League should be held periodically. It would go far to enliven the humdrum of school life. We should like to see the special textbooks containing selections from the greatest of the Irish poets and prose-writers with an adequate representation for the writers of the province. For instance, it would be well if the bilingual schools of West Munster were to use the books of *An e-âéapp Peadapp*: those of Donegal and the north generally might claim in Craig the ablest exponent of their dialect, and so on. In regard to the schools outside these districts our principal care should be the selection of a teacher who is a good native speaker of Irish, a person qualified to impart to those it is his business to instruct the good traditional outlook and refined literary taste characteristic of Irishmen in all periods of their history. Gradually and under the control of properly selected instructors the children of the Zalleact may become equally conversant with both languages. Even one short generation would suffice to effect the transformation in which Irish would oust the foreign tongue more effectively than English caught on when it had all the resources of an Empire at its back. Educationists therefore should do well to draw their employes from the untainted home of Irish speech as it exists in so many remote corners of the land to-day. It has been said, and I think with perfect foresight, that if we are ever to win back the language we must make it more important, bring it before the people in a more telling fashion, make it a utilitarian, a mercenary matter. It must be made profitable, first and foremost, to those who possess it, by making competition clear for them by putting them into sinecure positions, and by availing of their opportunities in transmitting the speech undiluted. By making Irish compulsory for all positions in the country, the civil service, etc., those anxious to attain them would quickly see to the filling in of the lacuna. Thus interest and research would be stimulated

and the language movement would find an echo in the heart of every Irish man and woman who would be aspirants to scholarship or who would find life less jarring in the office desk or professional chair. In our school curriculum Irish history and literature generally should play a more significant role, for it is in matters of this sort the secrets of the nation are enshrined. The thoughts, expressions, brave deeds of the past generation are a duplicate of the mentality and outlook of the nation in every period. The literary masterpieces of their forbears is the most palatable food for their mind, nor will the qualities of daring-do and magnanimity of one generation disappear before the next is begun. No; these things are part of the nation and the race; they are engrained in their blood, they are embedded in their soil.

Belgium before the war was one of the most economic countries in Europe. She was able to feed her overcrowding population and send large supplies abroad by her ingenious use of tillage and the application of scientific methods. But we are not surprised at this when we learn that her economical interests were fully catered for in her universities and common schools. The universities of Scotland make ample provision for instruction along economic and industrial lines. These universities see to the needs of the country. They are, in fine, true Scotch universities, providing for the best interests of Scotland. But we may question the advisability of an over-strict concentration on such gross material matters, having in mind purely corporal comforts and utility, not the enlargement of the sum of human knowledge or the refinement of the human mind. It is questioned whether as a consequence of such material expansion or not matters were manifesting themselves in Belgium not very favorable to religion and enlightenment restrained by due submission to the source of all light.

Germany has taught us so much of late years, but she has taught us the limitations of mere material progress—as it has never been taught before. With the ignoring of the spiritual side of life and with a Prussian camarilla dominating all things in its insensate lust for military power, education in the noblest sense of the term did not exist. If its sole purpose is to advance and the making more efficient military tactics and physical endurance, then education is debased and dethroned from its high estate. The office of education is to purify, to refine the faculties of the mind, to enable man to lead a higher and purer life than animal life.

But it does not necessarily follow that because a nation is go-ahead and commercially great or industrially powerful that religion or the intellectual aspect of education must suffer. The remedy seems to consist in a just and constant equipoise between the two.

Scholars and educationalists no less than the entrusted custodians of faith must be ever watchful to see that an even balance is maintained, to see that pure culture and knowledge keeps pace with the physical acquisition or material expansion of the country, to see that ideas of industrialism will not overcrowd notions of spirituality. It is the case of the lop-sided brain and the one-sided theologian, who is no better than a monstrosity.

We have been finding fault with present systems and methods of education and suggesting useful improvements and methods of attack. It is encouraging to know that not a little has been done by Irishmen themselves in spite of governmental opposition to counteract the evil influences of an erroneous and race-killing educational regime. We have been insisting on the necessity of national ideals and traditional forces in education. Patrick Pearse, the late lamented founder of St. Enda's School, saw this necessity also, and what is more, reduced his ideas to practice. In the main Pearse advocated freedom for the child, freedom of education in action, while the holding forth of an adequate aspiration was one of the most fundamental tenets of his creed. Like Grundting in Denmark, seventy years ago, like Sadhana Tagore in India to-day, Pearse knew that no child's character is the same, and that to develop a child's mind his individuality must be studied and his imagination captured. Pearse saw in the old tales of Ireland the primeval tone of Irish knowledge. Thus he told his boys of the feats and honor and chivalry of Ar-chulainu and his companions and of the battalions of the Fianna, the heroes that won their way through all difficulties by truth and the strength of their own hands. And from these men of the heroic cycles, he came up the centuries, and called out of the twilight, till the shadows and ghostly figures of kings and heroes stood as strong, living men before the kindled eyes of his pupils. After the manner of the Ollamhs and the Drumcli of ancient Ireland, Pearse held that the primary purpose of education was to *foster* the elements of character possessed by the pupil, to make him realize himself at his best. Thus the curriculum was to have Irish as its most basic factor; the edifice must be constructed on an Irish foundation. The Irish boy must feel that his country asks from him his homage and service, and the home must be given proudly, gladly, intelligently; the service come from the best that eyes and brain and hand can see and give.

What a pleasure it is to think that there is even one such institution in the country actuated by lofty motives and noble ideals! We hope the day is not far distant when the face of the country will be honeycombed with replicas of St. Enda's. It is only when education is conducted on such lines that the best, the manliest, the

most noble characteristics of our country will become dominant and telling. It is only then our decadent qualities and the spirit of apathy and laissez faire will be crushed out and a new wave of energy and national efficiency will sweep over the land. It is thus Ireland will be providing for and nurturing to the utmost her spiritual side. There will be reborn again a great zeal for Christianity, a spirit of religious fervor which will make Ireland the *beau ideal* of a Catholic nation.

Thus only will be saved the ultra-materialistic tendencies which prevailed before this mighty cataclysm assured people of the ruling hand of a Designer, and which bid fair to eclipse pre-war standard, now that the war is over, in the scramble for reconstruction and in a super-rigorous adherence to coöperation work. It is feared in certain quarters that coöperation will lead to an era of mammon-worship, a tostle for wealth with a notable sacrifice of ideals, a gradual narrowing of the interests of the community to their salaries and the boundaries of their farms.

But it is only by the inculcation and adoption of education on the lines we have suggested Ireland will be saved the loss of its national entity and heaven and earth will be brought within hailing distance of each other. If we are to escape such an inemediable catastrophe we will begin by taking stock of ourselves, by adhering to the oft-tried ways of our ancestors, by running the wheels of our future progress along the grooves of Irish tradition. It is vain, we hope, the fanfarinade of foreign cultures and exotic civilizations will allure us in future when we realize the importance of our own native culture and literature. Thus we shall be saved from the taunt of following in the wake of gross material pursuits and our scholars will find fame in the same field of endeavor as Sycho Brahe, Copernicus and Aristotle—the field of learning for its own sake.

MARTIN J. LEE.

Ireland.

## JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

ONE of those great primordial thinkers, one of those philosophical politicians who envisaged *la haute politique* from a loftier standpoint than the ordinary party politician, who if he had not dominated and directed the political thought of his epoch, at least transfused into the moribund society of a degenerate age the vital sap of sound ethical principles, and helped to save from utter extinction, from the corrosive and dissolvent action of triumphant sophistry, some still venerated remnants of the old Christian and Catholic order, the personality of Count Joseph de Maistre looms large and lustrous in the dark and dismal retrospect which, viewed in its religious and moral aspects, the history of the closing years of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century presents to the contemplation of the thoughtful student of history. Although he never ambitioned founding a school, being wholly divested of that narrow individualism which has dwarfed so many lesser intellects—finding in the Church, with whose Catholic spirit he was essentially and deeply imbued, all that could satisfy his lofty mind and broad sympathies—he may be regarded as one of the highest intellectual types of the Catholic writer or publicist, the exemplar, to a great extent, of those valiant literary combatants who followed in his wake, the De Bonalds, Châteaubriands, Genoudes, Cortés, Veuillots, etc., who seem to have been providentially called to do the work of lay Christian apologists, and in critical times loyally and effectively supplement that official defense of the Church which is the special function of the *Ecclesia docens*. The first lay publicist who ventured to treat questions until then exclusively reserved to ecclesiastics, strong reasons impelled him—one might say *compelled* him, so pressing was the need of such a combatant in the then sadly thinned ranks of the defenders of the Christian constitution of civil society, against which the French Revolution, in its first wild outburst, had hurled all its forces—to enter the polemical lists and grapple with the common foe on the ground of philosophy, true philosophy in opposition to its counterfeit, challenging his opponents to a searching discussion of first principles.

Many things had combined to weaken the sacerdotal order, despoiled, exiled and massacred by the Revolution which had swept like a tornado over Western Europe. But one must go farther back to find the genesis of the troubles which overtook the Church in France. The concordat between Leo X. and Francis I., wherein the Pope conceded to the French sovereign the right of direct nomination to all the higher ecclesiastical offices, the right of appeal

to Rome being abolished, may be taken as the starting point, the fountain and origin of evils, the after effects of which still exist. From the too close alliance between Church and State, the intrusion of unworthy candidates, or rather nominees, into the ranks of the episcopacy and higher clergy, may be traced the remote origin of anti-clericalism in France, when the people, who had so long suffered from the oppression of the old régime, resolved to destroy the monarchy, root and branch, and in their blind and indiscriminating fury, made no distinction between statesmen and churchmen, between the throne and the altar. The civil constitution of the clergy, largely due to the influential group of Jansenists in the legislative assembly and in which they had their revenge for the severity with which the Bull "Unigenitus" had been enforced under Louis XIV., estranged the clerical members from the Tiers Etat and forced them to make common cause with the party of the counter-revolution. Consequence and chastisement, too, of the semi-schismatical declaration of 1682, it manacled and degraded a portion of the French clergy, whose chronic contests with the Parliament of Paris under the old régime were like the mutterings of the gathering storm, the sinister forebodings of still graver conflicts between the spiritual and temporal powers. Long ravaged by the three moral plagues of Gallicanism, Jansenism and Voltaireanism, with which many of the clergy and aristocracy were more or less infected, France saw itself deprived of one of the most militant orders in the Church, the firmest support of the Holy See and the ablest opponent of "philosophism," at a time when it most needed them. Expelled from England in 1604, from Venice in 1606, from France in 1764, and from nearly every European State and their colonial dependencies, the Jesuits were outlawed and hunted fugitives.

Struck at in its head and its members, the Church was being stripped of every vestige of independent action, notably in the Austrian dominions by Joseph II., and in Italy by the Duke of Parma. Louis XV., who allowed the ancient Catholic kingdom of Poland, once the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks, to be erased from the map of Europe—"the first great breach in the modern political system of Europe," as Edmund Burke called it—had also forged fetters for the Church, instead of being less harmfully engaged, like his ill-fated successor, in forging locks at Versailles—sumptuous Versailles, long stripped of its regal splendor, and now only a show place to be visited by tourists, where this modern Sardanapalus enjoyed his semi-pagan, semi-Mohammedan fool's paradise until death closed his discreditable reign and his putrid remains were hurriedly consigned to the vaults of St. Denis, to be disinterred years later and unceremoniously flung into a

*fosse commune* by rude, rough rabble hands, when the democracy rose in their wrath and swept away every vestige of the decrepit old monarchy. While the Greco-Russian schism in the form of Muscovite Cæsarism dominated the East, Voltaireanism the West and the various forms of Protestantism divided Northern and Central Europe, new invaders seized upon Rome and turned the city of the Popes into an atheistic republic, inaugurating its foundation by sacrilegious orgies.

In all Europe there was not a man of genius or a power really devoted to the Church. Everywhere kings and statesmen sought to undermine the sacerdotal order, in the hope of erecting upon the ruins of priestly power a monarchical despotism, menaced in its turn by a worse despotism, that of a mob withdrawn from the restraints and influence of that Church. In France the old athletes of the sacred army had descended into the tomb, and the young recruits, slowly advancing to take their places in the ranks, were necessarily few; the enemy, with fatal forethought, having cut off the supplies.

"During this species of interstice which, in other respects, will not be lost to religion, I do not see," said De Maistre, writing at the time and with all the startling evidences of the great fundamental and far-reaching changes wrought by the Revolution before his eyes—"I do not see why men of the world, drawn by their inclinations to serious studies, should not range themselves alongside the defenders of the holiest of causes. Even if they only served to fill the gaps in the army of the Lord, they could not be fairly denied the merit of those courageous women who have been sometimes seen to mount the ramparts of a besieged city to distract the eyes of the enemy. Another consideration, too, encouraged me not a little. The priest who defends religion no doubt does his duty, and merits our esteem, but to numbers of unreflecting or preoccupied men he seems to be defending his own cause, and although his good faith is equal to ours, every observer must have had a thousand opportunities of perceiving that the unbeliever is less distrustful of the man of the world, and often allows himself to be come at without the least repugnance. Now, all those who have closely examined this wild and flighty bird know that it is incomparably more difficult to get at him than to seize him. Shall I be permitted to say: If a man who has all his life been occupied with an important subject to which he has devoted every moment he could spare, and who has directed all his knowledge to that end—if this man, I say, feels within him I know not what indefinable force which makes him feel the need of disseminating his ideas—doubtless he ought to distrust the illusions of selfishness, still he has, perhaps, some right to think

that there is something in this kind of inspiration, particularly if it is not wholly disapproved of by others?"<sup>1</sup>

This conception of the function of the lay Catholic publicist has long ceased to be a novelty, and it is greatly owing to the impulse to this species of propagandism which the encouraging and stimulating example of De Maistre supplied, that we owe the foundation and rapid growth of a school of writers who, thoroughly *en rapport* with Rome, have proved that the Catholic Church is no friend to obscurantism or intellectual stagnation. "I am ever convinced," says an eminent French Bishop, referring to the action of laymen in the Church, "that God more than ever calls them to become not only docile children of His household, but active workers and armed soldiers precisely to baffle the hypocritical manœuvres of that impious system disguised under the name of 'lay State,' 'lay Power,' 'lay society,' which in the minds of its authors would signify the State, Power and society without religion. It is, then, to prove to the world that laicism and religion are in no ways antagonistic, that in our days God has raised up those innumerable armies of pious laymen whom, in almost every country in the Catholic world, and particularly in France, He has made the propagators of faith, the instruments of charity and the auxiliaries of the apostolic ministry."<sup>2</sup> And Monsignor Dupanloup, with that breadth of view so characteristic of him, in the third volume of his great work on higher intellectual education, says: "In the order of truth, as in the order of charity, laymen may lend a valuable concurrence to the Church. Not to speak here of contemporaries, whose names are sufficiently illustrious—Prudentius, St. Prosper, Lactantius, St. Justin, Athenagoras, Aristides and Minutius Felix were laymen. Certainly to fill an honorable place in the ranks of the athletes of religion and devote his life and talents to the defense of great religious truths which are at the same time the highest social truths, cannot be the mission of all, but it is assured by a grand and noble destiny."<sup>3</sup>

It is strange that a life so full of action and influence as De Maistre's, placed as he was in the forefront rank of the diplomatists and writers of his time, should not have found a competent biographer to give us a faithful picture of the *vie intime* as well as the public career of one who, standing as it were between two eventful periods, between the receding past, bearing away with it the last wrecks of the old feudal system and the nearing future, full of mystery and menace, disclosing dim and uncertain vistas of a new age gradually unfolding, was eye-witness of one of the most

<sup>1</sup> Preface to the treatise "Du Pape."

<sup>2</sup> Letter from the Bishop of Langres to Montalembert on the part laymen may take in discussions relative to the affairs of the Church.

<sup>3</sup> "Lettres aux hommes du monde," p. 430.

extraordinary and momentous events in the world's history. But a modern poet has said: "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," and the saying is in part true of De Maistre, one of those meteoric minds whose transient brilliancy sheds a momentary gleam across some gloomy phase in the history of a people at one of those critical epochs when they seem to have temporarily lost their way in the world's wilderness, diverging from beaten tracts:

"Such souls,  
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,  
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind  
A voice that in the distance far away  
'Wakens the slumbering ages."

The materials for a biographical sketch are scanty and easily exhausted. Count Joseph de Maistre, who joined nobility of mind to nobility of blood, was a native of Savoy, a country singularly productive of men of genius—*tellus clara viris*—the natal land of St. Bernard de Menthon, the apostle of the Alps; of St. Francis de Sales, the new Doctor of the Church; President Faure, the celebrated jurist, friend and coöperator of the great Bishop of Geneva in the establishment of the Florimontana Academy; the grammarian, Vaugelas; the historians, St. Réal and Michaud; the venerable and erudite Cardinal Gerdil, who would probably have succeeded Pius VI. in the Papal chair were it not for his great age; Monsignor Dupanloup, the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, and of many others famous in arms and arts—from that brave André de Montfort who, besieged in the citadel of Nice by the combined fleets of Soliman and Francis I., haughtily replied to the summons to surrender, "*Je me nomme Montfort; Montfort ne se rend; mes armoires sont des pals, et ma devise est, 'il faut tenir,'*" to that other *beau sabreur*, General Mollard, the hero of San Martino.

Born at Chambéry, on the 1st of April, 1754, he was the eldest of a family of ten, issue of the marriage of Count Francis Xavier de Maistre, President of the Savoy Senate, and Christine de Metz, daughter of the learned Senator Joseph de Metz. Destined for the magistracy, his studies were early directed to that end by his maternal grandfather, who simultaneously cultivated the nascent talents of his younger brother, Xavier de Maistre, subsequently a general in the Russian service, and the author of some works of fiction that have attained considerable celebrity. The elder brother was a very hard reader, and endowed with a retentive memory, made very rapid progress under the tutelage of the Jesuits at their college in Chambéry, from whence, in time, he was sent to the University of Turin. Fifteen hours daily were devoted to the assiduous study of

jurisprudence, mathematics and ancient and modern languages. At a later period, we are told, he acquired the habit, which he seems to have never abandoned, of copying extracts from all the books he read, and noting down those suggestions to which he afterwards gave a more finished and definite form, a process of mental culture which, adopted by a less methodical or appreciative student, would only result in the accumulation of so much learned lumber. It is also noted as a very characteristic trait, early revealing his intuitive respect for the principle of authority, of which every page of his writings bears the impress, that he never during his entire university career took up the reading of any book without having first written to his parents to get their permission. "My mother," he used to say, "was an angel to whom God had lent a body. I would never do anything without an order or an advice from her; my happiness was to devine her wishes in my regard, and I was like the youngest of my sisters in her hands." Having finished his university course at twenty, he returned to Chambéry, to be promptly raised to the rank of Senator. Several years glided by in studious retirement in the honorable service of his country and in the tranquil enjoyment of domestic happiness—he had meanwhile married Mlle. de Morand, by whom he had three children, a son and two daughters, after his return to Savoy—when the revolutionary storm, which he had already foreseen, broke over Europe.

On September 22, 1792, the French troops crossed the Alps and invaded Savoy, annexed to France and renamed Department of Mont Blanc. The next day the King of Piedmont, Victor Amadeus III., fled, followed by De Maistre, who succeeded in reaching the valley of Aosta, to quit it four or five years later and proceed with his family to Turin. Meanwhile, a sojourn at Lausanne, where he found a temporary resting-place and a shelter from the storm, afforded him sufficient leisure to elaborate his great work, "*Considerations sur la France*," which made its appearance in 1796, was hailed with delight by the adherents of the fallen monarchy and raised the drooping courage of many families, victims like himself of the terrible *Quatre-vingt-treize*. "M. de Maistre," says a French writer, "is the grand adversary of the Revolution. It profoundly troubled his life, stripped him of his possessions, drove him from exile to exile, kept him fifteen years separated from his family in that hard mission at St. Petersburg, where his devotedness to the interests of the House of Savoy brought him hardly anything from his court but humiliation and disgust. That long sojourn in Russia, in the midst of a brilliant society, where while actively advancing the cause of truth, he cultivated the most distinguished friendships, allowed him, at a favorable distance, to fix a calm and penetrating

glance upon the succession of revolutionary events. The vengeance he took upon the Revolution was to *consider* it. He saw it marked with seal of the Beast, and noted its true origin. His "Considerations sur la France" disclosed to him, in 1796, the depth of the evil and the only possible remedy.<sup>4</sup> The truth is that De Maistre was too near the time, was too naturally prejudiced by the personal sufferings it entailed upon himself and his family to form a strictly impartial estimate of the Revolution, its cause and effect. Shocked by its sanguinary excesses, particularly when the Coalition, threatening invasion, aroused the patriotic resistance of the French people, maddened by foreign interference in what was, after all, at first a domestic question—a change of government—blurred and blinded his mental vision, which failed to discern any redeeming feature, any possible element of good in it. France was then suffering from that disturbance of the mental, moral and social equilibrium which usually follows any sudden change from a settled order of things, any abrupt transition from a monarchy or autocracy to a democracy. Passions and prejudices on both sides were fanned to white heat, with the result that republicans as well as monarchists took distorted views: they had not the correct perspective. We, after a long lapse of time, who have seen so much of history in the making or read of so much history since made, can form a more unbiased judgment of the event and its after consequences. Pity for the sad fate which befell so many estimable men and women who heroically endured and suffered as royalists does not make us oblivious of the chronic abuses of the old régime, nor abhorrence of the ruthless methods and massacres resorted to by an infuriated people blind us to the fact that it was the liberation of a nation from an effete and worn-out system of government.

De Maistre's book, which had the double distinction of being condemned by the Directory and praised by Louis XVIII., created a profound sensation and made an imperishable name for the author, henceforward recognized by all whose recognition was of any value as one of the master minds of the age. Summoned in 1798 from Lausanne, where he had made the acquaintance of Necker and his celebrated daughter, Madame de Staël—a thoughtful observer, like himself, of the Revolution, but from a totally different standpoint—he rejoined his sovereign, Charles Emmanuel IV., who, driven from his capital on December 10, 1798, by the victorious French, still pursuing their conquering and aggressive march, had taken refuge in Tuscany, and finally retired to Sardinia. The same year De Maistre set out for Venice, where he remained until the expulsion of the French from Piedmont by the combined forces of the

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<sup>4</sup> "Joseph de Maistre," *par* "Louis Moreau," pp. 4-5.

Austrians and Russians enabled him to return and fill the office of Regent of the Royal Chancellery and other important functions conferred upon him on his arrival at Cagliari in January, 1800. After remaining nearly two years in Cagliari, he was sent, in September, 1802, as ambassador to St. Petersburg, which he reached on May 13, 1803.

Here is a rapid outline of the life of humiliations and trials the ungrateful King inflicted upon his noble servant, sketched by the writer just quoted: "He is sent abruptly across Italy and Germany to St. Petersburg, 'unique whirlpool of luxury and expenditure in Europe,' and no account is taken of the expenses of his journey. Separated for years from his wife and children, he is reduced to actual distress. His treatment is thus arranged: Mme. de Maistre, left alone in Turin, sells her plate to provide for her subsistence. From a lodging given up by a dentist, which he quits, unable to pay the rent, and another lodging, vacated by an opera singer, he is obliged to go to the inn. He cannot appear at the Russian Court fêtes, where his presence is required, for want of a coat or a decoration his gracious master obstinately refuses him. His patience and resources exhausted, he writes to the Chevalier de Rosci: 'The fates are against me. I send you a leaf of my account book, as it is scrawled by my *valet-de-chambre*. Read this beautiful document: you'll admire the price of the slight repast I take at home. You'll tell me I have the hope of being paid in Sardinia, but what can my wife buy with a hope? If there was the least shade of delicacy and real attachment to his majesty in that country, I wouldn't send you this letter. What! do you want to force me to quarrel all the year round for this beggarly sum? It is horrible and insupportable. I am ashamed of it, as if I were wrong. I am eaten out of house and home. Notwithstanding this sacrifice, I cannot wait until February.' They refuse him everything. Twice he sends in his resignation, twice it is refused, and he resigns himself to undergo to the last, not only the sufferings of this incredible destitution, but also all the suspicions, insults and silly and brutal dictations which this scurvy court pours out upon the most intelligent and active zeal. At length, the Restoration accomplished, pursued by the same jealousies, harassed by the same distrust, misunderstood by the royalty that knows neither how to reward his services nor at least indemnify him for the entire loss of his fortune, confiscated by the French Revolution, he dies, leaving his children for their sole inheritance a piece of land hardly worth a hundred thousand francs, which a generous loan from M. de Blacas enabled him to purchase."<sup>5</sup> As a solace, however, for the treatment he received from his sovereign,

<sup>5</sup> Moreau, *op. cit.*

he received a most flattering reception from the Russian Czar and his whole Court, as well as the aristocratic *salons* of the northern capital, where his brilliant conversational powers, full of French grace and scholarly tone, enhanced the favorable impression already produced by his "Considerations." "His genius, lavished upon every subject he touched," says M. Cretineau-Joly, "left its vivid impress upon each. Possessed with the love of the true, the good and the just, Joseph de Maistre had acquired at St. Petersburg a position as novel as it was definite. Ardent Catholic, he had created it for himself among schismatic Greeks, who honored his faith, esteemed his private virtues and were proud of his genius."\* In this *milieu*, not over favorable, one would imagine, to the quiet, studious pursuit of literature and philosophy, some of his best works were written.

Recalled in 1817, the highest titles and dignities in the King's gift were conferred upon him, but he did not live long to enjoy them. Years of sorrow and suffering and much anxious thought—an anxiety not merely personal, but allied to a profound solicitude for the state of society in the troubled years in which his lot was cast, and for the future of Christian civilization—had broken down his health, and in the midst of sinister rumors that heralded the recrudescence of revolutionary commotion in 1821, which made him suddenly exclaim, when the Council of Ministers were debating important legislative changes, "Gentlemen, the ground trembles and you want to build!" his great soul quitted this earth, where the jarring of passions and interests and clashing of ambitious rivalries make eternal Babel, with the mournful expression upon his lips, "Je meurs avec l'Europe!" De Maistre died on the 26th of February. On the 10th of March the revolution broke out in Turin, and Victor Emmanuel I. abdicated in favor of his brother, Charles Felix, Duke of Genevois.

The passing of a great Catholic publicist coincided with the passing of the old order which was destined to give place to a new one, to a new Europe recast and refounded upon different political ideas, like the Europe which has just now emerged from the most stupendous armed conflict in history.

The most philosophically-minded of all those who have made what Carlyle calls "the crowning phenomenon of our modern time" a life study, De Maistre saw in the French Revolution not a fortuitous, isolated event, not an accidental ebullition of French excitability, but a something abnormal, something out of the common order. "We must courageously confess, madame," he wrote to the Marquise de Costa, "that for a long time we have not understood the Revolution of which we are witnesses. We have long taken it for an event.

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\* "Hist. de la Compagnie de Jesus," t. VI.

We were in error. It is an *epoch*; and woe to the generations who are present at the epochs of the world! A thousand times happy the men who are not called to contemplate in history great revolutions, general wars, public opinion at fever heat, parties infuriated, the clashing of empires and the obsequies of nations! Happy the men who pass through the world in one of those moments of repose, intervals between the convulsions of a condemned and suffering nature!" In the "Considerations" he points out as the most striking characteristic of the Revolution that force of attraction and impulsion which swept away every obstacle that human strength could oppose to it like straws upon the wind, none having crossed its pathway with impunity; its most active spirits having something passive and mechanical about them, as if they were the instruments of a superhuman power, a power that seemed to revel in the destruction of human life, and of all that had been sanctified by religion or tradition. The most remarkable of them only attained to the perilous possession of supreme authority by following the current; as soon as they strove to make headway against it, they were submerged. Robespierre, Collot and Barrère, extremely mediocre men, wielded over a guilty nation the most dreadful despotism recorded in history, but as soon as the measure of their iniquity was filled up a breath overthrew them. A monarchist of the old absolutist school, he failed to discover any traces of real greatness among the republicans. When he heard them talk of "liberty" and "virtue," it suggested to him a faded courtesan with painted prudery affecting the airs of a virgin. He dates from their epoch the greatest crimes that ever dishonored humanity. "In the French Revolution," he says, "there is a Satanic character that distinguishes it from all that one has seen, or perhaps from all that one will see. Call to mind the *grandes séances*!—Robespierre's speech against the priesthood, the solemn apostasy of the priests, the profanation of the objects of worship, the inauguration of the goddess of Reason, and that crowd of unheard-of scenes in which the provinces strove to surpass Paris—all that stands out from the ordinary circle of crimes, and seems to belong to another world. What distinguishes it as an event unique in history is that it is *radically bad*; no element of good relieves the eye of the observer; it is the highest known degree of corruption, it is pure impurity. The French Revolution is Satanic in its principle, it can only be really ended, killed, exterminated by the contrary principle: if the counter-revolution is not divine, it is null."

Nations, like individuals, De Maistre believed, are condemned to death, and that if it entered into the designs of God to reveal to us

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<sup>1</sup> "Lettres et opuscules," t. II., p. 150.

His plans in regard to the French Revolution, we should read the chastisement of France written there like a judicial sentence. As long as it will last, Frenchmen will lie under this anathema; they will be stricken with a moral leprosy; they will be devoured by a dry rot that will make daily ravages; they will be the shame and dread of mankind, in place of being its glory. The grand crime that has entailed this punishment upon France is, having failed to fulfill its mission as head of the great Christian family of nations that once constituted an united Europe. "France," he says, "exercises over Europe a real magisterium which it would be idle to contest, and which it has abused in the guiltiest manner. It was at the head of the religious system, and it was not without reason that its King called himself 'Most Christian.' Bossuet did not say a word too much upon this point. Now, as it has used its influence to contradict its vocation and demoralize Europe, we must not be astonished if it is recalled to it by terrible means. For a long time one has not seen so dreadful a punishment inflicted upon such an enormous number of culprits. Providence, which proportions the means to the end and gives to nations, as to individuals, the organs necessary for the accomplishment of their destiny, has precisely given the French nation two instruments and, so to speak, two arms with which it moves the world—its language and the spirit of propagandism, which constitute the essence of its character, so that it has constantly the need and the power of influencing the world. The power—I had almost said the monarchy of the French language is visible. As to the spirit of propagandism it is as visible as the sun; from the *modiste* to the philosopher it is the salient part of the national character."<sup>a</sup> And seeing in this faculty at once a source of good or evil according as it is used or misused, a recuperative force calculated to enable that people to work out its redemption by the very thing that had been the instrument of its moral decadence, he unfolds a more hopeful view of the situation as it then presented itself. "The French clergy," he proceeds, "must not go to sleep. There are a thousand reasons for believing that it is called to a grand mission, and the very conjectures that show it why it has suffered permit it to believe that it is destined to an essential work. In a word, if it does not work a moral revolution in Europe, if the religious spirit is not reinforced in that part of the world, the social bond is dissolved. But if a happy change takes place there, either there is no such thing as analogy or induction, or any art of conjecturing, or it is France is called to produce it. It is this in particular that makes me think the French Revolution is a grand epoch, and that all its consequences will be felt far beyond

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<sup>a</sup> "Considerations."

the time of its explosion and the limits of its *foyer*. In fine, the chastisement of the French deviates from all the ordinary rules, and likewise the protection accorded to France: these two prodigies combined mutually multiply and present one of the most astonishing spectacles the human eye ever contemplated. France has always held, and apparently will for a long time yet hold one of the first ranks in the comity of nations."<sup>9</sup> Developing this theory of the regeneration of Christendom through the agency of French influence, he says: "Among peoples who have played a part in modern history, none, perhaps, is worthier of fixing the gaze of the philosopher than the French people; none has received a destiny more marked and qualities more evidently designed to fulfill it. France, as it existed before the Revolution—no one knows the fate that awaits it in the future—was destined to exercise over all parts of Europe the same supremacy that Europe exercises over the other countries of the world. I doubt if nature has done so much for any people. France is placed in the centre of Europe, and it is equally easy for it to attach all the surrounding Powers to itself or break their coalition. Search the universe for a State whose component parts are so intimately united and form so imposing an *ensemble*. There is not in Europe a body politic more numerous, more compact, more difficult to break up and whose shock would be more terrible. Undoubtedly, a nation more easy to deceive, more difficult to undeceive, or more powerful to deceive others, never existed. Two special characteristics distinguish it from all the peoples of the world—the spirit of association and propagandism. With you," he continues, apostrophizing France, "thought is thoroughly national and thoroughly impassioned. It seems to me that a prophet, with a single stroke of his powerful pencil, has drawn you to the life when, twenty centuries ago, he said, 'Every word of this people is a conspiracy.' The electric spark, traversing, like the lightning whence it issues, a mass of men in communication, feebly represents the instantaneous, I had almost said fulminant invasion of a taste, a system, a passion among the French, who cannot live isolated. If you only reacted upon yourselves, they would at least let you alone, but the propensity, the need, the mania for acting upon others is the most salient feature of your character. One might say that this feature is *yourself*. The opinion you project upon Europe is a battering-ram impelled by thirty millions of men. Always hungering after success and influence, one would say that you only exist to gratify this need, and as a nation cannot have received a destiny apart from the means of accomplishing it, you have received that means in your language by which you reign much more than by

<sup>9</sup> "Considerations," c. II.

your arms, although they have shaken the universe. May this mysterious force, not less potent for good than for evil, soon become the organ of a salutary propagandism capable of consoling humanity for all the evils you have inflicted on it."<sup>10</sup> In a remarkable letter to the Chevalier D'Orly on March 3, 1819, he wrote: "The Revolution is undoubtedly erect, and not only erect, but it marches, it runs, it rushes. The only difference I perceive between this epoch and that of the great Robespierre is that then heads fell, and now they are turned. It is extremely probable the French will give us another tragedy, but whether this spectacle may or may not take place here, my dear Chevalier, is what is certain: the religious spirit, which is not quite extinct in France, will make an effort proportionate to the compression it experiences, according to the nature of all elastic fluids. It will remove mountains, it will work miracles. The Sovereign Pontiff and the French priesthood will embrace, and in that sacred embrace they will stifle the Gallican maxims. Then the French clergy will begin a new era and will reconstruct France, and France will preach religion to Europe and one will have seen nothing equal to this propaganda, and if the Catholics are emancipated in England, which is possible and even probable, and the Catholic religion speaks French and English in Europe, remember well what I tell you, there is nothing that you may not expect, and if they told you that in the course of the century Mass would be said at St. Peter's of Geneva and in St. Sophia's, in Constantinople, you should say, 'Why not?' "<sup>11</sup>

No commentary is needed to point out the almost prophetic insight shown in this passage. A decade after it was written, the great Irish tribune, Daniel O'Connell, another strong Catholic like De Maistre, achieved his bloodless victory over all the armed and unarmed forces of bigotry and at one stroke emancipated Irish and English Catholics, and half a century afterwards, in 1869, Pius IX. summoned the Vatican Council, when, by the united action of Rome and the majority of the French episcopate, Gallicanism, which always had within it the seeds of schism, was extinguished. "France," he says, "after the terrible revolution it has suffered, has remained Catholic; that is to say that all that has not remained Catholic is nothing. Such is the power of truth subjected to a terrible test."

De Maistre is alternately pessimistic and optimistic. His pessimism is traceable to the sad scenes which Paris, Lyons and Toulon witnessed during the Reign of Terror; his optimism was rooted in his vivid faith, out of which grew an abiding hope that saved him

<sup>10</sup> "Soirées," 6 *entret.*

<sup>11</sup> "Lettres et Opuscules," t I., p. 507.

from utter despondency. The political outlook was too cloudy to enable him to see and realize that the basis of power was shifting or had already shifted the great underlying fact of the Revolution. To him the Republic was anathema, for it sounded the death-knell of the old order, with which his whole diplomatic life had been identified. The death throes of monarchical Europe coincided with the birth of a new age—the Age of Democracy. He could not foresee the inevitable growth of that democracy, then in its infancy. Somewhat tinged with that visionary mysticism, that fatalism which infected French legitimists and was fed up by certain alleged prophecies,<sup>12</sup> foretelling the advent of a great Pope and a great King, who were to restore the old order, he could not foresee that a great Pontiff, one of the greatest who filled the Chair of Peter, Leo XIII., would recognize a French Republic as the reasoned expression of the will of the French people and urge all the Catholics in France to rally loyally to its support, thus affirming with all the weight of his great authority the principle of self-determination and that rulers derive their lawful authority from the consent of the majority of the governed—a principle enunciated, not for the first time, by Rome, which was so far in advance of President Wilson and his famous fourteen points.

In one of his best known works, "Du Pape," in which he stood upon firmer ground and handled a more congenial theme, and wherein he advances strong historical arguments in favor of the temporal power, he lays particular stress upon the fact that it is the sacerdotal character of the Supreme Pontiff—highest visible type of the Eternal Priesthood throughout the Universal Church—that gives to the Pontifical sovereignty that inviolable majesty of which every hostile power, human or diabolical, has failed to divest it; that marvelous ascendancy that stopped Theodosius at the gate of the temple, Attila upon the highroad to Rome, and Louis XIV. before the holy table. "O Holy Church of Rome!" he exclaims in a passage almost rhythmical in its eloquence, "as long as I shall have the power of utterance I shall use it to celebrate thee. Immortal mother of knowledge and sanctity, I greet thee—*salve magna parens!* It is thou who sheddest light to the extremities of the earth, wherever blind sovereignties do not stop thy influence, and often even in despite of them. It is thou who causest human sacrifices, barbarous or infamous customs, fatal prejudices, the night of ignorance to cease, and wherever thy envoys cannot penetrate, something is wanting to civilization. The great men belong to thee! . . . The Pontiffs will soon be universally proclaimed the

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<sup>12</sup> See the collection entitled "*Les Voix prophetiques*" by the Abbé Curicque.

supreme agents, the creators of European monarchy and unity, the preservers of learning and the arts, founders and protectors of civil liberty, destroyers of slavery, enemies of despotism, indefatigable upholders of sovereignty, benefactors of mankind. No throne in the universe ever bore so much wisdom, knowledge and virtue. In the midst of all imaginable overturnings, God has constantly watched over thee, O Eternal City! All that could ruin thee has been leagued against thee, and thou art standing, and as thou was formerly the centre of error, thou art for eighteen hundred years the centre of truth. The Roman Power made thee the citadel of paganism, apparently invincible in the capital of the known world. All the errors of the universe converged towards thee, and the first of thy Emperors, concentrating them in a single resplendent point, consecrates them all in the Pantheon. The capital of paganism was destined to become that of Christianity, and the temple that in this capital concentrated all the forces of idolatry was to unite all the lights of faith—all the saints in place of all the gods. What an inexhaustible subject of profound philosophical and religious meditation!"

De Maistre points to the ecclesiastical sovereignties formerly existing in Germany, whose mild dominion gave rise to the proverb, "It is good to live under the crozier"; to the old French monarchy, which employed a larger number of ecclesiastics in its civil administration than any other kingdom, and when the priesthood was one of the three columns that supported the throne;<sup>18</sup> and to the Papal monarchy, a pure theocracy, of which the sacerdotal spirit was the vital principle, as proof of the benevolent action of the Church, through the priesthood, upon politics, when that action was not impeded or vitiated by local causes.

In close relationship with this phase of the politico-religious question is the relative action of the divine and human principles as the bases of institutions. The spectacle of a society in the abnormal condition in which eighteenth century philosophism had left it—culminating in a frightful social cataclysm, when the fountains of the great deep of human passion, maddened by blood-thirst, were broken up and civilized Europe appeared submerged under a moral deluge—led him to investigate the primary cause of this strange perturbation. In the outraged laws of God and the principles of eternal justice; in the rejection or ignorance of truths long forgotten or contemned in France, and which human societies cannot abjure under pain of social death; in the substitution of the human for the divine principle in the constitution and government of States, he felt convinced he had made the discovery he sought, and placed

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<sup>18</sup> Gibbon says the Bishops made the kingdom as bees build up hives.

his hand upon the chief seat of the malady, appealing to reason, revelation and history in support of an argument which is the *fond* or groundwork of most of his writings, but chiefly of the "Considerations," "Essai sur le principe generateur des Institutions Humaines," "Du Pape" and the "Soirées de St. Petersbourg," which turn more or less upon the temporal government of Providence and the reparation due to violated order—an order established by God, and which mankind disturbs at its peril. "Modern philosophy," he observes, "is at once too materialistic and too presumptuous to perceive the real springs of the political world. One of the great errors of this century is to think that the political constitution of peoples is a purely human work—that one can make a constitution as a watch-maker makes a watch. Nothing is more false, and what is still more so is that this great work can be executed by an assembly of men."<sup>14</sup> His reflections led him to the conclusion that no really fundamental constitutional law can be written; that the more a constitution is reduced to writing the weaker it becomes; that there never was, never will and never can be a nation constituted *à priori*. He scoffs at the imbecility of those who imagine that the real legislators are men, that laws are paper, and that nations can be constituted with ink. There is something, he avers, in every constitution which cannot be written, and which must be left under a sombre and venerable cloud, under pain of overthrowing the State. This "something" is the divine principle, the recognition of the anterior divine origin of human society, of those eternal laws that presided at the creation, and, as far as this earth is concerned, will only be abrogated when the world shall have finished its course in the fullness of time—laws of which the enactments of legislatures are but the dim reflex or halting expression. Every constitution, properly so called, is a *creation* in the fullest sense of the word, and every creation surpasses the power of man. The written law, therefore, is only the declaration of the anterior, unwritten law, just as a dogmatic definition is posterior to the dogma; so that the pretension to establish a new mode of government is, to his thinking, as extravagant an absurdity as for heresiarchs to create new dogmas. "As nations are born," he says, "governments are literally born with them. When they say a people has given itself a government, it is just as if they said they gave themselves a character and a color. If sometimes we cannot distinguish the bases of a government in its infancy, it does not at all follow that they did not exist. Let us not take developments for creations."<sup>15</sup> Carlyle says all available authority is mystical in its conditions and comes "by the grace of God." It is singular to find

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<sup>14</sup> "Considerations," c. VII.; "Melanges," p. 212.

<sup>15</sup> "Melanges," p. 215.

the Catholic publicist and the Protestant writer at one in their appeal to and interpretation of first principles. "Man cannot represent the Creator," says De Maistre, "except by placing himself *en rapport* with Him. Madmen that we are, if we want a mirror to reflect the image of the sun, will we turn it towards the earth?" It is this inversion of first principles, he contends, that has caused the general crumbling of the modern political world.

Once again the world witnesses a great upheaval, a great overturning like that which followed the French Revolution. Cast a rapid glance over the startling record of thrones upset and sceptres broken which contemporary history presents. Look at the number of dethroned or exiled sovereigns, the extinction of ancient dynasties like that of the Hapsburgs; at the frequency and audacity with which assassins have struck at heads of States; at the number of statesmen who have been dismal failures; at the miserable mediocrities posing as such in whom the mere politician or party tactician is revealed; at how little high-thoughted statesmanship remains to guide the destinies of Europe; at the vast schemes of religious, political or social regeneration which promised wonders, but performed nothing; at the legislative experimentalism that on the one hand undertakes the reconstruction of beliefs and makes the government of conscience an affair of police and on the other declares the law to be practically unchristian or atheistic; and then try and persuade yourself that you can discern in all this, like the dreamer of "Locksley Hall" that "one increasing purpose" which traverses the ages, or recognize with De Maistre that it is religion alone—genuine religion, not sham beliefs—can impart to European polity the creative and regenerative forces it needs; that politics, in the higher and broader sense, and religion rightly understood are inseparable like body and soul, and that their violent disruption means the extinction of the vital principle that was the bond of union and the source of strength and stability. All institutions, this deep thinker concludes, rest upon a religious idea or are only transient. "Faith and patriotism," he says, "are the two great wonder-workers of the world. Both are divine; all their actions are prodigious. Talk not to them of examination, choice, discussion; they only know two words—submission and belief; with these levers they raise the universe. These two offsprings of heaven prove to all observers their origin in creating and conserving; but if they combine, unite their forces and together seize upon a nation, they exalt, they divinize it."<sup>16</sup> Ever since the primitive dispersion of the human race and its division and subdivision into distinctive nationalities, each endowed with a particular genius qualifying it to fulfill

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<sup>16</sup> "Melanges," p. 249.

its special function in the development of civilization, the nations so constituted have been struggling for self-expression in order to "fill the circle marked by heaven," to work out in detail the divine plan discernible in the order of Providence. It is the national idea which at present is transforming Europe, and any Power that strives to counteract it is putting itself against God and nature, and as it has been said that God and one make a majority, such interference with Providence is sure in the long run to suffer defeat. The late war was ostensibly undertaken to secure this need of self-expression for the lesser nationalities, but so far it only seems to mean the substitution of one form of imperialism for another under transparently specious disguises. One at least of the oldest nationalities in Europe, a nation before the first rude hut was erected on the banks of the Tiber, where Imperial Rome afterwards arose, and when the site of the Athenian Acropolis was a bare, rocky elevation, is denied this right of self-expression and self-development by a Power which puts might above right and holds it in thrall by that very militarism which the war was waged to destroy. We seem to be as far off as ever from that millennium of which Tennyson speaks, "when the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flag was furled in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world." It is even doubtful if the League of Nations as conceived in the brain of Woodrow Wilson will emerge from its embryonic state and mature into something better than a combination of the big Powers "to hold a fretful world in awe" and prepare to resist the dreaded onrush of forces from the far East, should the yellow races threaten to invade the West.

De Maistre, whose style has been compared to that of Bossuet for elevation, Voltaire for sarcasm, and Pascal for depth, touches upon many subjects in his thought-compelling books, interesting and instructive whether you agree with him or not. He has some curious and suggestive reflections upon the co-relation of moral and physical evil, the divine origin of language or speech, the reversibility of merits, the law of the effusion of blood and its expiatory effect, the theory of names and numbers, the relative merits of republicanism and monarchism, the influence of religion upon the duration of dynasties, and other pregnant themes. Few writers have caused serious abstract thought to be better relished and retained. He felt himself that he was called to place the most arduous questions on a level with all understandings. Lamartine says his style will remain the enduring admiration of all who read for the pleasure of reading.

With far too modest self-depreciation he writes to a correspondent: "I am sure I will be believed, when I protest that I

think I am inferior in talents and attainments to most of the writers you have in view at this moment, as much as I surpass them in the truth of the doctrines I profess. I am even pleased to confess this primary superiority, which furnishes me with the subject of a delightful meditation upon the inestimable privilege of truth and the nullity of the talents that venture to separate themselves from it. There is a fine book to be written upon the wrong done to all the productions of genius, and even to the characters of their authors, by the errors they have professed for three centuries. What a subject, if it were well treated! But what conclusion shall we draw from this truth? The legitimate conclusion is, that it is necessary to subordinate all knowledge to religion, to firmly believe that we are studying when we are praying, and particularly when we are occupied with rational philosophy; never to forget that every metaphysical proposition that does not, as it were, spontaneously grow out of a Christian dogma, is only and can only be a culpable extravagance. He who has passed his life without ever having relished divine things, who has narrowed his mind and dried up his heart with sterile speculations that can neither make him better in this life nor prepare him for the other, such a one, I say, will reject these kind of proofs. There are truths that man can only seize with the mind of his heart. When the cleverest man has not the religious sense, not only we cannot convince him, but we have even no means of making ourselves understood by him, which only proves his misfortune." This is developing a bedrock truth succinctly enunciated by another eminent Catholic writer, Donoso Cortes, who affirmed that if we investigate any political problem, any question concerning the common weal, we are sure to strike upon a Christian dogma.

In his appreciation of De Maistre, Moreau says: "Rooted in tradition, he derives from thence the unshakable assurance which leaves the mental vision all its lucidity, that power of seeing, which is almost equal to foreseeing and predicting, Catholic Christian, by reason as well as by faith, so to speak—detached from everything and even from himself—the true greatness of his doctrine is that it is not his doctrine. He does not give it as a creation of his thought; it is only a demonstration by history and experience of the truth of Christianity. In the despoiled, humiliated, captive Papacy he never ceased to recognize the divine principle that upholds it, and glorify in it the venerable suzerain of all authority, the eternal protector of all legitimate liberty. Against the conspired forces of philosophism, impious science, and pagan politics, nothing now is really erect but the Christian Capitol. All the power of Catholic unity is only in the prayer of the Priest of

Rome; but it is the prayer of him for whom Christ prayed. It was the glory of Fénelon, by having recourse to the Holy See, to remind the Bishops, whose hearts were in the court, that the spiritual sovereign was in Rome, and not in Versailles. He showed them his and their too-long-forgotten judge—the Pope. This glory of Fénelon in the seventeenth century is the glory of De Maistre in our days. He, too, by the influence of his genius, by his masterpiece—that powerful argument drawn from the ruins of our prejudices and errors—was the first to rally the sheep round the great Pastor.” And the compiler of the “*Pensées du Comte Joseph de Maistre*” says: “Of all the great names of the century, that of Count Joseph de Maistre oftenest, and as by a secret need, instinctively and without an effort reappears under the pen of every writer engaged in treating any high religious or political question, in solving any philosophical problem. The literary and scientific reviews quote his works. The publicist makes him speak in his writings, quite sure of adding more weight to his considerations under the protection of such a name. The philosopher—I mean the true philosopher—seeks the support of this authority, and thus makes his demonstrations more forcible. The apologist feels firmer in the defensive or offensive, when he sees in his hands the arms of this grand and vigorous athlete of the cause of Christ and His Church. The sacred orator himself is not afraid to utter this name from the elevation of the first pulpit in France. All, in fine, seem to advance with more assurance when they march, sustained by Joseph de Maistre.”

Statesmen, worthy of a name often misapplied, politicians who are not mere party hacks, and journalists who are not mere straws upon the surface of public opinion, not mere reflectors of the crude ideas of the man in the street, but original thinkers capable of giving an intelligent direction to movements that make or mar a nation, would do well to read De Maistre thoughtfully. They and those who look to them for light and leading, would equally benefit by the perusal.

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## A GLANCE AT SOME IMPORTANT FACTS IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY.

**B**EFORE considering the effect of the discoveries of Columbus and his successors upon the nations of Europe, let us take a glance at some of the accounts of and opinions concerning the pre-Columbian period.

The early history of our continent presents many curious *facts*, and many of these so-called *facts*, under the light of more recent and careful research, have had to be relegated to the realms of fiction. The geologists, for instance, tell us that "the 'New World,' so called, is actually the 'Old World,' and that a mountain peak in the Carolinas (just where deponent saith not) was the first object that rose up out of the sea." They do not hesitate to tell us that "animals first made their appearance in this Western continent, and at an early period went across a bridge of land that once existed at Behring Strait, and thence spread over the Eastern continent." It is in vain for the present theory to hold that man had his origin in the East, because "Science," "which knoweth all things" (in theology as well as in everything else) has a new story to tell *every* year, so that it may become necessary, some day, instead of asking, "Who discovered America?" to ask, "Who discovered the Eastern continent?"

We are told that ages before Columbus, adventurers landed on our continent, but we search in vain for the record of their adventures. The Phœnicians, the Chinese, the Irish, the Northmen, the Welsh, the Italians and the Basques are all identified, in a way, with ancient America, and there is nothing to prove that *any* of them failed to reach the Western world. The Irish, however, have the first claim, as their early activities form a part of *written history*. There is no doubt that the Northmen visited the Atlantic Coast in the year 986, but their own records state that the Irish had long before preceded them. Before the arrival of the Northmen this continent was known as "Ireland the Great," and also as the "White Man's Land," on account of the dress of the inhabitants found there by the Irish. The adventurers from Ireland, which was known as the "Green Island," on arriving on our continent and discovering its vast extent, probably gave it the name of the "Green Land." "Green Land" may, therefore, be regarded as the first historic name of this continent. The Northmen, who followed the Irish, gave it the name of "Vineland." It was later on known as "Estohland," an unexplained name, probably a corruption of "the Scot's Land." "Drogeo" was also applied to one region, and when the Cabots came, North

America received the name of "Bacalaos," the land of the codfish. This name was followed by "Yucatania," found on Verrazano's map of 1529, the name of the isthmus of Yucatan being made to do duty for the continent. To these names we may add "Norombega," "Mexicana" and "Peruviana." "Greenland" became restricted to the region now bearing the name. "Norombega" dwindled until it came to signify a town in the Penobscot, and all other names were discarded for the name of "America." The Northmen did not dream that they had discovered a "New World." They never boasted of any discoveries, and freely conceded priority to the Irish.<sup>1</sup>

There is a tradition to the effect that our shores were reached over a hundred and fifty years before their discovery by the Northmen, but the authority upon which it is based is so vague as to merit no great importance. Next comes the story of the "Almagruvium," the eight Arabian sailors who are reported to have "sailed to the end of the ocean" and to have set foot on American soil before 1147. This story, when examined, confines their explorations, which do not seem to have extended beyond the African coast, the Canaries and possibly the Azores. This story seems to be traced to the Arab geographer, Edrise, a writer of the twelfth century. The mention of "red men" in the report of the two Genoese, Vadrino and Guido dei Vivaldi, in 1291, gave rise to the idea that these explorers also visited our continent. This may be true, but the possibility is not very evident.<sup>2</sup>

Of much greater value than all these are the claims of the hardy sailors of Dieppe, St. Malo, Honfleur and other ports of Normandy and Flanders.<sup>3</sup>

It is well known that the fishermen of these ports carried on trade with the Scandinavians in the early part of the fourteenth century. These Scandinavians were in constant communication with Greenland, which was itself trading with the northwestern settlements along our coast. This being the case, the fishermen of Normandy and Flanders could readily obtain information concerning the profitable fishing grounds of Newfoundland and other points on our North American coast. The Grand Banks of Newfoundland were as thickly covered with fishing boats in those days as I have seen them in our own day. The fishermen of the olden time were looking for codfish and were in no way bent on making discoveries other than those which contributed to their trade; consequently, while

<sup>1</sup> "The Voyages of Thorgies and His Adventures on the East Coast of Greenland About the Year 1000." See introduction by Rev. B. F. De Costa D. D.

<sup>2</sup> See Humboldt: "Examen," Vol. II., pp. 137-142; "Maltebrun," p. 139; Cooley: "Maritime and Inland Discovery," p. 173; "Payne," p. 104; "Winsor," Vol. I., p. 72.

<sup>3</sup> See Lescorbet, p. 217, et seq.

they never earned the glory of discoveries in America, it is beyond all doubt that they cruised early, and we may say annually, along our coast.

If evidence of this were wanting, it may be found in the Flemish coins found by the English near St. John's, Newfoundland, as related by Bastiano.<sup>4</sup> In a letter written by Queen Regent Catharine dei Medici to her envoy, Torquemada, at the Court of Spain, it appears that the hardy Breton fishermen were here as early as 1465.<sup>5</sup>

The Basques, as we have seen, laid claims to early connections with our continent, and it is a matter of regret that the destruction of their archives in different cities by fire and not unfrequently by carelessness, have deprived us of positive documents in support of their claims. We do know, however, that they were engaged in fishing for bacalaos on our coast, along with the men of Normandy and Flanders, at a very early period.<sup>6</sup>

With these few words by way of introduction, let us consider some of the effects of the discoveries of Columbus upon the different nations of Europe. It is well known to every student of American history that the governments of the Old World looked with jealous eyes upon the growing influence of Spain and her prospective wealth in the Western continent. English statesmen like Walsingham and Cecil; geographers like Hakluyt and merchants like Gresham kept themselves thoroughly informed regarding all foreign commercial affairs, discoveries, etc. It is true that England had long been distracted by internecine wars, but in 1485 the War of the Roses terminated at Bosworth Field, a union of the roses was effected by the marriage of Henry VII. and the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and for the first time in thirty years, England found herself at peace within herself and in a position to take her place in the line of the world's progress. Thus it came about that when John Cabot, a Venetian merchant, then residing in Bristol, England, presented himself at Court, as Columbus had done before him at the Court of Spain, to implore its aid in a voyage of discovery in the "New World," King Henry was in a position to entertain the appeal and to grant to John and his son, Sebastian Cabot, a patent, "the most ancient American State paper in England," and authorizing them "to plant the flag of England upon any soil hitherto unseen by Christian people." This provision was in accordance with the Bull of Demarcation of Pope Alexander VI. The charters for discovery and colonization were granted to Cabot and his son and also to

<sup>4</sup> Bastiano, Book II., s. 441.

<sup>5</sup> Horsford: "The Discoveries," referred to by Gaffareti Theret, p. 391.

<sup>6</sup> The Rev. Peter de Roo, of Portland, Ore., has written a most interesting work on Pre-Columbian America. It is published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Richard Warde, Thomas Ashhurst, Hugh Eliot, Nicholas Thorne the elder and others, and that it might be "without prejudice to Spain and Portugal,"<sup>7</sup> could not extend south of 44 degrees north latitude, thus confining the English in the New World to a region too cold and desolate to encourage settlement.

But this obstacle was not destined to stand long in the way, for on the death of Henry VII., in 1509, he was succeeded by Henry VIII., a sovereign whose anxiety to abide by contracts made with the Pope was not remarkable. His contentions with the Popes resulted in the establishment of the Reformation in England, a disregard of the force of Papal Bulls relating to America, and finally the establishment of English colonies in America. Edward VI., who succeeded his father, Henry VIII., in 1547, having established Protestantism in England, became interested in the enlargement of his kingdom by the acquisition of new lands beyond the sea. Of course, he had no regard for Papal Bulls, so he summoned Sebastian Cabot from Spain and under his leadership the great association was formed in England, known as "The Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands and Places Unknown."

It was to a certain extent a resonance to a company of the Cabot charter of 1496, but differed from it in its disregard of the bounds as fixed by the Pope, and discoveries were not confined to "north, east and west of England."

The death of Edward VI. in 1553 raised Mary Tudor (afterwards married to Philip II. of Spain) to the throne of England, and restored Catholicity in that country. A second charter was now granted to the Merchant Adventurers, which confined them to the north, northeast and northwestward of England, and more fully respected the Spanish claims than the Cabot grant of 1496 had done. Prominent English merchants soon crossed the ocean to study King Philip's possessions in America. In 1555 Richard Eden published his "Decades of the New World or West India," which is the first published collection of voyages in English, and is dedicated to "Philip, King of England and Spain."

On the death of Queen Mary, in 1558, she was succeeded by Elizabeth, under whose reign all future recognition of Papal Bulls ceased. They were regarded as mere "scraps of paper," and the acquisition of new territories was regarded, if not as a "military necessity," at least as a great thing for England.

The student of American history will find it necessary to study

<sup>7</sup> See letter of January 21, 1496 from Dr. De Puebla to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and their reply, on March 28 following. I understand the Papal Bull to divide between Spain and Portugal the north and south line, only the new discoveries "west and south" of Spain. See Brown's "Genesis of the United States," p. 2.

the reigns of the rulers of England from 1485 to 1558, as they exert a marked influence upon our history. It will be seen that prior to Elizabeth, America south of 44 degrees north latitude had been really conceded to Spain, and that Spaniards had already explored our coasts east and west and had planted the Cross as well as the standard of Spain in many parts of our present territory. Elizabeth took issue with the Pope (1559), caused the supremacy which had hitherto been conceded to Rome to be vested in the crown of England, and prosecuted further discoveries and exploration in the New World according to "reformed" ideas.

John Cabot was, like Columbus, a native of Genoa, but had been naturalized at Venice, where he resided for some years. "In the yeere of Our Lord 1497 John Cabot, a Venetian, and his sonne Sebastian (with an English fleet set out from Bristol) discovered that land which no man before that time had attempted on the 24 of June, about five of the clocke early in the morning." It will be observed that the language of the Bull of Demarcation is followed in this statement, viz.: "The land that no man had attempted," etc.

Cabot was accompanied by a priest from Bristol, and probably reached Newfoundland and Labrador. His vessel bore to our continent the first band of English-speaking Catholics, and within five years a priest, we know, crossed the Atlantic to administer the consolations of religion to his countrymen in America, offer up the Holy Sacrifice and announce the Gospel in our tongue.<sup>8</sup>

"The discoverer of these places planted on his new-found land a large Cross with one flag of England and another of St. Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian, so that our banner has floated very far afield." (London, 23 August, 1497.) Cabot was sure that *he* had found the eastern extremity of Asia, and he earned and received from his sovereign the title of Great Admiral.

It will be noted that Cabot's discovery was made fourteen months before Columbus, on his third voyage, came in sight of the mainland, and nearly two years before Amerigo Vespucci sailed west of the Canaries.

Shortly after the return of John and Sebastian Cabot to England, another voyage was planned by Sebastian. With three hundred men he sailed for Labrador, by way of Iceland, and reached there in latitude 58 degrees. Finding the weather too severe, he steered south and cruised along the shores of the present United States to the vicinity of Albemarle Sound. He likewise asserted the title of the English sovereign to the land.

The early discoverers do not seem to have received very great

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<sup>8</sup> Shea's "Catholic Church in Colonial Times"; also Harisse: "John and Sebastian Cabot." Paris. 1882.

<sup>9</sup> "Calendars of State Papers—Venetian," 1202-1509, p. 262.

rewards for their hardships and exposure, to say nothing of their discoveries at least during their lifetime. John Cabot received a small pension from Henry VII., while the royal notebook contains the memorandum: "10th August, 1497. To him that found the main isle, £10." Yet it was on Cabot's \$50 discovery that England bases her claim to her American possessions. "We derive our right in America," said Edmund Burke to the British Parliament, "from the discovery of Cabot, who first made the northern continent in 1497." The munificence of England's sovereign was limited to a small pension and \$50 with the title of Great Admiral!

The Cabots, like Columbus, were convinced that they must find a northwest passage to China, but one discovered a New World without having had the satisfaction of knowing it, while the other discovered the continent, but as no gold or treasure was forthcoming, their great work was considered of little importance, yet could the British merchants have realized the treasure that lay in the fur trade of British America, there would have been no honors or titles too great for the Cabots.

Much obscurity prevails concerning the Cabots and their voyages. John gave a "description of the world in a chart, and also in a solid globe, which he has made, and he shows where he landed."<sup>10</sup> In 1512, Sebastian was living in Sevilla, engaged in revising the maps and charts of the Spanish King. In 1517 he accompanied Sir Thomas Perte on another voyage to Spanish America, but the object of this voyage seems uncertain. In the following year we find him again in Spain, where he received the appointment of Pilot-major. After the conference of Badajos, in 1526, he headed a squadron to pursue Spanish discoveries along the Pacific, but owing to the disaffection of some of his officers, he put in to La Plata and sailed up this river some 350 miles. He next pushed his explorations some distance into Paraguay. Weakened by the continuous attacks of the natives and failing to receive the aid he solicited, he found himself obliged to return to Spain. He did not remain here long, but returned to England and finally settled in Bristol. Edward VI. conferred honors and a pension upon him. Hakluyt says that the office of Grand Pilot of England was created for him. He is supposed to have died in London in about the eightieth year of his age, and sixty-one years after the date of his first commission from Henry VII. Few lives exhibit such activity in the pursuit of an idea.

In 1499 Alonzo de Ojeda, a companion of Columbus on his first expedition, sailing under the patronage of some Portuguese merchants, cruised along the coast of South America and discovered the

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<sup>10</sup> "Letter of Abbe Raimondo, Envoy of the Duke of Milan to the Court of Henry VII."

continent at Paria.<sup>11</sup> He was accompanied by Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine gentleman, who on his return published such a glowing account of his voyage as to convey the idea that he was the first discoverer. He was the first to publish in Europe that the lands discovered by Columbus were not a part of Asia, but a new continent.<sup>12</sup>

The honor of giving a name to the continent, which should have been given to Columbus, was accordingly bestowed on him. It was in 1507 that the first suggestion of the name of America for the New World appeared in a little treatise by Martin Waldseemüller, published at St. Dié. "But," says Waldseemüller, "these parts (Europe, Asia, Africa) have been extensively explored, and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vesputius, wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from naming it Amerigo or America, i. e., the land of Americus, after its discoverer, Americus, a man of sagacious mind, since both Europe and Asia have got their names from women. Its situation and the manners and customs of its people will be clearly understood from the twice two voyages of Americus which follows." These reasons may satisfy the author of the treatise above quoted, but they will hardly satisfy the world at large. Notwithstanding the fact that even the fame of Columbus has been attacked as well as his person, his glory has in no way been diminished thereby.

The King of Portugal now woke up and thought it was about time for his little kingdom to derive some benefit from the discoveries to be made in the New World, and in 1501 he fitted out a vessel under the command of Gaspar Corte Real. This navigator explored the northeastern coast of America, visited Labrador and Canada, penetrating to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He undertook a second voyage the following year with the object of finding a passage to the north of America, but disappeared and was never heard of again, nor was his brother, Miguel de Corte Real, who sailed in 1502 in search of him.<sup>13</sup> On his first voyage Gaspar carried off with him more than fifty Indians and sold them as slaves in Portugal.

In 1500 Pedro Alvarez Cabral, another Portuguese commander, was directed by the King of Portugal to follow the course of Vasco da Gama in the East. He was driven by adverse winds so far out of his course that he reached the coast of Brazil on April 24. On Good Friday he cast anchor in Porto Seguro, and on Easter Sunday an altar was erected and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered

<sup>11</sup> Paria—an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean on the coast of Venezuela.

<sup>12</sup> "Compendio de America y de Chile," por el Presbítero Esteban Muñoz Donoso.

<sup>13</sup> "Os Estados Unidos," Esboço Histórico—Por Antonio da Cunha Pereira de Soto Maior. Lisboa, 1877.

up in the presence of the astonished natives. The country was declared an appendage to Portugal and a stone Cross was erected to commemorate the event. Cabral sent a small vessel to Lisbon to announce the discovery, and without forming any settlement he started for India on May 3.

Another famous explorer during the life of Columbus was Vasco da Gama, and he was the first European who found his way to India around the Cape of Good Hope. He was born of an ancient and noble family of Portugal, at the small seaport town of Sines, about the year 1469 (the exact day is unknown). He sailed from Lisbon on July 8, 1497, with a squadron of three small vessels and sixty men, and after a stormy voyage dropped anchor before Calicut, on the coast of Malabar (Hindustan). He gained the good will of the native prince, convinced him of the advantages of commercial relations with the Portuguese, and returned to his native land in September, 1499, with his ships loaded with pepper and spices, rubies and emeralds, silks and satins, ivory and bronzes. Spain and Portugal and other nations of Europe were wild with excitement over the treasures da Gama had found, and honors were bestowed upon him with no stinted hand.

This voyage is a remarkable epoch in geography, history and commerce, for it added wonderfully to the people's knowledge of the globe, diverted the trade of the East from the overland routes in which it had run to the almost exclusive benefit of Italy for many centuries, and led to the building up of a vast Portuguese empire on the coast of Africa, in India and about the Straits of Malacca.

A second voyage, having more the character of a naval expedition, was conducted by da Gama with the object of punishing some previous outrages perpetrated on the Portuguese, and also of making a permanent settlement in Hindostan. He returned to Lisbon in 1503, where new honors and emoluments awaited him. In 1524 he was appointed Viceroy of India, and was the first man to hold that high office, which has since passed to men of another nation.

Vasco da Gama died shortly after his arrival at his post, in December, 1525. His remains were taken back to Portugal some thirteen years after his death (1538), and a superb monument was erected to his memory by King John III. in the Church of Nossa Senhora das Reliquias (Our Lady of the Relics), then attached to the subsequently suppressed convent of Discalced Carmelites, outside of the town of Vidigueira, from which he derived his title. They were removed in 1880 across the Tagus to the monastery of Belem.

Vasco da Gama was a brave soldier, a skilful navigator and a man of piety and learning. He was the champion of the faith among the

Saracens and Hindoos, and paved the way for the triumph of Albuquerque, and the missionary success of the great St. Francis Xavier. Da Gama is the hero of the celebrated national epic of Portugal, the *Lusíada* of Camões. He is also the hero of Verdi's popular opera, "L'Africaine."

But perhaps the greatest navigator of the Columbian period was Fernando Magalhaens, or as he is better known to English readers, Magellan. He was one of the most distinguished explorers of his age, and as a discoverer was hardly second to Columbus himself. He was born at Oporto, in Portugal, in 1470. After serving in the Portuguese navy for some time, he tendered his services to Spain, and revived the idea of Columbus of sailing to China and Japan by a westerly course. He was convinced that the American continent could be turned by going far enough south. A fleet of vessels, the *Trinidad*, the *San Antonio*, the *Concepcion* and the *Victoria*, manned by 236 men, was soon fitted out for the expedition and Magellan set sail on September 29, 1519. He discovered and sailed through the strait that now bears his name, and on November 27, 1526, he entered that ocean which he (as well as Balboa) called the "Pacific," on account of the delightful weather and fair winds that wafted him along its peaceful bosom.

On March 6, 1521, after untold hardships, Magellan came upon a large group of islands, the natives of which possessed no end of thievish habits, and on this account he named the islands the "Ladrones." Soon after he sighted another extensive group, which, in honor of the Spanish sovereign, Philip II., he named Filipinas, or Philippines. After cruising through this group of islands, on the feast of St. Lazarus, he became aware of their great extent, and in honor of St. Lazarus he gave his name to the archipelago.

Filled with the religious zeal of the great navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Magellan had his chaplains preach the Gospel to the natives wherever it was possible to do so, and it was not long before their idols disappeared, and the consolation was allowed him, shortly before the close of his life, of witnessing the conversion to Catholicity of the king, or principal chief of Zebu (or Cebu), who was baptized with all his court and a multitude of his subjects after a Solemn High Mass celebrated under a tent erected on the seashore.<sup>14</sup>

Shortly after his conversion the chief of Cebu made war on the chief of the islands of Matano, and Magellan went with him to that island. They were met on the seashore by overwhelming numbers,

<sup>14</sup> This was in 1521. In 1595 Cebu was erected into an episcopal see by Pope Clement VIII. and Monseñor Pedro de Agurto became its first Bishop. The first American Bishop was the lamented and Right Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, D. D., formerly of St. Bernard's Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

and Magellan, anxious to protect his men, remained too long after their retreat to their boats, had his arm disabled by a spear-thrust, a moment later he was felled to the ground, and the Chevalier Pegafalta tells us that "the Indians threw themselves upon him with iron-pointed bamboo spears and scimiters, and every weapon they had and ran him through—our mirror, our light, our comforter, our guide—until they killed him."<sup>18</sup> With his last breath he expressed his happiness at being permitted to "die on a Saturday," because of the devotion he had to the Blessed Virgin. This was on April 27, 1521.

John Fiske, in his "Discovery of America," tells us, exultingly, that after his defeat and that of his Spanish allies, in whom he had placed the greatest confidence, the chief of Cebu gave up Christianity and relapsed into his former paganism. I have not seen this statement corroborated by any other writer.

After the tragic death of the fearless Magellan, the command of the *Victoria* was given to Espinosa, and the pilot Carranallo was made captain-general. He did not come up to the requirements of the position, and the command devolved upon Juan Sebastian de Elcano. (The name is sometimes given as Delcano).

It may not be out of place to mention here that it was during these voyages along the coast of Brazil that the Spaniards first became acquainted with celery, pineapples, the sweet potato (*patata*) and the *cochearia*, or sea-grass.

Juan Sebastian de Elcano belonged to an intrepid race, known as the Basques, of the north of Spain. He was born at Guateria, in the province of Guipuzcoa. He has been accused of being one of the mutineers against Magellan; be that as it may, he became reconciled with his chief, and when called upon to succeed him, he was able to bring back all that remained of Magellan's expedition in the circumnavigation of the globe. De Elcano was a man more up in practical seamanship than in the theory of navigation, and was endowed with piety and firmness of character. He went out on this expedition as sailing master or pilot of one of the vessels, but, as we have seen, on the death of his commander he became by universal consent his successor in the supreme command.

After a long voyage the unfortunate *Victoria* headed for Spain with such supplies as her crew could get, and reached San Lucas on September 6, 1522. Of the sixty men who sailed on the *Victoria* from Molucas, only eighteen survived the terrible voyage, and these were all sick. Of the other forty-two some had deserted at Timor, some had been condemned for crimes and the rest were dead. The Emperor, Charles V., received De Elcano with great distinction

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<sup>18</sup> Guillemaud's "Magellan," p. 252.

and gave him a life pension of 500 ducats. He could not ennoble him because every son of Biscaya "is a hidalgo by birth," and so recognized in every part of Spain, but he conferred upon him a new coat-of-arms—a terrestrial globe with significant inscription: "*Primus circumdedisti me.*" Some authors claim that this coat-of-arms and inscription should have gone to Magellan. Very likely it would, but when the expedition returned to Spain Magellan was dead and De Elcano had been the pilot who carried the fleet through all its perils and brought what was left of it back to Spain. De Elcano died at sea during a second expedition, on August 14, 1526. Nearly three hundred years later a statue was erected to his memory in his native town. Around its base are inscriptions in Spanish, Latin and Basque. The glory of the services of De Elcano, though, somewhat dimmed, as they necessarily were by the more illustrious name of Magellan, has had new light shed upon it by the great work completed some years ago by the Spanish Government, entitled "*Coleccion de Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España.*"

Another of the intrepid navigators of the fifteenth century was Vicente Yanez Pinzon, brother of Martin Alonso Pinzon, and commander of the *Niña* during the first voyage of Columbus. He put to sea in December, 1499, in four caravels, fitted out in his native city of Palos, and after passing the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, and after a turbulent voyage covering some 240 leagues, having crossed the equatorial line—being the first European to do so in America—reached a point on the coast of Brazil, now known as St. Augustine, but to which he gave the name of "*Santa Maria de la Consolacion*," in memory of the consolation he experienced at sight of it. Pinzon landed and took possession of it in the name of the crown of Castile. The hostile attitude of the natives warned him that it would not be prudent to expose his little band to their attacks, and reëmbarking, he steered northwest and again attempted to land near the mouth of a small river, but the natives again proved hostile and after a severe encounter, he was compelled to withdraw, losing one of his boats with its entire crew.

This was the roughest reception that Europeans had yet met with in the New World. The natives did not relish the idea of the King of Castile taking possession of their land and they did not hesitate to emphasize the fact. Pinzon, however, discovered and partially explored the river now known as the Amazon. Not meeting with much encouragement to pursue further explorations and loading his vessels with Brazil wood, he returned to Spain by way of the Gulf of Paria, Hispaniola and the Bahamas and reached his destination sometime in the early fall of the year 1500.

It will be remembered that, in common with the officers and men

of the three caravels of Columbus, on his first voyage of discovery, Pinzon was sorely puzzled over the variations of the magnetic needle. His first voyage to the South American coast was attended with no less trying phenomena unknown to the navigators of that period. After crossing the equator the caravels of Pinzon lost sight of the north star, encountered terrible tempests and were sorely alarmed at the aspect of the heavens. In vain did they scan the southern heavens for some polar star that would guide them on their way, and imagined that a bulge in the globe hid it from their eyes. They knew nothing as yet of the firmament of that hemisphere, nor of that beautiful constellation, the Southern Cross, but expected to find a guiding star at the opposite pole similar to the "cynosure of the north." On his homeward journey, when again in the vicinity of the equatorial line, he met with no end of surprises. "The water of the sea was so fresh that he was enabled to replenish his casks with it," but he soon found that the islands through which he was sailing lay in the mouth of the Amazon, a river thirty leagues in breadth and which forced its waters forty leagues into the sea. After encountering tremendous disturbances of the sea in these latitudes, he sailed north and was soon rejoiced by again seeing the polar star.

To-day the navigator is no longer puzzled over the physical features of the equatorial phenomena that disturbed the peace of mind of even so experienced a navigator as Pinzon. To-day the navigator knows that the current of the Amazon is perceived 200 miles at sea, while the tide is felt 400 miles up the channel. The Southern Cross, too, and its significance is well known to those who sail in the southern hemisphere.

The singular cruise of the brave but credulous old cavalier, Juan Ponce de Leon,<sup>16</sup> who fell upon the coast of Florida in his search after an imaginary fountain of youth, only to meet the arrow of death, may not be undeserving of brief mention in these pages. In his boyhood he had been page to Nuñez de Guzman, Señor of Toral.<sup>17</sup> From his earliest childhood he had been accustomed to the clash of arms, and he had done good service against the Moors of Granada. We know that he accompanied Columbus on his second voyage in 1493, and subsequently joined in Roldan's rebellion against the admiral. He fought the Indians and gained quite a reputation for sagacity and courage, and in time he rose to the command of the province of Heguey, as lieutenant of Governor Ovando, of Hispaniola (Hayti). Yearning to distinguish himself in some way, he obtained the permission of his superior to under-

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<sup>16</sup> Incas. Garcilaso de la Vega, *Hist. Florida*, Vol. IV., p. 37.

<sup>17</sup> Ponce de Leon was born at San Servas, in the province of Leon, in Spain, about the year 1460.

take an expedition to the island of Borinquen, or Porto Rico. He found the island richly wooded and prevailed upon the cacique to lead him to the gold fields of his island. Gathering up specimens of the gold found, he returned to Hispaniola to report to the Governor. The ore, after careful tests, proving satisfactory, the subjugation of the island was decided upon and the enterprise was confided to Juan Ponce de Leon.

The gentle disposition of the inhabitants made the conquest easy, and hoping to gain the governorship, Ponce returned to Hispaniola to solicit the gratification of his ambition at the hands of Ovando. But during his absence some changes had taken place at Hispaniola. Ovando had been replaced by Diego Columbus, son of the great discoverer, and Cristobal Sotomayon had already arrived from Spain with full power from the King to form a settlement and build a fort upon the island of Porto Rico. Now, Don Diego was in no mood to recognize the appointment of Sotomayon, which had been made without consultation with him, as viceroy, and still less was he disposed to favor one who had been disloyal to his father by joining the forces of Roldan. In the meantime Ovando had arrived in Spain, reported favorably upon the merits of Ponce, and upon his services in exploring Porto Rico, and secured a royal mandate to Don Diego not to interfere with him in the discharge of his duties as Governor of Porto Rico.

But the rule of Ponce de Leon, which began in 1509, was not characterized by that prudence which his years and experience should have dictated. He quarreled with his countrymen, and the cacique, Aguaybana, gave him no end of trouble, and finally, though the cacique fell in battle in defense of his home and country, it was not until after he had inflicted heavy losses upon the invader. To add to his troubles, his transient dignity suffered overthrow by the home government. King Ferdinand realized that in appointing Ponce de Leon as Governor of Porto Rico he had infringed upon the rights of Don Diego Columbus, and now found it to be to his interest to retract that appointment. Ponce laid down his dignities without regret, but the ardor of his ambition was not in the least allayed. If the genius of Christopher Columbus had conceived the existence of a new world which his indomitable perseverance succeeded in discovering, why could there not be a third world to be discovered, and if so, why could not Ponce de Leon be the discoverer of that world and thus attain a name equal to that of Columbus?

With the wealth he had accumulated in the various positions he had held, he sailed from Porto Rico in 1512, with three vessels fitted out at his own expense. Deluded by the stories told him by some

Indians, and ever on the alert for novelties, he set out on an expedition in quest of a fountain which was said to possess virtues to renovate the life of those who should bathe in its streams, or give a perpetuity of youth to the happy man who should drink of its ever-flowing waters. This elixir of life was to flow from a perpetual fountain in the new world and in a country glittering with gems of gold. It was to discover this fountain that Ponce, whose brow was now furrowed by age and exposure and hard service, was making this voyage. On the way to his imaginary goal, he discovered new islands in the vicinity of Porto Rico, and there was not a river or lake upon them that he did not explore in the hope of finding his much coveted fountain. His voyage was not entirely fruitless, however, for in time he discovered Florida, and landed upon the coast a short distance above where St. Augustine is now situated. Later on (in 1521) he undertook a second expedition to "the island of Florida,"<sup>18</sup> as he imagined it to be even to the day of his death.

The object of this expedition seems to have been to form a permanent settlement, for he took with him priests to minister to his own people and to establish missions among the Indians. He also took cattle, horses, etc., to provide for the immediate needs of the colonists. Hardly had he attempted to build houses for his people when he was set upon by the natives. While resisting their attack he was severely wounded by an arrow. Finding it impossible to plant a colony in Florida, he sailed with all his belongings for Cuba, where he soon after died of his wound.<sup>19</sup> Thus, instead of finding the fountain of youth in the beautiful land of flowers, he found only the arrow of death. His death occurred in 1521, his life, however, was hardly to be measured by length of years as by the hardships through which he had passed.

We cannot speak of the "land of flowers" without associating with it the name of Hernando de Soto. It is a name familiar to every schoolboy as identified with the discovery and exploration of the Father of Waters, the great North American river, the Mississippi.<sup>20</sup> He is beyond doubt one of the most remarkable of the Eldorado adventurers of the sixteenth century. He was born at Xerez, in Spain, about the year 1496,<sup>21</sup> and was the son of an

<sup>18</sup> So called in his letter to Charles V., February 10, 1521.

<sup>19</sup> Herrera, *Decade III.*, Lib. I.

<sup>20</sup> "Whether his crossing the Mississippi on the lower Chickasaw Bluff makes De Soto the discoverer, or whether Caboz de Vaca's account of his wanderings is to be interpreted as bringing him first of Europeans to its banks, when on the 30th of October, 1528, he crossed one of its mouths, is a question in dispute, even if we do not accept the view that Alonzo de Piñeda found its mouth in 1519, and called it Rio del Espiritu Santo." Navarete, III., 64. The arguments pro and con are examined by Rye in the *Hackluyt Society's* volume. Note in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical Hist. N. A.," Vol. II., p. 292.

<sup>21</sup> Some authorities give the date of De Soto's birth as 1500.

esquire. He was indebted to Pedro Arias de Avila, better known as Pedrarias, for his education at a university. In 1519 he began his active life under his patron, whom he joined in the latter's second expedition to Darien, and he here earned some distinction by his ability and independence of manner. Nine years later we find him exploring the coast of Guatemala and Yucatan, and in 1532, at the head of 300 volunteers, he went to the assistance of Pizarro, in Peru. He was instrumental in the discovery of the pass through the mountains of Cuzco, and also in the capture of that unfortunate city, and he took part in other important and brilliant engagements.

After the conquest of Peru, De Soto, who had landed in the New World with "nothing of his own save his sword and his target" (shield) returned to his native land "with a fortune of an hundred and fourscore thousand duckets."<sup>22</sup> His wealth facilitated his suit for the hand of the daughter of Pedrarias, and enabled him to maintain "all the state that the house of a nobleman requireth." His pecuniary services to the Emperor, Charles V.,<sup>23</sup> gained for him the governorship of the island of Cuba, and the title of Adelantado of Florida, which was in those days regarded as little less than another Peru. We may add that in consenting to the marriage of his daughter, Isabella, to De Soto, now that he had become a man of wealth, Don Pedro manifested his faith in the value of the "almighty dollar." When the young man first applied for the hand of the fair Isabella he was met with a scornful reply, and all intercourse between the young couple was emphatically forbidden, and during the expedition to America the treacherous hidalgo planned the undoing of De Soto. The young lady, at a private interview with her lover, warned him against impending danger. "Fernando," she said, "remember that one treacherous friend is far more dangerous than a thousand enemies." Accompanying the Darien expedition was a noted duelist, a certain Captain Perez. In the hope of effecting an encounter between him and De Soto, Don Pedro, shortly after their arrival at Darien, sent Captain Perez with an order to De Soto to set out for a certain Indian village and destroy it, and to

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<sup>22</sup> The ducat is a gold coin formerly much used throughout the currency of Europe. It derives its name from the legend found on the first pieces of the kind, which were coined in Sicily, during the twelfth century. The legend runs: "Sit tibi, Christe, datus, quem tu regis. Duacius." After the twelfth century the issue of ducats increased largely in Italy. Venetian ducats were called "leccchini," from Lecca, where they were coined. In 1550 Germany adopted the ducat into its currency, and shortly afterwards its use spread over the whole north of Europe. The ducat varies in quality and weight. The ordinary ducat which is current in Russia, Austria, Hamburg, etc., weighs fifty-four grains troy and has a value of about \$2.33.

<sup>23</sup> Asiento y capitulacion hecho por el capitan Hernando de Soto, con el emperador Carlos V., para la Conquista y Poblacion de la Provincia de la Florida y encomienda de la Gobernacion de la Isla de Cuba, 1537.—"Narrative of the Gentleman of Elvas."

spare neither man, woman nor child. De Soto, shocked, replied: "Tell Don Pedro, the governor, that my life and service are *always* at his disposal when the duty to be performed is such as *may* be performed by a Christian and a gentleman. But, in the present case, I think the governor would have shown more discretion by entrusting you, Captain Perez, with this commission, instead of sending you with the order to me." Needless to say, the duel took place, but the result was not as anticipated. The victor was De Soto and not the indomitable Perez.

In 1538 De Soto set sail with an enthusiastic and richly equipped company of 600 of the nobles of Castile, who flocked to his standard. These men, in the prime of life, in the glittering array of polished armor, and with brilliant hopes, set out with their intrepid leader for the land of promise. His grant included lands previously conceded to Navarrate and Ayllon. One of the conditions of the grant made by the Spanish sovereign was that De Soto should take with him "the religious and priests who shall be appointed by us, for the instruction of the natives of that province in our holy Catholic faith, to whom you are to give and pay the passage, stores and the other necessary subsistence for them according to this condition, all at your cost, receiving nothing from them during the entire voyage, with which matter we gravely charge you do and comply, as a theory for the service of God and our own, and everything otherwise we shall deem contrary to our service."

Of the twelve priests, eight ecclesiastics and four religious who are reported as accompanying the expedition, which sailed from San Lucas in April, 1538, amid the flourish of trumpets and the roar of artillery, the name of only one, Father Juan de Gallegos, has come down to us, and beyond the fact of his name, no record has been preserved of their doings except that most of them perished during long marches through the wilderness. It is but reasonable to suppose that Mass was celebrated in the camp during the trying journey of De Soto and his companions, until the terrible battle of Manila, when "vestments, church plate, wheat, flour and bread-irons were consumed in the general conflagration, October, 1540."<sup>24</sup> After this Mass prayers were said, Garcilaso de la Vega tells us, in vestments made of dressed skins.

The expedition which left Spain under such promising auspices arrived safely in Cuba, where De Soto was received with all the honors due to his exalted rank. In 1539 he set out for the Land of Flowers, and on the feast of Pentecost, May 23, he entered a bay which, in honor of the feast, he named Bahia del Espiritu Santo. Fearing that his men might be tempted to return to Cuba, he sent

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<sup>24</sup> "Catholic Church in Colonial Days," John Gilmary Shea.

his ships back to that island and pushed boldly into the heart of the wilderness.

The marvelous adventures of Cabeza de Vaca and his companions, the air of mystery assumed by him as to the countries they had seen, fired the imagination of Spanish adventurers, and De Soto and his brilliantly arrayed followers, now that they had landed upon the shores of his predecessor's exploits, directed their march towards the first town he had gained information of, not forgetting, however, at once to take possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, the King of Spain. The town was ruled by the chief Ucita, who received the strangers with kindness, but who in so doing aroused the ire of the chiefs of the adjacent tribes, who soon attacked him.

De Soto established a garrison in the vicinity of Espiritu Santo Bay, and began his march into the interior, as already stated. His guide and interpreter was a Spaniard named Ortiz, who had been a member of the Narvaez expedition, and whose long captivity among the Indians made him a valuable acquisition to De Soto. After wandering for five months through the wilderness, exposed to hardships and dangers, and an almost unbroken warfare with natives, whose enmity had been excited by the continued cruelties of De Soto, for as Oviedo tells us, "the governor was very fond of killing Indians," and after the loss of some of his men, the party arrived, on November 6, 1539, in the more fertile land of the Apalachians, east of the Flint River and a few leagues north of the Apalachian Bay, where he resolved to spend the winter.

From this place an exploring expedition, under Juan de Anasco, discovered the ocean, in the very place where the unfortunate Narvaez had embarked, which fact was attested by the ruins of his forges and the remains of his horses. De Soto next sent thirty horsemen to Espiritu Santo with orders to the garrison to join the main body at their winter quarters. The horsemen reached their destination, losing but two of their number and the garrison rejoined De Soto, but only after a hard march and several desperate encounters with the natives. Two small caravels that had been detained at Espiritu Santo reached the Bay of Apallachee. Before Anasco's return, however, the town of Anaica Apallachee, of which De Soto had taken possession, had been burned by the Indians.<sup>25</sup> By the aid of the two caravels, the coast was further explored during the winter (1539-40), and the harbor of Pensacola was discovered.

The Spaniards remained in winter quarters for five months at Apallachee, during which time they supplied themselves with the

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<sup>25</sup> "Relação Verdadeira dos Trabalhos que ho Governador don Fernando de Souto y certos Hidalgos Portugueses passaram no d'scobrimento da provincia da Florida. Agora nouamente feita por ho Hidalgo Deluas." 8vo. Evora, 1557, Cap. xl.

necessaries of life by preying upon the natives, but they, in turn, were kept constantly on the alert by the never-ceasing stratagems and assaults which their cruelty and avarice brought upon them.

On March 13 they broke up camp and started in quest of a region to the northeast, which they had learned was governed by a woman—the Princess Cofitachiti, and which abounded in gold and silver. The princess came forth to meet De Soto, borne upon a litter by her subjects. She crossed the river in a canoe, in which she was seated under a canopy, and, on reaching the Spanish leader, presented him with shawls and skins, and placed her necklace of pearls around his neck. She was rewarded for this generosity by being made a prisoner so soon as her cruel captor discovered that her great wealth had been exaggerated, and that the fancied gold proved to be copper and the silver nothing but mica. The town is supposed to have been Silver Bluff,<sup>26</sup> on the Savannah River, where De Soto discovered evidences of prior Spanish occupation. The natives brought him a dagger and a rosary, which were supposed to have belonged to the members of the expedition of Ayllon.

De Soto now turned north to the headwaters of the Savannah and the Chattahoochee, whence he crossed a branch of the Appalachian chain which runs through the northern part of Georgia and reached the land of the Cherokees. Hearing that gold abounded further north, he sent two horsemen and Indian guides to explore the country. Their journey was a fruitless one, for after wandering across rugged and precipitous mountains, the band returned to camp bringing with them some specimens of copper, but no gold or silver.

For months the Spaniards wandered through the valleys of Alabama, forcing the chiefs through whose territory they passed to go with them as hostages for their good conduct and taking a number of Indians with them to act as beasts of burden. De Soto was unsuccessful in his demand for thirty women as slaves. On October 28, 1540, the Spaniards arrived at Mauville (whence Mobile derives its name), a fortified town near the junction of the Alabama and the Tombecbee (now the Tombigbee) and about one hundred miles north of the Bay of Pensacola. Here was fought one of the most bloody battles known in Indian warfare. During a severe contest of nine hours the Indians lost between twenty-five hundred and three thousand men and their village was reduced to ashes. Indeed, when night came on there were but three Indians left. Two of them fell later on in the night, while the third, in sheer despair, hanged himself. The Spanish loss was also very

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<sup>26</sup> "Relacion de Luys Hernandez de Biedma."

heavy. Many fell in battle, others died of their wounds,<sup>27</sup> they lost many of their horses and their baggage was consumed in the flames. The situation of De Soto and his men after the battle was deplorable indeed, for nearly all were suffering from wounds, their leader included, and with their baggage they lost their supply of food and medicine, their bread-irons, as stated above; their vestments, their altar wine, so that after the disaster it was for a long time impossible for the priests to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. It is also reported that one of the friars and a lay Brother remained prisoners in the hands of the Indians. This report is open to dispute, inasmuch as the Indian power had been so completely broken that they were no longer able to give the Spaniards any further molestation. The unfortunate red man, a savage, it is true, knew, as well as the white man, how to fight and die for his home and country. White civilization did not hesitate to despoil him of both and killed him for defending them. His "gifts" may have been cruel, but his despoilers were no less so in many cases.

While at Mauville De Soto learned that Francisco Maldonado, with the ships he had ordered, had arrived at Ichuse or Ochuse, now Pensacola, only six days' march from him, and was awaiting his orders. But fearing that his worn-out and disheartened soldiers would desert him at the first opportunity of leaving a country in which they had suffered so much and gained so little, and, moreover, mortified at his losses, he determined to send no tidings of himself to Cuba until he had crowned his enterprise with the success of newly discovered regions and the acquisition of wealth. He therefore concealed from his men the information he had received and again advanced towards the interior. His companions, accustomed to implicit obedience, obeyed the command of their leader. The following winter was spent in the land of the Chickasas, possibly on the western bank of the Yazoo, where the Spaniards encamped, and occupied an Indian village which had been deserted at their approach. But this abandonment of their homes on the part of the Indians seems only to have been a ruse on their part, for they fell upon the Spaniards one night in the dead of winter and set the village on fire, and though repulsed by the whites it was not without some loss of life, which they were now in no condition to suffer. Nor was this all; many of their horses, most of their swine and the few remaining clothes they had saved from the flames at Mauville were likewise lost. During the remainder of the winter they suffered intensely from cold and were constantly harassed by the Indians. But despite all this they made every effort to repair their

<sup>27</sup> The Portuguese chronicler estimates the entire loss of the Spaniards up to their leaving Mauville, or Manila, to have been 102 by disease, accident and Indian fighting.—*Relação Verdadeira*.

losses. They set up forges with which to temper their swords and improve such arms as they could, and wove the tall grass into material to be used as blankets and cloaks. They also manufactured rude saddles and lances from the wood of the ash tree.

On the return of spring De Soto resumed his march to the northwest, until he came to the Mississippi, which he crossed, probably at the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, one of the old crossing places, between the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. This was the long sought Rio del Espiritu Santo, of which he had already heard. It was discovered and named by Camargo, an officer sent out in 1520 by Francisco Garay and who explored the country (then called Amichel) from Pensacola Bay to Tampico. De Soto was no longer in doubt. The "Gentlemen of Elva" describes it as follows:

"The river was almost half a league broad; if a man stood still on the other side, it would not be discovered whether he was a man or no. The river was of great depth and of a strong current; the water was always muddy; there came down the river continually many trees and timber which the force of the water brought down. . . . The cacique came with two hundred canoes full of Indians with their bows and arrows, painted, with great plumes of white and many colored feathers, with shields in their hands, where-with they defended the rivers on both sides, and the men of war struck from the head to the stern with their bows and arrows in their hands. The canoe wherein the cacique sat had a canopy over the stern, and he sat under it, and so were the other canoes of the principal Indians. And from under the canopy where the chief man sat, he commanded the other people."<sup>28</sup>

Thus it came to pass that in April, 1541, De Soto, as little aware of the magnitude of his discovery as was Columbus when he discovered the New World, stood upon the banks of the famous Mississippi and contemplated with delight the grandeur of the "Father of Waters." As yet he had failed to find the gold and silver mines he had sought with such unflagging perseverance in the imaginary Eldorado reported to be hidden in the wilds of Florida, but it is a question whether their discovery would have placed his name

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<sup>28</sup> "Who was the Gentleman of Elvas? When the enthusiasm for the expedition of De Soto was at its height and the flower of Spanish chivalry was hieing to the little port of San Lucar of Barrameda, many Portuguese of good estate sought to enroll themselves beneath its banners. Among these, eight hidalgos sallied forth from the warlike little town of Elvas (Evora), in the province of Alemtejo. Fourteen years after the disastrous close of the undertaking, one of their number published anonymously, in his native tongue, the first printed account of it. Now, which it was will ever remain a mystery. . . . Owing to this uncertainty, it is usually referred to as the 'Portuguese Gentleman's Narrative,' or the 'Relation of the Gentleman of Elvas.'"—Note in the "Floridian Peninsula," by Daniel G. Brinton, M. D., Philadelphia.

higher on the roll of honor than the discovery of this mighty river has done. The effect of the discovery upon the Spaniards was most encouraging; their hopes seemed to revive. They spent a month in the construction of flatboats for the transportation of their men and horses, and when this was effected they crossed the river and came to the Indian village of Casqui, on the west side. The natives, who were worshippers of the sun, regarded the white men as a superior order of beings, whose God was more powerful than theirs and they brought their sick and their blind to be healed by those "sons of light." Cabeza de Vaca and Cartier, it will be remembered, had the same experience with Indians in sections of country widely separated from each other. "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever you need," said the Christian leader of the Spaniards; "we are only poor sinful men, nevertheless we will pray to our God for you."

A large tree was felled and made into a Cross, and the few remaining priests and religious, followed by the weary Spaniards, formed a procession and marched around the symbol of salvation, chanting litanies on the way. On reaching it the clergy kissed the Cross, and kneeling beside it offered up prayers of thanksgiving for their own preservation and for the recovery of the poor Indians. These latter, touched by the impressiveness of the ceremonies, imitated the actions of the white men. After the recitation of these prayers the procession returned to camp, singing the "Te Deum" on the way. This was, perhaps, the first act of Christian worship ever performed in this section of the American wilderness. The still unsatisfied search for gold urged De Soto onward to the northwest, and, after crossing the country, during the summer, for a distance of two or three hundred miles west of the Mississippi, and still meeting with hardship and disappointment, he turned south and was obliged to halt for the winter (1541-42) on the banks of the Washita. De Soto was now anxious to reach the sea, and in March, 1542, he passed down that river to the Mississippi. Repeated discouragements, suffering and hardships and the decimation of his once brilliant army had, by this time, told upon him and thrown him into a wasting melancholy. His wanderings through dense forests, impassable canebrakes and wide bayous had weakened his body as well as his mind, and he was now consumed by a malignant fever. Feeling that his life work was now drawing to a close he called his faithful followers around him, thanked them for their devotion to him and appointed his lieutenant, Don Luis de Muscoco, as his successor. He died on May 21, 1542.

Thus died Fernando de Soto, the associate of Pizarro, the Adelantado of Florida, the discoverer of the Mississippi, who set

out from San Lucor in 1538, with six hundred men, the flower of the Castilian nobility, and who hoped to gather untold wealth in that "Land of Flowers" in which Ponce de Leon had vainly sought for the Fountain of Youth. After all his hardships and bitter sufferings he left to his successor less than half his army, five Indian slaves, three horses and a herd of swine. Anxious to conceal the fact of his death from the Indians his body was kept for some days in a house and was then buried in the village. But fearing that the Indians would discover his resting place and disinter the remains they were taken up, "wrapped in a mantle and in the stillness of midnight were silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold and found nothing so remarkable as his resting place. His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss; the priests chanted over the remains the first requiem that was ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi."<sup>29</sup>

Muscoco now took command of the expedition, but he lacked the indomitable energy of De Soto, and then, too, he was like his men, worn out with fatigue. Induced by a rumor that Mexico was not far off and that many of his countrymen were making fortunes there he directed his course to the west, but after a weary march of some five hundred miles, passing through the buffalo prairies and the hunting grounds of the Comanches, nearly famished and disheartened at the prospect before him, he turned back to the Mississippi, and ascending above Guachoya, where De Soto died, stopped at Aminaya, December, 1542. The Spaniards now set to work to build vessels that were to take them back to their countrymen and to civilization. Every available scrap of iron, chains, etc., was wrought up into nails, and by the following July they had constructed seven "brigantines," or frail crafts, in which they descended to the Gulf of Mexico in seventeen days. Following the coast for fifty days more they arrived at the Panuco River, in Mexico, in September, 1543. Muscoco's followers numbered three hundred, among whom were three friars and one French priest, the only survivors of the ecclesiastics who started out with De Soto five years before.

Such is a brief summary of the wanderings of De Soto and his successor, Muscoco, in their exploration of the Mississippi River—a sad ending for an expedition that set out so full of hope and promise. The expedition of De Soto has been of very little advantage to the world, as no record has come down to us either of the physical geography of the country through which it passed, or of

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<sup>29</sup> See Bancroft's "History of U. S."

the character, manners and customs and language of the various tribes it encountered. The only positive information acquired proves that the country bordering along the Gulf of Mexico was as destitute of gold and silver as it was of the youth-giving waters that Ponce de Leon so eagerly sought for, and that it offered little inducements for colonization. But if there was neither gold nor silver, nor a fountain of youth in Florida, there were souls to save, and the good sons of St. Dominic, who had labored so heroically at Hispaniola and elsewhere for the freedom and the conversion of the Indians, now turned their eyes upon the mainland, and Florida was the field selected for their labors. The first voyage to this coast of a purely missionary character, and we might add to any part of the American continent north of Mexico, was undertaken by that noble Dominican, Fra Luis Cancer de Balbastro, who, in 1547, petitioned Charles V. of Spain to fit out an armament for the conversion of Florida. His proposal met with favor, and two years later, in the spring of 1547, a vessel sailed from the port of Vera Cruz under the command of Juan Arana. On this vessel were the Dominicans, Luis Cancer, Juan Garcia, Diego de Tolosa and Gregorio Beteta. Their story is both brief and sad. Fra Cancer was full of the spirit of Montesinos and Las Casas. By his gentleness and devotion he had conciliated the tribes in Central America, whose conquest by force the Spaniards would have hesitated to attempt. His Cross and his rosary were more potent than the sword of the soldier. These he proposed to carry into Florida and undo the harm done by the whites to the unoffending Indians. It was his mission to break the chains of slavery, as he and his brothers, Montesinos and Las Casas, had done elsewhere. Fra Cancer entered upon his work full of courage and also fully alive to the dangers that lay in his path.

In due time he anchored near Tampa Bay. He knew that the Indians had little reason to look upon the arrival of the whites with much favor and he was anxious to ascertain which of the tribes would be least hostile, but the captain of the vessel had other views and was unwilling to risk his men among a people who had been enslaved and ill-treated by men calling themselves Christians. The good friars, anxious to repair the harm done by their countrymen and to show Christianity in its true light and win souls to God, disembarked, but hardly had they reached a neighboring hill-top, where some native cabins were visible, when their fate stared them in the face. Good Father Cancer, realizing the situation, knelt in prayer, and while in this position received his death-blow at the hands of the Indians. His companions shared his martyrdom, while the sailors in the boat were driven from the shore with a

shower of arrows.<sup>30</sup> In 1559 Don Tristan de Luna y Anellano made an attempt to found a colony at Santa Maria de Filipina,<sup>31</sup> near the Pensacola of to-day. His attempt was unsuccessful and he seems to have made little or no impression upon the natives as a conqueror. The only victory attributed to him, and it was a great one, was over himself. Dissensions and quarrels were not unfrequent among his followers, and were the source of great sorrow to the good Dominican Fathers. Father Domingo de la Asuncion was greatly disturbed over Don Tristan's refusal to be reconciled to his officers, and he resolved to make a supreme effort to restore peace among the members of his flock. On Palm Sunday, when the Governor and his officers were at Mass, Father Domingo, after the *Agnus Dei*, took the Blessed Sacrament in his hand, as if about to give Holy Communion, and called upon Don Tristan to approach the altar. Startled at so strange and unexpected a summons, the Governor came forward and fell upon his knees. With a voice full of emotion, Father Domingo asked: "Do you believe that the consecrated Host I hold in my hand is the body of Jesus Christ, true God and true man?" "Yes, father, I do." "Do you believe that this same God will one day come to judge the living and the dead, to reward the just and punish the impenitent with eternal pain?" "I firmly believe it," exclaimed the Governor, now completely awed by this solemn appeal.

"If you believe it," continued the missionary, "why do you tremble at the fearful account you will have to give for the crimes and misfortunes you may be justly charged with having caused? Why will you not be reconciled with your officers, who deplore the offense they have given? Why do you not remove the animosities that are a scandal to religion and that will soon reduce our colony to starvation? If you will not heed the voice of man, listen, at least, to the voice of God. In His name I command you to be reconciled with your officers, restore peace and endeavor with them to bring relief to your suffering people. Promise this to God and vessels will surely come to our relief; refuse, and the vengeance of God will come upon you."

The Governor was silent, overcome by his remorse; the priest turned to the altar and finished the Mass amid the sobs of the congregation. When the last blessing had been pronounced, the Governor turned and besought all present to join him in humble supplication to heaven to avert the punishment they deserved.

A hearty reconciliation followed; Christian charity triumphed over human jealousies, and three days later Father Domingo's

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<sup>30</sup> Barera: *Ensayo "Cronologico."*

<sup>31</sup> Sometimes known as Santa Cruz de Pensacola.

promise was realized, the vessels promised by the good missionary came in sight and the colony found the relief it so much needed. Father Domingo died in Mexico, on March 14, 1591, after a long life devoted very largely to the conversion of the Indians, by whom he was revered as a saint.<sup>22</sup>

The incidents related in this article are not new. I have simply endeavored to gather them together in convenient form for the convenience of future writers.

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<sup>22</sup> This account of Tristan de Luna is given by Dr. John Gilmary Shea in his great "History of the Catholic Church in the U. S."

## ROVING AMONG THE FLOWERS.

## THE BRAMBLE BROTHERS.

"Caught among the blackberry vines,  
Feeding on the Ethiops sweet,  
Pleasant fancies overtook me.  
I said, 'What influence me preferred,  
Elect, to dreams thus beautiful?'  
The vines replied, 'And didst thou deem  
No wisdom from our berries went?'"

—Ralph W. Emerson.

OF the bramble brothers, who constitute the genus *rubus* of the rose family, botanists have described nearly two hundred species, although they have left some of them nameless, naturally. The leading member of the tribe, however, is *rubus fruticosus*, the common English blackberry, or bramble, overrunning the hedges and thickets everywhere and universally beloved by bird, child and poet:

"Now blackberries  
Redden amid the tangled bramble-canes,  
Whose juicy stores, ungrudgingly, afford  
A banquet for the blackbird and for me."

—Anon. ("September").

Some of the various brothers have been given common names of their own, such as high blackberry (*rubus nigrobaccus*) of the United States, from which comes many of the cultivated varieties; but since it is mainly the fruit, juicy and fresh, which attracts attention and praise, the specific name of the bush, or even its common name, is considered unimportant. When "the highland blackberry on the wooded steeps wears its ripe berries of enameled jet," when "row on row, the blackberries hang dark with fruit," and when

"The blackberry vine bends with its weight  
Of fruit down in the lane,  
And adds its testimony, too,  
That August's here again"

—Helen M. Winslow ("August").

who cares on what sort of species the fruit grows, just so they be, as Keats calls them, "swart blackberries"?

The blackberry, or the various blackberries, rather, are universally

diffused over the mountainous and temperate regions of the Old and the New Worlds. They grow so luxuriantly in Cornwall that John Wesley, preaching to the poor people of that country and having to subsist largely on the fruit he gathered along the roadside, remarked: "We ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best county I ever saw for getting a stomach and the worst I ever saw for getting food." In describing Asolo, Italy, one poet speaks of the whole countryside "by the luscious blackberry o'ergrown quite without stint or check." And we all know how from Canada to the West Indies are thickets

"Where deep blackberries spread miles of fruit;  
A wildwood feast, that stayed the plowboy's foot."

—*Madison Cawein.*

"And o'er the heated pasture pours  
The blackberries in honeyed stores."

—*Isaac McClellan.*

Any barefoot boy can spy out the places where "the straggling blackberries glisten jet," as Alfred Austin describes them, or Madison Cawein's "old rails where the blackberries are reddening ripe," and exulting declare that

"For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone."

—*J. G. Whittier* ("The Barefoot Boy").

According to the old tale of "The Babes in the Wood," these poor innocents fed on the berries while wandering lost and deserted:

"Their pretty lippes, with black-berries  
Were all besmear'd and dyed."

But by its very commonness, the fruit becomes subject to some slight disparagement. Thus Falstaff exclaims: "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion" (I. "King Henry IV.," Act II., scene 4), and in "Troilus and Cressida" occurs the comparison: "the policy of those crafty swearing rascals . . . is not proved worth a blackberry" (Act V., scene 4). Caroline B. Southey, with taste impaired either by too much hothouse fruit or the cares of life, remembers how once upon a time, "blackberries, so mawkish now, were finely flavored then." But Walt Whitman never lost his zest for things out-of-doors, and in considering "This Compost" of an old earth with all its ages of dying and burying, exclaims in reverent admiration:

"What chemistry!  
That blackberries are so flavorful and juicy."

In fact, we find the blackberry quite fond of certain sites which are favorable to its well-being:

"The neglected bramble high  
Offers its berries to the schoolboy's hand  
In vain—they grow too near the dead."

—*W. C. Bryant* ("The Burial Place").

"Above the graves the blackberry hung  
In bloom and green its wreath."

—*J. G. Whittier* ("The Old Burying-Ground").

"From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry vines,  
Wipe the moss from off the headstones and retouch the faded lines."

—*Whittier* ("The Garrison of Cape Ann").

It is noticeable that in speaking of the fruit, the term *blackberry* is usually employed, though the vine and its blossoms are as often referred to as *bramble*. In this the poets are botanically correct, since the blackberry was originally the fruit of the bramble, or, as Alfred Austin puts it, "The blackberry that was the bramble-born." Wordsworth states it similarly when he says "the gadding bramble hangs her purple fruit."

The white blossoms have won their mead of praise from the poets, both because of their beauty and because of the promise they hold forth. One observes how "leans the blackberry vine with white sprays caressingly," another tells us that "from tufted blackberries drift a snow of blossoms, scenting with their breath the summer air"; and other tributes to the bramble in bloom are:

"Sweetest of sweets and fairest of flowers  
Among wealth of delicate blossoming,  
The blackberry bramble creeps and hides, or towers  
Above the budding shrubs, with clasp and cling  
Bowering the realm of spring."

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen* ("Briar-Bloom").

"Blackberry blossoms swing and sway  
To and fro  
Along our way,  
Like ocean spray on a breezy day."

—*Madison Cawein* ("In Solitary Places").

"Long sunny lane and pike, white, delicate,  
The blackberry blossoms are ablow, ablow,  
Hiding the rough-hewn rails 'neath drift of snow,  
Fresh-fallen, late."

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese* ("Blackberry Blossoms").

"The blossoms on the blackberry stalks,  
Thee shall enchant as thou dost pass,  
Till they drop gold upon thy walks  
And diamonds in the dewy grass."

—*Owen Meredith* ("The Artist").

"Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake,  
So, put thou forth thy small white rose,  
I love it for his sake;  
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow,  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou needst not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers."

—*Ebenezer Elliott* ("The Bramble Flower").

"Pale she was as the bramble blooms  
That fill the long fields with their faint perfumes."

—*Owen Meredith* ("The Earl's Return").

"The bramble in its lavish bloom a fruitful future pledges," says one, and hints the folk saying that "a bramble blooming early in June foretells an early harvest"—at least of blackberries.

Even the vine itself has a decorative beauty which appeals to the nature lover. Walt Whitman indeed ranks it high, since he says "the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven." As a bit of Mother Earth's adornment, one will find forest-springs encircled with "brambles, berry-blue"—both food and water close at hand, as it were; a summer stream described by Frances Ridley Havergal is edged with "the dark-leaved bramble vine." At the touch of frost, the vine takes on a glowing beauty quite equal to its spring foliage, its summer bloom, or its crown of swarthy fruit:

"The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed, weaves  
A prickly network of ensanguined leaves."

—*Lowell* ("An Indian Summer Reverie").

"One mass of sunshine glows the beech;  
Great oaks, in scarlet drapery, reach  
Across the crimson blackberry vine,  
Toward purple ash and sombre pine."

—*Lucy Larcom* ("October").

In the winter, when other plants are robed in ermine,

"The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,  
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold."

—*J. T. Trowbridge* ("Midwinter").

although I have seen them decorated with their white stoles as gorgeously as any. And in early spring, it is among the first of plants to lose the cramp and ache from its limbs, until

"The trailing bramble hath not yet a sprout;  
Yet harshly to the wind the wanton prates."

—*Ebenezer Elliott* ("The Village Patriarch").

Though since it is waving in time to the distant echo of spring's footsteps and prating of her coming, its actions are quite excusable.

From its manner of growth, the bramble has been chosen as the type of Lowliness, and "from the fierceness with which it grasps the passer-by with its straggling, prickly stems, it is also an emblem of Remorse":

"The bramble that clutches and won't take nay."

—*Alfred Austin* ("A Country Nosegay").

There is an amusing legend based on these characteristics: "The bramble was once a wool merchant, in partnership with the cormorant and the bat. They freighted a large ship with wool, but it was lost and the firm became bankrupt. Since that disaster the bat skulks about till midnight to avoid his creditors, the cormorant is forever diving deep into the sea to discover the foundered vessel, while the bramble seizes hold of every passing sheep to make up his loss by gathering a lock here and another one there."

Did you ever hear the story of Princess Olwen, the fair daughter of a dark, sour man, and twin of a dark and bitter woman who in nature was her father over again? Between the two girls there was no quarrel, however, until the king's son stopped at their door to beg a cup of milk, for it was Olwen, the fair, who gave it, while it was dark and jealous Gertha who had hoped to serve him. In order to leave the field to Gertha, the father sent Olwen away to be cared for by a witch. When the prince returned in a day or two for another cup of milk, he was so visibly sad when Gertha poured it for him that she hated her good sister more than ever. The prince soon learned where Olwen had been sent, and went to see her. But he was told that she had died and that a blackberry, blooming across the way, marked her grave. The witch had turned the girl into the bush, but released her back to her human form when the prince had gone, not realizing that a wizard's wit is as good as a witch's, and that the prince had an adviser at his court who was skilled in white magic. This man of science put the prince into the form of a chough, that he might fly to the witch's hut and learn what was happening; there the young man saw Olwen, released her from her bush, and quite willing, so she said, to go with him to the ends of the earth—

when he was a man again. They were discovered by the witch, however, who ended the meeting by changing the girl to her bramble form.

"Put the form of a bramble on Olwen forever," shouted the father, when he learned how the prince had outwitted him, "and make her fruit green and black by turns, and sour, and give her thorny stems that none may love her." But the court wizard advised the young prince: "Go to Olwen, and kiss the blossoms she puts forth and when the berry is sweetest, bring it to me." So, when Olwen's first ripe berry was black and shining and full of sweetness, the prince carried it to the wizard, who undid the spell of the witch and restored Olwen to her own fair form.

Perhaps it is because of this signal defeat that his Satanic Majesty has such a grudge against this fruit, coupled with his defeat by St. Michael, whose festival day falls on September 29 (new style), when blackberries are still sweet and plentiful. For, so they say in Somersetshire, Sussex, and many other counties in England, as well as in Ireland, "At Michaelmas the devil puts his foot on the blackberries." Hence, after this date it is considered unlucky to gather them for the remainder of the season. Another version is that on October 10, "old Michaelmas Day," he goes round the country spitting on the bramble-bushes. A certain Sussex woman who makes a large quantity of blackberry jam every year found one day that less fruit than she wished was on hand; she said to her charwoman, "I wish you would send some of your children to gather me three or four pints more." "Ma'am," exclaimed the charwoman, "don't you know that this is the 11th of October?" "Yes." "Bless me, ma'am, and you ask me to let my children go out blackberrying! Why, I thought everybody knew that the devil went round on the 10th of October and spat on all the blackberries, and that if any person were to eat one on the 11th, they or some one belonging to them would die or fall into great trouble before the year was out. No, nothing would persuade me to let any child of mine go blackberrying on the 11th of October." In Scotland the devil is said to throw his cloak over the blackberries and render them unwholesome, while in Ireland he is said to stamp on them. In Devonshire, although no mention is made of St. Michael's Day, it is held that late in the autumn the devil throws his club over the blackberries and renders them poisonous, or at least unwholesome; indeed, more than one boy claims to have been surprised to see the club come thundering among the brambles where he has been feasting and put an end to his blackberrying. In some places the date is extended to October 28, which is St. Simon's Day, and after the fiend has stamped among the blackberry patches that day, not a berry appears

thereafter for the year; in addition to this he puts his cloak over them to wither what are already on the bushes. In Ireland this evildoing is sometimes credited to Phooka, one of his imps.

In folk-medicine, bramble leaves are prescribed for many ills. If you have loose teeth, rheumatism, pop eyes that hang out and a few other ailments, eat the leaves as a salad; if you burn or scald yourself, apply nine leaves wet with spring water, saying, "There came three angels out of the East. One brought fire and two brought frost. Out fire and in frost. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen." It is a Cornish belief that the first blackberry seen will banish warts, if rubbed on them; this fruit is also a cure for snake bites—a much more agreeable remedy than most folk-lore prescriptions. In Devonshire we hear of people who are affected with boils, blackheads or pinsoles, as they are frequently called, creep on all fours through or under a bramble three times from east to west. The bramble must be of peculiar growth: it must form an arch, having roots at both ends, and if the two ends should be found on land belonging to two different persons, so much the better, for the boils will then surely die away soon after the ceremony has been duly gone through. Drayton tells us that a "bramble which at both ends was rooted deep" was in magic much availing, and in Sussex ailing children are still sometimes cured by being passed nine times through at sunrise on nine successive mornings.

As a dream-plant, the bramble is full of meaning. "To dream of passing through places covered with brambles portends troubles; if they prick you, secret enemies will do you an injury with your friends; if they draw blood, expect heavy losses in trade." (If the dreamer should be a wool merchant, all the more unlucky he.) But to dream of passing through brambles unhurt denotes a triumph over enemies.

This is one of the plants said to have furnished the crown of thorns; it is also said to be the "burning bush" in which the Lord appeared to Moses:

"Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God,  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes,  
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries."

—*Mrs. Browning* ("Aurora Leigh").

One of the popular forms of the family is the dewberry, certain species with fruit having a glaucous bloom, and according to Jane Barlow, having a most tempting fruit, particularly the European species *rubus cæsius*:

"and the briars trailed o'er many a stone  
Dropping dewberries, black-ripe and soft, fit to melt into  
Juice in your hold."

—*Jane Barlow* ("By the Bog-Hole").

Several different American blackberries with large, sweet fruit are called dewberries.

Of the raspberries there are several species, the one common in Europe being *rubus idæus*, a native of Europe and of Mount Ida, in Crete, whence its specific name. The wild red raspberry (*r. strigosus*) of America closely resembles the European species; the black raspberry (*rubus occidentalis*) of North America is called thimbleberry, scotch cap and blackcap. Most of the numerous garden varieties, with fruit red, black, white or yellow, have been derived from these three species. The loganberry, originated by Judge J. H. Logan, of California, is a hybrid rasp-blackberry, a combination of the

"Blackberries jet and lava,  
Raspberries ruby red."

—*E. C. Stedman* ("Monmouth").

By the old poets, such as Drayton, Herrick and William Browne, the raspberry is called "respas," "raspasse" and "the sweet raspiberry," the more primitive form of its name. It is also the "arnberry," from *raun*, the roe, and hindberrie, because deer were supposed to be fond of them. This may not be the favorite berry, but "the cooling breath of respasses" has won much praise—"raspberry tendrils hung with scarlet fruit," the "raspberry bending her bows of bloomy blue" (Lloyd Mifflin), "the blackcap hiding the heap of stones," "blackcaps sweetening in the shade" (John Burroughs) and

"Amid the gorse the raspberry red for the gatherer springs."

—*Francis Thompson* ("Daisy")

"Where wild raspberries branch big blue veins  
O'er the face of the rock."

—*Madison Cawein*.

In the Western States grows the salmonberry, with red blossoms and salmon-colored fruit; the purple-flowered raspberry (*rubus odoratus*) is common in the Northern States, and is conspicuous for its large showy blossoms, which makes it a fine ornamental shrub for the garden. *Rubus chamæmorus*, with large white flowers like wild white roses, and edible, amber-colored fruit, is called by the pretty name of cloudberry, and being a native of north temperate zones, is found even in Lapland.

"Nay, touch it not, 'tis the cloudberry bloom,  
 My friend, you and I have found,  
 On this fair height; 'mid the soft June winds  
 Pale white, on the mossy ground.  
 O rarely 'tis seen by the eye of man;  
 By us let it not be soiled,  
 The sprites linger long on the mists of the morn  
 To watch it ope on the wild."

—*J. Veitch* ("The Cloudberry").

"and sip the creamy wine  
 From the lush clusters of cloudberry won."

—*Calder Campbell* ("A Poet's Morning").

"LADY ANEMONE."

"Beneath soft snows harsh winter lingering  
 Takes stand, betimes, against th' advancing spring  
 To find itself betrayed before its flight—  
 Within their midst that daintiest eremite,  
 Th' anemone, dear April's solacing."

—*John J. Holden* ("My Lady Anemone.")

Though "the lowly windflower gaudier plants eclipse," it has many characteristics which endear it to peasant and poet alike, and so is frequently met both in folklore and in poetry. The English name is merely a translation of the Latin name, which is in turn derived from the Greek word for "wind," because, according to both Pliny and the botanist Asa Gray, "the flower was thought to open only when the wind blows," or even "because it blossoms only at the wind's bidding," and particularly at command of the first mild breezes of the spring.

"The coy anemone, that ne'er uncloses  
 Her lips until they're blown on by the wind."

—*Herbert Smith*.

"And dainty white anemones that bear  
 An eastern name, and eastern beauty wear."

—*Alfred Austin*.

"'Why have I come here?' the Wind-flower said:  
 'Why?' and she gracefully nodded her head  
 As a breeze touched her petals; 'Perhaps to show you  
 That the strong may be sometimes the delicate, too.  
 I am fed and refreshed by these cold, rushing rains;  
 The first melting snowdrifts brought life to my veins;

The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild;  
I am here with the Wind—because I am his child!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

But, although many authorities agree that the buds will not spread their petals or sepals rather until the winds of March begin to blow, others maintain that the name was given the flower because it is too fragile to endure the wind's rude caresses:

"The winds forbid the flowers to flourish long  
Which owe to winds their name in Grecian song."

—*Anon.*

"Lodged in sunny clefts  
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone  
The little windflower, whose just-opened eye  
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,  
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves  
With unexpected beauty, for the time  
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar."

—*William Cullen Bryant* ("A Winter Piece").

"Between the roadside and the wood,  
Between the dawning and the dew,  
A tiny flower before the wind,  
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

\* \* \* \* \*

To-night can bring no healing now,  
The calm of yesternight is gone;  
Surely the wind is but the wind,  
And I a broken waif thereon."

—*Bliss Carman* ("A Windflower").

Because the sepals are so quickly shed in the wind, and because when gathered the blossoms soon fade and droop, the windflower is considered the emblem of brevity. "I twist them in a crown to-day and to-night they die," Christina Rossetti says of them.

"Youth, like a thin anemone, displays  
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays."

—*Anon.*

The delicacy of the little blossom is one of its chief claims to beauty and to fame, and wherever "sway fragile white anemones, windtost," the poet observing them is inspired to song:

"I saw their violet petals shine—  
For ruthless hand too frailly fair;

I could not brook that hand were mine.  
I knelt and touched—and left them there."

—*Margaret Ashmum* ("Mountain Anemones").

"Who would have thought a thing so slight,  
So frail a birth of warmth and light,  
A thing so weak as fear or shame,  
Bearing thy weakness in thy name—  
Who would have thought of seeing thee,  
Thou delicate anemone!"

—*Hartley Coleridge*.

"The windflower with its modest cheek," Ebenezer Elliott terms it, and Lucy Larcom repeats the thought in the lines: "And, sweetly shy as flowers can be, white windflowers hung their heads." "Themulous anemones," one poet describes them, and to another they are "Starry anemones, whose fragrance coy close at the heart like a young maiden's hope," or "meekly the wood-anemone glints to see if heaven be blue."

"Then the starry, fragile windflower,  
Poised above in airy grace,  
Virgin white, suffused with blushes,  
Shyly droops her lovely face."

—*Elaine Goodale*.

"And all the vagrant winds that pass  
Stoop down to brush with kisses free  
The virgin, coy anemone."

—*Margaret E. Sangster*.

Being so timid and modest, the "shade-loving white windflower, half-hid," is in the poet's eyes the embodiment of purity:

"The pale anemones are here,  
Nor snow seems chaster, nor the plume  
Of yonder swan."

—*Wilfred C. Thorley*.

"Teach me the secret of thy innocence,  
That in simplicity I may grow wise,  
Asking from Art no other recompense  
Than the approval of her own just eyes;  
So may I rise to some fair eminence,  
Though less than thine, O cousin of the skies.

—*Madison Cawein* ("To a Windflower").

"O palest of pale blossom borne  
On timid April's virgin breast,

Hast thou no flush of passion worn,  
No mortal bond confessed?"

—*Elaine Goodale.*

The frailty of the anemone has led to its being taken as the symbol of sickness. Pliny tells us that the magicians and wise men in olden times attributed wonderful powers to this plant, and ordered that every person should gather the first windflower he saw in the year, repeating at the same time the words: "I gather thee for a remedy against disease." It was then placed in a scarlet cloth, and kept undisturbed, unless the gatherer became indisposed, when it was tied either around the neck or under the arm. It was regarded as a preventative of fever, which belief is incorporated in the lines:

"The first spring-blown anemone she in his doublet wove,  
To keep him safe from pestilence wherever he should rove."

—*F. R. MacDonald* ("Maid Barbara").

On the other hand, in some countries there is a very strong prejudice against this flower, the air being said "to be so tainted by the blossom that they who inhale it often incur severe sickness. To the Chinese, they are flowers of death, hence there is a wide association of them with grief and suffering, and much use of them as grave flowers. In Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" one is found dead "'is face doon i' the woild 'enemies." In Europe, the idea of immortality seems to have long pertained to this flower, and it is still known in France as "paques" from its Easter blooming, which explains why the species so widely naturalized on our Western prairies, and which has been adopted by South Dakota for its State flower, is called "pasque-flower."

"Sweet, silver-stemmed anemone,  
Fair delicate transparency,  
Thy pale empurpled cup is filled  
With nectar Hebe's trembling hand  
From her now useless cup has spilled."

—*C. E. Banks* ("The Rocky Mountain Anemone").

In the language of flowers, the anemone means "expectation," and hence, in "Love's Autumn:"

"The hopes are long since dead and cold  
That hushed the windflowers' white."

—*John Payne.*

"Expectation" seems a fitting interpretation of the anemone's message, since, according to Shelley, "windflowers . . . which yet join not scent to hue crown the pale year weak and new," or,

as Emerson puts it: "The untaught spring is wise in . . . anemonies." Indeed, in its early blooming, the anemone itself is wise, since it comes early enough to escape competition with more gaily colored blossoms.

"When the foothill loosens her cloak of snow  
And bares her breast to the warm Chinook,  
There by her rude brown foot, we know  
We shall find if we but look  
Cradled in furs from throat to toe,  
A baby anemone sleeping low."

—*Mary A. Stokes* ("The Anemone of the Rockies").

"Anemones, from the soft wing of vernal breezes shed," enumerates James Thomson in his well-known poem, "The Seasons"; "the windflowers in the hollows open starry eyes", announces Charles G. D. Roberts, "There shivers, in rose-tinted white, the pale anemone," reports Lucy Larcom; Celia Thaxter records how "Up from the sweet South comes the lingering May and sets the first windflower trembling on its stem"; Lowell gives May "her handful of anemones, herself as shivery;" on such good authority as John Burroughs we learn that "In May" he finds "young anemones in flocks at the foot of mossy boles"; Elizabeth Johnstone predicts spring's early arrival since "The windflower has lent her sails of snow"; Henry Newbolt describes "Anemones like stars that shake in a green twilight pool."

"And far down many a forest dale,  
The anemones in dubious light  
Are trembling like a bridal veil."

—*Sir Aubrey de Vere* ("Spring").

"On the slopes that were brown and barren  
As at touch of the rod of Aaron  
The windflowers sway and nod."

—*Clinton Scollard* ("Song for Easter Morning").

"Where the last ridges of the dingy snow  
Lie till the windflower blooms unstained below."

—*O. W. Holmes*.

"Besides a fading bank of snow,  
A lovely anemone grew,  
Unfolding to the sun's bright glow,  
Its leaves of heaven's serenest hue."

—*J. G. Percival*.

"Courageous windflower, loveliest of the frail," Ebenezer Elliott

praises it, and other poets have been quick to ascribe this same characteristic to the delicate early-blooming blossom. "Anemone is not afraid, although she trembles in her place," John Burroughs says, and

" 'Have courage,' anemone sings  
    ' From the cold and snow of winter  
    The beauty of summer springs.' "

—*Helen I. Moorhouse.*

But, although their arrival is hailed with rapture, their departure is not so noticeable, since "The pale anemone glides on her way with scarcely a good night," and

"In April's rosy palms it shrinks,  
    And still while skylarks newly sing,  
It blooms and fades, and fondly thinks  
    That spring is ever spring."

—*Anon. ("Anemone").*

Lord Lytton misses them, for he says, "The white anemones constellation, set, had left the earth dark as a starless night," while Ebenezer Elliott enjoys while he may one certain

"Last windflower! knew'st thou April? Infant June  
    Sees thee, and reddens at thy modest smile;  
And o'er thee still May's chaffinch sings his tune,  
    Well-pleased thy musing idlesse to beguile,  
Where two streams meet beneath thy lonely isle."

Strictly speaking, the windflower has no petals, the "blossom" being the colored sepals which surround the golden stamens. The species found in the temperate zone are delicate in color, as though their early blooming had blanched their cheeks. The poets have used many dainty terms to describe these lovely pastel shades: "The lilac windflowers gleam," "that faint, pink smile, so sweet, so cold, of a wood anemone, closed below the shade of an ilex root," "snow-white showers of anemones," "white windflowers lift up their starry faces from the green clustering leaves where pink buds hide;" "on the tender grass a snow of wood-anemones," and

"Anemone flakes of a veined snow  
    Lie over the sunny herbs below,  
Lie over the brown bents, woven and wet."

—*Hon. Roden Noel.*

About sixty species are cultivated on account of their beauty, the colors predominating in the following order: white, yellow, blue, reddish-white, purple, red, striped, whitish, creamy violet. Shelley,

quite appropriately in two different poems, calls them "pied wind-flowers," Robert Bridges writes of "countless anemones, white, red and blue, in the bright glade beneath the straight trunks of airy trees," the Marquis of Lorne in his poem on the "Riviera" says that

"And round the stems, within the dusky shade,  
The red anemones their home have made."

To another poet they are "the dark anemones, whose purples fill the peasant's plot. Tennyson, in his "Dream of Fair Women," finds in that enchanted wood a spot where "at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd the red anemone." It is difficult to understand how the blossoms described here by Meredith could be "unbeholden," since they are so gorgeous of color and set in gold:

"The corn, too  
Grows each day from green to golden;  
The large-eyed windflowers forlorn too  
Blow among it, unbeholden;  
Some white, some crimson, others  
Purple blackening to the heart.  
From the deep wheat-sea, which smothers  
Their bright globes up, how they start!  
—Owen Meredith ("An Evening in Tuscany").

"As, touching my chalice'd anemones,  
I pluck their leaves with dusty sheen,  
So sure where the golden bees have been."

—Anon.

"Whence do the lovely strangers come  
To dazzle in the northern home?  
O'er leagues of far fair foreign lands  
And tossing waves and rocky strands,  
Gathered where sister blossoms twine,  
And roses blend with jessamine,  
And lemon groves perfume the breeze,  
The brilliant red anemones."

—Anon. ("From Cannes").

Indeed, the colors taken by the cultivated anemone fairly upset that almost fixed principle in botany that blossoms showing two of the primary colors will not enlarge into the third:

"And a world of bright anemones,  
That over the terrace grew,

Blue and orange and purple,  
 Rosy and yellow and white,  
 Rising in rainbow bubbles,  
 Streaking the lawns with light."  
 —*Harriet B. Stowe* ("A Day in the Pamfilip Doria"),

Bible students now quite generally believe that the "lily of the field" used metaphorically by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew vi., 28-29) is the *anemone coronaria*, a native of Asia Minor, a gorgeous blossom growing freely in cultivated fields. This belief has been hinted in a certain beautiful poem to the wind-flower:

"Thou lookest up with meek, confiding eye  
 Upon the clouded smile of April's face,  
 Unharm'd, though winter stands uncertain by,  
 Eying with jealous glance each opening grade.  
 Thou trustest wisely! in thy faith arrayed  
 More glorious thou than Israel's wisest king."  
 —*Jones Very*.

The anemone has long had a prominent place in Greek mythology, because of its connection with the story of Venus and Adonis. For when the young hunter fell, pierced by the fangs of the boar he was pursuing, Venus shed countless tears over his bleeding body, with the following result:

"As many drops as from Adonis bled  
 So many tears the sorrowing Venus shed:  
 For every drop on earth a flower there grows:  
 Anemones for tears; for blood the rose."  
 —*Bion*.

"Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead—  
 She wept tear after tear with the blood which was shed,  
 And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden-close,  
 Her tears to the windflower, his blood to the rose."  
 —*Mrs. Browning* ("A Lament for Adonis").

"And the anemones that April brings  
 Make purple pools, as if Adonis came  
 Just there to die, and Florence scrolls his name  
 In every blossom Primavera flings."  
 —*Eugene Lee Hamilton*.

"He is dead,  
 The fair Adonis! And for him the tears

Of Paphia gush as fast as from his wound  
 The crimson life drops that, with touch of earth  
 Transmuted, rise in flowers. From these the rose  
 Hath birth, anemone from Venus' tears!"

—*Henry King* ("The Lament for Adonis").

In other versions, the tears and blood were blended to form the flower, accounting for its "pied" markings. Gerarde, that quaint old herbalist, comments whimsically that "doubtless Bion was mistaken in the plant, considering the fragility of the flower, and the matter whereof it sprung, that is a woman's tears, which last not long, as this flower." Perhaps it is a hint of the blossom's legendary birth which makes one poet term it "meek-faced anemone, drooping and sad," and another sees in it still greater woe:

"Then came the windflower  
 In the valley left behind,  
 As a wounded maiden pale  
 With purple streaks of woe  
 When the battle has rolled by  
 Wanders to and fro,  
 So tottered she  
 Disheveled in the wind."

—*Sydney Dobell* ("Balder").

In another legend, Anemone was a maid loved by Zephyrus, the west wind, who before he abandoned the gentle creature turned her into the flower which bears his name. However, it is not always a sad flower. For although generally associated with Venus and her woe, it has also by some been made a fairy plant, the elves having been credited with the work of painting the crimson veins in its petals—"penciling the wood anemone," according to Mrs. Hemans. The flower a natural barometer, and indicates the approach of evening or of a shower by curling over its petals into a tent-like position. This was formerly supposed to be done by the fairies, who nestled inside the tent of delicate leaves and pulled the curtains closely about them.

"Fairy windflower, wood anemones,  
 Delicate company under the trees."

—*Hon. Roden Noel*.

"And pale anemones, whose airy heads,  
 As to some fairy rhyme  
 All day shall nod in delicate time."

—*Madison J. Cawein* ("Wind and Cloud").

"And fairy windflowers pink and pearl  
That swing with every breeze."

—*Augusta Hancock.*

And since they are fairy property, the flowers are not one whit  
sad, but among the gayest and most light-hearted blossoms known:

"Within the woods,  
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast  
A shade, gay circles of anemones  
Danced on their stalks."

—*Bryant.*

"And dancing in the breeze,  
Virgin anemones."

—*Oliver Gray.*

"And flocks of young anemones  
Are dancing round the budding trees."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

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## MEDIÆVAL LATIN POETRY.

**E**CCLESIASTICAL Latin has ever been a bugbear to classical scholars, but it has had, as it deserves to have, some admirable defenders.

It was to classical Latin what modern colloquial English is to the prose of Dr. Johnson or Burke or Macaulay. It was the tongue in which all the courts of mediæval Europe conversed, the medium of speech between all educated men, between Bishops and abbots, priests and monks, which carried the traveler from one end of Europe to the other when the French language was still in the melting-pot, and the other romance languages yet in course of formation.

Hello said of it that "St. Jerome created the magnificent idiom which he spoke so divinely." It was and is contained in the Latin text of the Vulgate. A modern French writer, Rémi de Gourmont, author of the work which we propose to examine here,<sup>1</sup> says of it: "It is to classical Latin what Notre Dame is to the Parthenon; it is what a poem of stones and tears is to an ode of Pindar; what Calvary is to the Pythic games; what Mary is to Diana."

It was the outcome of Christianity, which created a new language, born in the fifth century and enduring as a spoken language till the end of the thirteenth, and in the schools and monasteries till much later, for Latin is not yet a dead language, but a living tongue, differing from classical Latin as a spoken language differs from a written one.

The hymns of the Breviary, the sequences, the proses, the litanies, all the various poems dedicated to Our Lady, though following none of the rules of Latin verse, have their own beauty if they have also the defects with which they have been reproached, such as alliteration, assonances and an utter disregard of classical metres.

The early ecclesiastical poets, such as Commodius of Gaza, were too fond of writing acrostics and using various kinds of verbal artifice.

In this book, "*Le Latin Mystique*," the author takes us as it were through a portrait gallery of mediæval writers; we meet not only with the saints, such as St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Bonaventura, St. Thomas Aquinas, Thomas à Kempis and St. Hildegarde, but we also recognize Roswitha, the Saxon nun and dramatist; Notker, the monk of St. Gall, with Marbod, Bishop of Rennes, a symbolical poet, celebrated for his work on precious stones; with Adam of St. Victor, Jacopone de Todi, who wrote most of the "*Stabat Mater*" as it now stands, with Thomas of Celano, to whom the "*Dies Irae*"

<sup>1</sup> "*Le Latin Mystique*," par Rémi de Gourmont." Paris, 1918.

is attributed, and others with whom we can claim at least a bowing acquaintance.

A less known liturgical poet in this country was Hilaire de Poitiers, who wrote one of the very earliest Latin Noels, still sung in some provincial churches in France. It begins as follows:

"Jesus refulsit omnium  
 "Pius Redemptor gentium;  
 "Totum genus fidelium  
 "Laudes celebret dramatum."

St. Ambrose, who has been called the Christian Cicero, and to whom the "Te Deum" is attributed, together with St. Augustine, wrote some lovely hymns: especially we may mention the

"Jesu corona virginum  
 Qui pascis inter lilia,"

in the Breviary. He also edited the short hymns for each of the canonical hours, recited daily by those bound to the divine office, those beautiful symbolical hymns which caused an old Swedish monk to hail the author as "a vase of love, a vase full of celestial dew."

"Salve sancti vas Amoris,  
 Vas celestis plenum roris."

One of the most remarkable poets of the fifth century was Claudius Mamertus, who wrote the noble hymn on the triumph of the Cross, beginning

"Pange, lingua, gloriosi prelium certaminis,"

the three first words of which St. Thomas Aquinas borrowed for one of his hymns on the Blessed Sacrament. The authorship of this hymn is sometimes attributed to Mamertus and sometimes to Fortunatus, the undoubted author of the "Vexilla Regis."

Claudius Mamertus<sup>1</sup> was brother to St. Mamertus, the Archbishop of Vienne, and shared with his brother the government of the Church there. He composed the office for the rogation days: he was a great lover of literature, and although he wrote many poems his most celebrated work was a "Treatise on the Nature of the Soul." He was considered one of the best writers of his time and died about 471.

Fortunatus was Bishop of Poitiers; he was born in Italy, near Treviso, he was considered one of the best poets of his time, and died about 609. He gave up a life of travel to become chaplain to the nuns in the convent at Poitiers founded by St. Radegonde, wife of Clotaire I. He wrote the life of St. Radegonde. He was the

<sup>1</sup> "Le Latin Mystique," p. 38.

<sup>2</sup> "Dictionnaire Historique," Bouillet.

author also of the lovely hymn to Our Lady in the "Little Office of Our Lady" beginning: "Quem terra, pontus, aethera," to which was added

"O gloriosa Domina  
Excelsa super sidera."

He also wrote many other verses, liturgical and otherwise: he was at his best in lyrical pieces and short odes. His long poem on St. Martin is considered inferior to his hymns. One of the most beautiful of these last is the "Salve, festa dies," which was formerly sung at Easter.

In the sixth century he celebrated Antiphony of Bangor (Ireland) was composed, chiefly by St. Columban, who was educated at Bangor, and afterwards founded the monastery of Luxeuil, in France, and later that of Bobbio, in Italy. Bangor was founded by St. Comgill, in the middle of the sixth century. The Bangor monks loved alliteration, as the hymns in the Antiphony, which were sung in the canonical hours in the monastery, show. They were little more than Latinized versions of ancient Greek hymns; often very short verses were employed in imitation of Sappho, as St. Columban himself confessed in some verses.<sup>4</sup> A great simplicity also characterized the Bangor Antiphony.

The Antiphony of St. Gall, of which that of Bangor was the parent, is still preserved in the library of the old monastery there: the hymns were composed by a monk named Tutilo, who died in 915. He was a musician, an architect and an artist, as well as a poet. One of the earliest specimens of ivory-carving in Germany was the cover of a book carved by him. His hymns are obscure in meaning and difficult to translate.<sup>5</sup>

The author of the hymn in the Missal sung in procession on Palm Sunday, "Gloria, laus et honor tibi sit, Rex Christe Redemptor," was the monk Theodolphus, a Spaniard, a pupil of St. Columban. He, like the English monk, Alcuin, was a great classical scholar, and chose to write in the metre of Virgil and Ovid, scorning the rhymes, assonances and alliteration of the mediæval poets, and thereby losing much of their charm.

Another English monastic poet in the eighth century was Adhelm, abbot of Malmesbury; he also wrote in classical metre. His principal theme was the praise of virginity, although he did not speak disdainfully of marriage.

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<sup>4</sup> Trojugenarium  
Inclita vates  
Nomine Sappho  
Versibus latis  
Dulce solebat  
Edere carmen.

<sup>5</sup> "Helmbucher", "Die Orden und Kongregationen der Katholischen Kirche, 1907.

It seems strange that the authors of so many of our ecclesiastical poems are so little known; for instance, one would have thought that the author of the "Veni Creator Spiritus" would have earned world-wide renown, and yet how many people have heard of Rabanus Maur? He was Abbot of Fulda and Bishop of Mayence. The Church has declared him blessed, for he was a saintly man, who after he became Bishop never dined without a hundred poor people dining with him. The school which he opened in Fulda was the most celebrated in Germany. He lived in the ninth century, but this hymn will live for all time.

A special form of Latin poetry, namely the sequence, was developed in the tenth and eleventh centuries, beginning with Notker Balbulus and ending with St. Hildegarde. The origin of the sequence appears to have been a desire on the part of the monks of those days, particularly those of St. Gall, to lengthen the service on feast days in abbeys and conventual churches by interpolations in the text of the Mass. This was frequently done in the "kyrie eleison," where a long line or phrase preceded each of the supplications. The length of the sequences varied from ten to thirty lines, and alliterations, rhymes and assonances both final and intermediate characterized them. The origin of the name sequence is doubtful; it is supposed to have been taken from the rubric which follows the gradual, "Sequentia Sancti Evangelii." Sequences were also called then as they are now, proses. Notker's sequences were nearly always original odes, but rarely lyrics; they were very simple and always restrained in feeling. He said himself that they were suggested to him because as a child he found the prolonged melodies of the long-drawn-out Alleluias without the support of words used to weary him and make it difficult for him to keep his attention.

Notker Balbulus was a monk of St. Gall; he was brought up from a child in the abbey and never knew anything of the world: he was of royal race and became a very learned doctor. Pope Nicolas the Great put his sequences into the Mass and ordered that they should be sung throughout the Universal Church. Notker Balbulus lived from 840 to 912. He was a friend of Tutilo, the creator of the trope. Balbulus was a nickname given him apparently because he stammered.\*

He wrote sequences for all the seasons; one of the most beautiful was for the Nativity of Our Lord, which is very simple and very compact. It begins: "Natus ante saecula Dei filius, invisibilis, interminus."

Another monk named Ekkehard, who lived in the tenth century, wrote sequences or proses on the saints. He was guilty of a pun

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\* "Heimbucher."

when he dealt with St. Columban: "Hic Columbanus nomine columbinae vitae fuit." He is not to be confounded with another monk of the same name, Ekkehard the Paladin, who died in 990. He amused himself with writing enigmatic sequences in praise of the saints, in which all the words began with the same letter. His sequence on St. Peter was composed with every word beginning with the letter P.<sup>7</sup>

The Paschal sequence, the "Victimae paschali laudes," was composed by another abbot of St. Gall, also named Notker, who was a musician as well as a poet, and wrote the music as well as the words. It has sometimes been ascribed to Alcuin, but most critics now consider Wipo Notker the author.

There used formerly to be a sequence for every Sunday in the year, but as some of them were very carelessly written, it was decided at the Council of Cologne, in 1536, to exclude all but the five which are still retained, and this decision was confirmed by the Council of Rheims in 1564.<sup>8</sup> The lovely sequence for Whitsunday, the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," is believed to have been written by a monk named Hermannus Contractus, so-called because he was lame, and all his limbs were contracted, who was also the author of two of the most beautiful anthems to Our Lady, the "Alma Redemptoris Mater" and the "Salve Regina." There is a beautiful legend about this monk, who was a very remarkable man. He was sent to the monastery of St. Gall when only a boy of fourteen, and besides being lame and deformed he was so slow to learn that he made little progress in his studies. His novice-master, observing that this was a great grief to him, told him to ask Our Blessed Lady to help him. The boy did so and one night while he was asleep, Our Lady appeared to him and offered him one of two things—either to be cured of his physical deformities or to become master in all the sciences. Herman chose the latter, and became so clever that he excelled all the other monks in philosophy, music, rhetoric, astronomy, theology and poetry, in fact, in all the subjects of a mediæval course of study. He was the author of many prose works as well as of other poems, besides those mentioned above, among which we may note the "Avex praeclara Maris Stella."<sup>9</sup>

St. Hildegarde, abbess of Rupertsberg, the visionary, prophetess, mystic, the counsellor of Popes and Emperors, and one of the most remarkable women of her own or any other time, also wrote a great many of these irregular sequences, the two best of which were the "De Sancta Maria" and "De Sancto Spiritu." Her sequences are very mystical, like her visions. Of the regular sequences, of which

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<sup>7</sup> "Le Latin Mystique."

<sup>8</sup> "History of the Mass." Rev. John O'Brien, p. 223.

<sup>9</sup> O'Brien.

that of Hermannus, "Veni Sancte Spiritus," is one, the "Ave Maris Stella" is one of the earliest and was probably written in the tenth century, or perhaps even earlier. Liturgically it is a hymn, but because the traditional metre is not followed it is called a prose or regular sequence and should be sung as the Benedictines sing it, with the stress on the alternate syllables, the first, third and fifth.<sup>10</sup>

St. Peter Damien wrote a beautiful sequence which he called "Rythmus de sanctissima Virgine," the mystical meaning of which is rather abstruse. The two first verses are as follows:

"Quis est hic qui pulsat ad hostium  
 "Noctis rumpens somnium?  
 "Me vocat o virginum pulcherrima,  
 "Soror conjux, gemma splendissima:  
 "Cito surgens aperi, dulcissima.  
 "Ego sum summi Regis Filius  
 "Primus et novissimus,  
 "Qui de coelis in has veni tenebras,  
 "Liberare captivorum animas  
 "Passus mortem et multas injurias."

We seem to hear an echo of this in the hymn, "The Dark Night of the Soul," by St. John of the Cross, and itself echoes the *Canticum* of Canticles. St. Peter Damien wrote one of these regular sequences, so called because each line contains the same number of syllables. On the "Last Judgment," the first line is singularly appropriate to the present day:

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus,"  
 the second verse warns of the coming of the Supreme Judge,  
 "Ecce minaciter, imminet arbiter, ille supremus."

He proceeds to lament the coming end of the world, and then gives a rather quaint description of Paradise, in which there are to be no tears or fears or tragedies, only peace and calm and the sweet music of the blessed souls.

"Pax ibi florida, pascua vivida, viva medulla,  
 Nulla molestia, nulla tragœdia, lacryma nulla,  
 O sancta potio, sacra refectio, pax animarum.  
 O pius, O bonus, O placidus sonus, hymnus earum."

A more conventional description of Paradise is given in a sequence by another poet and theologian, Alphanus, first a monk in the abbey of Monte Casino (1055), then abbot there and then (1085) Archbishop of Salerno.<sup>11</sup> He describes Paradise as a beautiful garden,

<sup>10</sup> Gourmont.

<sup>11</sup> "Helmbucher," Band I.

in which bloomed purple roses, lilies, violets, the amaranthus, thyme and balsam, where amid incense the choirs of angels, Apostles and martyrs sing hymns and canticles, and virgins strike the cymbals.

One of the most ancient forms of prayer was the litanies, of which there were a great number; some, as in the Mozarabian liturgy, were very long, others, like the "Anima Christi"—considered a type of the litany-sequence—were quite short. Some which emanated from St. Gall were versified and contained interpolations of Greek words. Again some of the hymns of St. Bernard are considered true litanies, as this one to Our Lady:

"O beata  
Miserata  
Preces nostras suscipe.  
Et de malis  
Universis  
Nos clementer eripe."

The litanies were rarely liturgical prayers (except the Litany of the Saints), although parts of the Mass, as the "Gloria in excelsis," evidently belonged to the litanies and the liturgy of Rheims contains a unique form of a litany-dialogue, sung between the canons and the choir:

Canonici: "Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat."

Pueri: "Lux, via et vita nostra."

Canonici: "Christus vincit, Christus imperat."

Pueri: "Rex regum."

Canonici: "Christe audi nos."

Pueri: "Kyrie eleison."

Canonici: "Christe eleison."

Pueri: "Kyrie eleison."

The *Raccolta* contains the whole of this beautiful prayer, which is specially suitable for troubled times such as ours.

The Litanies of Our Lady were some of the most beautiful as well as the most numerous and popular. She appears in them under every kind of metaphor; she was the spiritual garden in which all kinds of flowers typical of herself flourished; her clients, mostly monks, never wearied of discovering types emblematical of her beauty and glory.

The late Mr. Edmond Bishop, in his book, "*Liturgica Historica*," has something to say on the sequence, which he tells us was originally a popular devotion chronicling the acts and miracles of the saint to which they were dedicated, and intended to be sung by the congregation, not by the choir only. This was especially the case till recent times throughout France, where in almost every village church

on the feast day of the local saint the sequence recording, in anything but classical Latin, the principal events of his life was sung with great fervor by the congregation, who understood what they were saying, if they could not have translated the Latin word for word. The story of the saint was probably recorded on the painted glass windows of their church, as well as in the sequence, and was certainly handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. One great feature of the sequence was that the music was exactly suited to the words, and the rhythmical melody with its joyful strains stirred the hearts of these French peasants, who joined joyfully and lustily in singing the praises of their saint, even if as sometimes the verses were mere doggerel. The point was that they were metrical and rhythmical, and as old Richard Rolle has pointed out, there is a subtle connection between rhythm and devotional warmth, described by him as "canor" and "calor" respectively. The ecstasy of the saint and ecstasy of the poet are not so far apart as they may seem, but are closely related to each other, and the sequence as formerly sung in these French churches is perhaps a connecting link between the two. The modern French "cantiques" of Mary sung in the month of May have supplanted the old sequences, but they have not replaced them as a means of keeping in mind the acts of the saints. The earliest and simplest form of Litany was the "Kyrie eleison."

The "Anima Christi," usually ascribed to St. Thomas Aquinas, is said by M. de Gourmont to have been found in an ancient volume of "Hours" of the Franciscans. Marbod, the holy Bishop of Rheims, who resigned his see towards the close of his long life to die in peace in the Benedictine monastery of St. Aubin, at Angers, was a symbolical poet; his most celebrated work, "The Book of Gems," is entirely symbolical and very mystical. It was translated into French by a contemporary French poet. It is very interesting to compare this book of Marbod's with St. Hildegarde's "Treatise on Precious Stones." Marbod died in 1125, at the age of ninety. He was not only mystical and emblematical, but also superstitious, as his book of gems shows. For instance, he says of the emerald that it is thought it can ward off tempests: "Et tempestates avertur posse putatur," and that it signifies a very complete faith, which knows never to fail in good works.

"Smaragdus virens nimum  
 "Dat lumen oleaginum:  
 "Est fides integerrima  
 "Ad omne bonum patula  
 "Quae nunquam scit deficere  
 "A pietatis opere."

Of the sapphire, he says that it can cure ulcers and complaints of the eyes, but that he would partake of these benefits must live very chastely. "*Sed quis gestat eum castissimus esse jubetur.*" The cornelian mitigates anger and signifies a very sound faith. The topaz is rarer and more precious, and signifies the immovable solidity of the contemplative life:

"Contemplativae solidum  
"Vitae praestat officium."

Another poet who lived at the end of the eleventh century was Hildebert de Lavardin, Bishop of La Mans, and afterwards Archbishop of Tours, who lived at the end of the eleventh century. His prose works consisted of a good many sermons, several lives of the saints and treatises on ecclesiastical discipline. His poems covered a wide range. Some were on the liturgy; some on natural history and physiology, on Mahomet and, strange subject for a poem, on mathematics. He was not free from superstitious beliefs in griffins, dragons, winged sirens, unicorns, etc., to which he ascribed symbolical meanings.<sup>12</sup> The following lines from one of his hymns on Paradise show him at a happy moment:

"Me receptet Sion illa,  
"Sion David, urbs tranquilla,  
"Cujus faber auctor lucis,  
"Cujus portae lignum crucis,  
"Cujus claves lingua Petri,  
"Cujus cives semper laeti,  
"Cujus muri lapis vivus,  
"Cujus custos Rex festivus."<sup>13</sup>

A rather later writer, a great mystic and a scholastic poet, was Alain de l'Isle, the learned Bishop of Auxerre, sometimes called the universal doctor, who became a Cistercian monk at the close of his life: he died in 1203. He, too, wrote on the symbolism of precious stones, and a dialogue in verse between himself and Nature, in which he asks pertinent questions, to which Nature returned evasive answers, more cryptic than the questions.

In the twelfth century flourished the greatest of all these mediæval Latin poets, St. Bernard, whose hymn on the Holy Name, "*Jesu, dulcis memoria,*" is of worldwide fame, and will last as long as time endures. Less well known are his hymns in honor of Our Lady, containing some variations on the Cantic of Canticles, beginning

"Tu praeclarus  
"Es thesaurus

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<sup>12</sup> Bouillet: "*Dictionnaire Biographique.*"

<sup>13</sup> Gourmont.

"Omnium charismatum.  
 "Sane plenus  
 "Et amoenus  
 "Hortus es aromatum."

A beautiful rhythmical prayer to all the suffering members of the crucified Christ is attributed to St. Bernard, though some critics have doubted whether he was the author. To him also must be attributed the "*Salve Caput cruentatum*," a long prayer in forty verses, of which there are many versions, and to which a large indulgence has been attached by one of the Popes. St. Bernard also wrote a rhymed rule for his monks.

St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote a series of hymns on Our Lady, and turned into verse her Office and wrote a song on "*The Contempt of the World*" in Latin hexameters. In this he shows a great contempt for women, whose character he depicts in very unflattering terms, and evinces a great deal of pity for married men. He wrote a beautiful rhymed paraphrase of the "*Ave Maria*," beginning

"Ave virgo singularis,  
 "Pacens aula virginalis,"

in which he bestows some lovely and original titles upon her, as "*Terra Benedicta*," "*Stella Virginalis*," "*Gemma Singularis*," "*Vellus Puritatis*." He also wrote a beautiful hymn to the Holy Spirit, beginning

"Veni, fortitudo fragilium."

Being a classical scholar, he preferred the metre of Ovid, though he did not always employ it. In this respect Peter Abelard, the learned but heretical theologian, the lover of Heloise, was another of these twelfth-century poets. He resembled the Archbishop, for he, too, employed classical metres frequently, although he preferred rhymes and rhythmical assonances. He wrote some beautiful verses on "*The Nativity of Our Lord*," and also some on "*Spiritual Marriage*" and on "*The Resurrection of Christ*," which he happily compared to the resurrection of nature in spring. In some decasyllabic lines, in which, as was usual with him, the penultimate is short, he uses an extraordinary simile, comparing St. Paul to a rhinoceros, which, attached to a plough, ploughs the field of the Lord:

"Ut rhinoceros est indomitus,  
 "Quem ad aratrum ligans Dominus,  
 "Glebus vallium frangit protinus."

Peter the Venerable, abbot of Cluny, although not a great poet, wrote some excellent verses in praise of St. Benedict. About the

same time lived Peter of Blois in England, and Peter the Deacon, a monk of Monte Cassino, both of whom sung of the sins of the clergy who dishonored the Church.

In the twelfth century, so rich in poets, also lived Adam of St. Victor, canon regular of that celebrated abbey: he was a musician as well as an excellent poet, sometimes said to be the best poet of the Middle Ages. He had many of the gifts of the true poet, but he was wanting in original thought, and he was too fond of playing on words and verbal gymnastics, but his verses are so musical that he seems to have had an almost magical command of language.<sup>14</sup> He wrote three beautiful hymns to the Holy Spirit, one of which is inferior only to the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" and the "Veni Creator Spiritus," two verses of which we cannot refrain from quoting. They occur in the middle.

"Consolator alme veni,  
 "Linguas rege, corda leni,  
 "Nihil fellis aut veneni  
 "Sub tua praesentia.

"Nil jucundum, nil amoenum,  
 "Nil salubre, nil serenum,  
 "Nihil dulce, nihil plenum  
 "Nisi tua gratia."<sup>15</sup>

He also wrote the lovely prose on the Assumption, "Salve Mater Salvateris," and another equally fine for the Sunday within the octave of Christmas, "Splendor Patris et Figura."<sup>16</sup> He lived at the same time as Hugh of St. Victor, who died in 1147. He was one of the greatest writers of regular sequences: one on the renovation of the world was written in seven stanzas of seven lines, each line containing seven syllables. The date of his death is uncertain. Great poet as he, the so-called "poor and miserable Adam" was, his disciple, St. Thomas Aquinas, was a greater. The author of the "Pange Lingua" and the "Lauda Sion" and the hymn "Verbum Supernum Prodiens," if he had not been the great philosopher and saint and doctor that he was, these hymns would have made his fame worldwide.

Those who are familiar with the Latin version of the "Imitation of Christ" and believe the holy Canon of Windesheim to be the author thereof, will not be surprised to find Thomas à Kempis included among Latin mediæval poets, for many regular sequences are set like jewels in that immortal work, which was written in the

<sup>14</sup> Migne.: Pat. Lat. t. cxvii.

<sup>15</sup> "Le Latin Mystique."

<sup>16</sup> Migne.

original Latin in verse. Often the verses are rhymed, as in Book I., chapter xxiii.:

"Melius est peccata cavere  
"Quam mortem fugere."

("It is better to avoid sins than to flee death").

A less known work on the lilies of the valley ("De Vallis Lili-  
orum") also contains sequences, with both final and internal rhymes.  
In his prose called "A Soliloquy of the Soul" occurs another double  
rhymed sequence beginning

"O vitam pauperem et miserabilem,  
"Vitam fragilem et lamentabilem  
"Quam boni magis patiuntur quam diligunt."

("O life of poverty and misery, life of frailty and lamentation, which  
the good suffer rather than love.")

In a prose treatise entitled "Pious Prayers," there occurs a beau-  
tiful sequence or hymn to St. Agnes: but one of his most beautiful  
sequences is a short one which reminds us irresistibly of St. Bernard,  
in its passionate expression of love to Our Lord. We quote this  
little gem in full:

"O dulcissime Jesu,  
"Qui de coelo descendisti  
"Et vitam mundo contulisti,  
"Legam de Te, scribam de Te,  
"Quaeram de Te, cantem de Te,  
"Jesu puer dulcissime.  
"Nam suavis es et mitis  
"Humilis plenusque virtutibus,  
"Fili Dei altissime."

One of the greatest of Popes, Innocent III., was another mediæval  
Latin poet. Among other things he wrote the beautiful prose for  
the feast of the Assumption beginning:

"Ave, plena gratia.  
"Ave, mundi spes, Maria,  
"Ave, mitis, ave, pia,

A favorite form of verse of the early Middle Ages was one  
called the Clock of the Passion. They were verses in which each of  
the canonical hours was taken as symbolical of some phase in the  
Passion of Our Lord, as for example for Prime:

"Hora prima ductus est Jesus ad Pilatum;"  
for Terce,

"'Crucifice' clamitant hora tertiarum."

These Clocks of the Passion were probably the origin of the Way of the Cross.

St. Bonaventura, who died in 1274, elaborates one of these clocks in his poem entitled "Philomena" into the mystical history of a soul whose life reproduces phases in the life of Our Lord. Thus, Prime represents or rather corresponds to the Incarnation, Terce to the public life of Christ, Sext to the Passion, None to the death of Our Lord and Vespers to His burial. Later on in the "Philomena," the poet falls into ecstasy, and has a vision in which the dying Saviour excites him to desire death and to abandon every other desire. The metre then changes and the poet, no longer caring for this life, but in love with suffering, wishes to find his pleasure at the feet of Christ.:

"Recordare sanctae Crucis  
"Qui perfectam vitam ducis  
"Delectare jugiter."

("You who lead the perfect life remember to delight continually in the holy Cross.")

He then drops into the praise of the Cross, multiplying emblems of it. Thus the Cross is a ship, the Cross is the gate, the Cross is a garden of delights in which all things flourish, the Cross is a beautiful tree consecrated by the blood of Christ, full of all fruits:

"Crux est navis, crux est portus,  
"Crux deliciarum hortus  
"In quo florent omnia.  
"Crux est arbor decorata,  
"Christi sanguine sacrata,  
"Cunctis plena fructibus."

The "Adeste Fideles" is sometimes attributed to St. Bonaventura, but the author of "Le Latin Mystique" considers it was a much later work. "The Psalter of the Blessed Virgin Mary" is rightly attributed to the seraphic doctor. It is a little book of Hours, in imitation of the Psalter of David, celebrating the praises of Our Lady in prose poems, the first sentence of each verse being taken from one of the Psalms.

No human being has inspired more poetry than Our Blessed Lady, and the number of anonymous mediæval poets who have written of her is very great. There was a very beautiful sequence for the feast of the Assumption, which has now disappeared from the Missal: it was written by one of the monks of St. Victor:

"Ave virgo singularis,  
"Mater nostra salutaris,  
"Quae vocaris stella maris"

were the opening lines.

The "Inviolata es Maria" is another anonymous liturgical work. Some of these poems are more curious than beautiful, some containing puns and plays on words: one sequence of eleven lines has every line except the first, which ends in *gratia*, ending in *Maria*, and is a sort of litany.

The original author<sup>17</sup> of "Dies Irae," which has been much modified during the centuries which have elapsed since it was first written, was a Friar Minor and companion of St. Francis, Brother Thomas of Celano. One of the sources from which Thomas of Celano derived his matter was the "Libera me Domine de morte eterna," as is evident by comparing them: the "Libera me" dates from the early years of the eleventh century; another strophe is taken almost word for word from St. Matthew; other verses are borrowed from a treatise of St. Anselm's "De similitudine mundi."

The prose of Montpelier, which is less ancient than the "Libera" contributed to the fourth stanza of the "Dies Irae," thus:

"Dies illa tam amara, tam tremenda,  
"Heu miseri."

Again in the "Prose of the Dead of St. Martin of Limoges," we read

"Finis seculi venire  
"Dies irae, dies illa,  
"Dies nebulae et caliginis."

("The end of the world comes, day of wrath, that day of clouds and darkness.")

The Sibylline prophecies, considered at the end of the eleventh century as equal in authority to the Holy Scriptures, also contributed to it, as Thomas of Celano acknowledged in the first stanza:

"Teste David cum Sibylla."

The last stanza but one is found in the Mozarabic Office for the Dead.

M. Remy de Gourmont points out that the origin of the "Dies Irae" and also of the "Libera me" is anterior to Christianity in its essential ideas, and is found in the prophecy of Sophonias, the ninth of the Minor Prophets, in Chapter i., verse 15: "That day is a day of wrath, a day of tribulation and distress, a day of calamity and misery, a day of darkness and obscurity, a day of clouds and whirlwinds." But the sources of "Dies Irae" are so numerous that a treatise might be written upon it. Equally complicated is the history of the "Stabat Mater": the reputed author, Jacopone de Todi, did not compose the whole: he borrowed, adapted and arranged it in its present form. The nucleus of it seems to be a Notkerian

<sup>17</sup> Some critics consider the Dominican Cardinal Malabranca was the author. Father O'Brien is of this opinion. M. de Gourmont ascribes it to Thomas of Celano.

sequence on the "Compassion of the Blessed Virgin Mary," dating about the eleventh century. The second stanza,

"O quam tristis et afflicta  
"Fuit illa benedicta  
"Mater Unigeniti."

with the three following lines, was taken bodily from the Notkerian ode. Jacopone<sup>18</sup> was a native of Todi, in Italy. He began life as a lawyer, but having lost his wife, he entered the Congregation of Friars Minor, and wrote a volume of ascetic poems, called "Spiritual Songs," in which was included the "Stabat Mater." He was born in the middle of the thirteenth century and died in 1306. Another source from which Jacopone derived some of his verses was a long sequence, rather later than Notker's, entitled the "Lament of the Blessed Virgin Mary," and several other sequences contributed to it. Before he wrote this Latin masterpiece of Christian poetry, Jacopone wrote a dialogue in Italian verse on the Passion of Our Lord and the sorrows of His Blessed Mother.<sup>19</sup>

Of the hymns in the Roman Breviary, St. Ambrose wrote no less than twenty-one, if we include the "Te Deum": among these are the lovely "O lux beata Trinitas," "Jesu corona virginum," "Lucis Creator optime," "Rector potens, verax Deus," "Aurora lucis rutilat," "Te lucis ante terminum," etc. St. Thomas Aquinas wrote six: the "Adoro te devoto," the "Ave verum," the "Lauda Sion salvatorem," the "Pange lingua," "Sacris solemnia" and the "Verbum supernum prodiens nec Patris." St. Bonaventura wrote the "Adeste fideles" and the "Sub tuum praesidium," Adam of St. Victor wrote three: "Gaude prole Graecia," "Genovefae solemnitas," for the feast of St. Génèviève, and "Jerusalem et Sion filiae." Raban Maur wrote three: the "Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum," the "Tibi, Christe, splendor Patris" and the "Veni, creator Spiritus." Hermannus Contractus wrote the three gems, the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," the "Salve Regina" and the "Alma Redemptoris Mater." Several of the later hymns were written by the learned Jesuit, Cardinal Bellarmine, who was very nearly elected Pope and died in 1621. The "Custodes hominum psallimus angelos," for the feast of the guardian angels, is attributed to him. He wrote the "Pater superni luminis." Cardinal Bellarmine was one of the commission under Clement VIII. to correct the Breviary, especially the hymns and proses, by endeavoring to make them conform to the classical metre.

Mediæval poets were addicted to the literary vice of punning sometimes, particularly on the word "Ave" and its reverse, "Eva,"

<sup>18</sup> Bouillet.

<sup>19</sup> "Heimbucher."

as in the second stanza of the "Ave maris stella." This was a favorite play on words, the fact that Eve meant woe accommodating the poet. We quote a fragment of verse signifying that Eve signified woe, but also hail:

"Triste fuit in Eva ave  
 "Sed ex Eva format ave  
 "Versa vice, sed non prave."

The exquisite liturgical prose, sung at Complin on Saturdays in all Dominican chapels and churches, beginning

"Inviolata, intacta et casta es Maria,"

is anonymous, like so many poems in honor of Our Lady by mediæval Latin poets, whose names have been lost to us in the course of the ages. In many of them it seems as if the author could not find sufficiently beautiful symbols wherein to express his devotion: again, some of the epithets used are very quaint, as in a poem by a German poet of the fifteenth century, one Ulrich Stocklin de Rottach, wherein Our Lady is invoked as the umbrella or parasol of the poor, thus

"Vitæ pabulum,  
 "Pauperis umbraculum."

Another strange epithet used by Rottach was the almost untranslatable "Triclinium," but it is a very ancient image of Our Lady. The "triclinium," of course, was a reclining seat which had three sides on which the guests reposed at a feast. Rottach calls Our Blessed Lady the "Triclinium" of the highest King and the "Triclinium of the Trinity." Another simile used by Rottach, but not exclusively by him, for Our Lady in two hymns to her, was that of the celestial vine from which the grape, the wine of the chalice, was expressed in the winepress of the Cross: thus:

"Qui botrus exprimitur  
 "In crucis torculari,  
 "Quo vinum conficitur  
 "Calicis praeclari."

St. Peter Damien had the same idea expressed in almost the same words in a hymn addressed to Our Lady: "From thee came forth the Grape which was pressed in the winepress of the Cross":

"Ex te botrus egreditur  
 "Qui crucis prelo pressus."

This Rottach, whose name was Ulrich Stocklin von Rottach, was one of the most prolific rhyming Latin poets of the Middle Ages: he was abbot of Wessobrunn from 1438 till 1443, when he died.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>20</sup> "Heimbucher."

The various similes and epithets applied to Our Lady by these mediæval Latin poets are innumerable, occurring in the numerous gardens, rosaries, chaplets and rings that were dedicated to her. Some are very poetical, some far-fetched, some very quaint. We will mention a few: "Crystal gate," "royal court," "lantern of the world," "Virgin dove," "lantern of absolution," "shell filled with the celestial dew of grace," "noble and rare gem," "mirror of the Trinity," "more precious than fine gold," "window of heaven," etc. Among the numerous sequences dedicated to Mary was a lovely one for the feast of the Assumption, which used to be in the Roman Breviary, but has been removed from it. This was written by a monk of St. Victor whose name has not come down to us. We quote the four first lines:

"Ave virgo singularis,  
 "Mater nostri salutaris,  
 "Quae vocaris stella maris,  
 "Stella non erratica."

Paraphrases of the "Ave Maria" were another favorite form of verse; a twelfth century paraphrase of the salutation was as follows:

"Ave Maria gratia plena  
 "Dominus tecum, virgo serena."

Uncertain as to date and uncertain as to author is the following little gem in praise of Mary, with which we will close this article:

"Ave virgo gratiosa,  
 "Mater Dei gloriosa  
 "Favo mellis dulcior,  
 "Rubicunda plus quam rosa  
 "Lilio candidior."

DARLEY DALL

## RESPONSIBILITY AND ENVIRONMENT.

ARE men responsible for their actions or is human conduct determined necessarily by the environment to which each individual happens to be subjected? Such is, in brief, the question to which we address ourselves. It is not so far removed from practical application as it may at first appear. True, the answer seems obvious enough. The man on the street would, no doubt, give it off-hand and correctly. "Men are responsible," he would say, "unless they are physically forced to act against their will." This common-sense judgment is at the foundation of every system of municipal law; for all law seeks to control human conduct without antecedent physical constraint—that is by imposing obligations. Of course it would be unnecessary and futile to require certain acts and prohibit others by law if men were not capable, normally, of complying, and it would be senseless to punish non-compliance if it were the necessary result of environment and not the free determination of the individual.

But this answer to our question, obvious as it is, necessary as it is to the social life of mankind and accepted as it is by the generality of men, is still not accepted; nay, is vigorously denied by a certain school of advanced philosophers and sociologists. According to them, the belief that man is endowed with free will is a "vulgar illusion." Every man seems to himself to be free (so much they admit), but he is in reality not free; he is in reality entirely determined by his environment, and that with the most rigid necessity, regardless of his own choice. Thus the philosophers and the sociologists translate the doctrine into practice. Since environment necessarily determines conduct, they say, violators of law are not blameworthy, but simply unfortunate in that they happened to be placed in circumstances that absolutely necessitated such conduct. So, instead of penitentiaries and punishment for crime, we should everywhere substitute sanitariums and a healing environment.

Speculation as to the effect of such a policy on the efficiency of law as a deterrent from crime may well cause one to pause; but we are at present concerned in the first place with the logical basis for the view it represents. We do not take the position that nothing can be said in its favor. Like every fallacy, it contains a grain of truth. This paper is an effort to uncover that grain of truth, while at the same time insisting on the scholastic and common-sense doctrine which holds the freedom of the will and the normal responsibility of the individual. In order to do so, we must begin with a fuller statement of our position on free will, remarking in passing

that is coincides with the common-sense views of the man in the street and with the mature conclusions of some of the greatest thinkers of the world.

We hold that the will is free. More than the absence of physical constraint is implied. No one, of course, supposes that physical agents as such can compel the will. You may drag a man at a rope's end, but this will not make him want to accompany you. The class of agents that touch the will directly we usually call motives, *i. e.*, whatever moves the will to a definite choice or tends to move it to such a choice. Is the force of motives a compelling force? It is precisely here that the full meaning of freedom of the will becomes apparent; for we hold that the will is free even from this non-physical kind of constraint or compulsion. Motives may induce, but they cannot force a choice upon the will. It remains free to do or not to do, to do this or that, even in the presence of the strongest motives. In other words these motives do not ultimately determine it; it determines itself. This is what is called the "liberty of indifference," and the scholastic doctrine on this point is very frequently misunderstood, or at least misstated. It does not mean that the will can act without a motive. It means that, in the presence of opposing and contrary motives, the will can determine itself by volitional effort, and is not inexorably swayed in the direction of the preponderant attraction. It need not necessarily follow the "line of least resistance"; though, of course, in ordinary actions, where no great issue is at stake, men commonly do just that. In such cases we may say that we have free will, but that we do not use it.

Yet, even in such cases, every man is conscious that he can determine his conduct for himself by simply centering his attention upon the choice before him and then, by an effort of the will, choosing one alternative and rejecting the other. As you sit at table, for instance, you do not hesitate and debate with yourself as to the performance of each act involved in the process of eating. Instinct or, at the most, unconscious preference, guides you even in the selection of dishes. **But when once you have focused your attention on your actions you will find yourself free to eat or not; to choose this or that dish, and just so much of each; to take a second cup of coffee or be content with one.** True, we do not commonly deliberate over such things, but when we do it becomes irresistibly certain that we are using our free will and not following a blind course inexorably fixed by circumstances.

In the more momentous choices of daily life we constantly suppose that the decision rests with ourselves. If a man has a sum

of money he desires to invest, he will consider the matter well before acting. What dividends will it pay? Is it safe? Is it readily convertible into cash? He consults others, deliberates and finally chooses a certain investment. His whole conduct shows that he thinks he is free in the matter; nay, he is certain that he is facing an issue the decision of which rests with himself.

But the most convincing internal evidence of the freedom of the will is presented in the act of conscious resistance to the allurements of temptation. Is there any one who has not at times felt the inner struggle between the voice of conscience and the pressing invitation to consent to what is known to be morally wrong? At such times it is indeed easy to yield to the greater attraction, but that it is also possible for the will to resist there is no one who can deny, and every one who has had that experience must be conscious that, in order to carry off the palm, there is required a sustained and vigorous effort on the part of the will. I have resolved, for example, not to show open signs of resentment against a person who may have done me an injury. He accosts me unexpectedly on the street, and at the first sight of him the memory of his act in all its meanness rushes upon me. I feel a tremendous impulse to knock him down; but the remembrance of my resolution and the thought that unrestrained anger is a sin cause me to check myself. It is only with an effort that I greet him civilly, and then the victory is not yet won. His smiling unconcern is a fresh excitant to my passion. Again and again I am forced to apply the severest restraint to avoid an explosion. I sigh and tremble as he finally takes himself off. Now, if I should succeed in carrying off such a victory over myself, will any one dare tell me that I did so only because I could not help myself? Did I simply act with necessity, in obedience to the motive that happened to be the stronger? Surely not. The motive of doing right turned out, indeed, to be the stronger motive; but I know that this was only because I made it so. It was the stronger, after the fact, simply in the sense that it actually prevailed. But the same motive, with only a little less heroic effort on my part, would have been overwhelmingly defeated—a fact of which I was painfully conscious during every instant of the struggle.

Another way in which consciousness reveals the fact of self-determination is in disclosing the noteworthy difference in our mental attitude towards our deliberate and towards our non-deliberate acts, after their occurrence. There is, in this regard, a very great difference between two actions whose external qualities and material consequences may be identical. A man who has killed another by the accidental discharge of a weapon in his hand feels

that his act, however deplorable, is radically different from an act of premeditated murder. The one is looked upon with poignant regret; the other would inevitably arouse the consciousness of guilt, because it was freely chosen.

Each of these causes of introspection is conclusive in the testimony it bears to the freedom of the will, but we rely especially on the conscious resistance to evil impulse. Of this case, Michael Maher says:

"The motive of doing right undoubtedly attracts me, but the assertion that the cognition of the rightness of resistance converts such resistance into the pleasantest course or constitutes a motive of such force as to draw me inevitably to the side of virtue is extravagantly untrue. It is I myself who, by continuous painful effort of volitional attention, keep this evanescent idea of duty before my mind and give it what power it possesses. Moral conduct of this kind is, as Professor James truly says, 'Action in the line of greatest resistance.' It is not merely one original momentary act of choice against what seemed to be the strongest motive; it is a series of volitions in opposition to what consciousness continually assures me is the strongest motive. But according to the determinist, not only the original decision, but each subsequent volition was inexorably determined by the preponderant attraction, and no other alternative was ever possible to me."<sup>1</sup>

M. Piat says of similar cases:

"It is by an effort of my own, by a tension of my own energy, that I incline to the side of duty against the incitement of passion."<sup>2</sup>

Now, we appeal to the inner consciousness of every man whether he does not experience in such cases that he himself is exercising conative power; that his will is exercising its power of self-determination. Every sane man without exception is endowed with free will and every sane man without exception knows it beyond a doubt. As to the insane, it is not the power of free will that is lacking, but rather the conditions for its exercise. To explain away the universal consciousness of free will by calling it a vulgar illusion is certainly far from convincing. "If ugly facts are to be got rid of by calling them illusions, no psychological or metaphysical hypothesis, however absurd, could be effectually disproved."<sup>3</sup>

That the belief of mankind in the freedom of the will is really universal, is clear from the fact we adverted to at the beginning, viz., that it is at the foundation of all Law, which seeks to control

<sup>1</sup> "Psychology: Empirical and Rational," by Michael Maher, p. 412. (Fifth Edition).

<sup>2</sup> "La Liberté," by M. Piat, vol. 2, p. 94.

<sup>3</sup> Maher, "Psych.," p. 413.

human conduct and punishes non-compliance with its precepts. Not only law, but all ethical notions are necessarily based on free will. "The notions and sentiments which constitute the moral consciousness of mankind and are embodied in the laws and literatures of all nations, and in the ethical terms of all languages, imply the freedom of the will."<sup>4</sup>

These fundamental concepts—and they are co-extensive with the history of the human race—all, with one voice, contradict the gratuitous assumption of the determinist, that human conduct is determined with iron necessity by environment. If this were true, all these world-old concepts would be utterly deprived of their meaning. We are speaking, of course, of the meaning they actually have in the common acceptance of mankind. The determinist may indeed, as he does, weave from the magic skein of his monistic theories other meanings for all these concepts, and he may write these fanciful meanings as definitions of justice, right, law, obligation, etc., into the volumes expounding his dogma. He may tell us, for instance, as the school of moral positivism does tell us, that moral right and wrong depend only on positive law; that murder would not be wrong if it were not forbidden by statute, and that lying would be a morally good act if the Legislature passed a law approving the practise.<sup>5</sup> Or he may tell us that moral obligation means simply what is in accordance with custom or with variable standards of education. We are quite willing to let the theorists evolve their own views in regard to these things. At this moment we are not precisely concerned with the correctness of these views. We only wish to emphasize the fact that the understanding of these ethical terms by the determinist differs "toto coelo" from the understanding of them by mankind in general. What we are looking at here is not the scientifically correct meaning of these terms, but rather some explanation of the palpable fact that all mankind, except a special school of psychologists, has come to use them in a sense which implies universal belief in free will.

What, then, do common men everywhere mean and what have they, since the beginning of history everywhere meant by the term "obligation"? "I ought." It implies a certain necessity—not physical indeed, but moral. This very separation of physical from moral necessity in common parlance gives the lie to determinism. If my future conduct in every detail is fixed with physical necessity and beyond the possibility of my altering it, what is the meaning and sense of this innate feeling I have of moral constraint? For I feel

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<sup>4</sup> Maher, "Psych.," p. 405.

<sup>5</sup> "The Encyclopædia Americana," articles "Free Will" and "Ethics," explicitly inculcate this doctrine of moral positivism.

obliged to do what is thus presented to me under the aspect of duty, even in the face of physical obstacles, and in spite of grave deterrent motives; even if it involve the loss of fortune, reputation, or life itself. I may refuse to heed the call, but the call is there. Of what use is it if I am absolutely incapable in any measure of determining my own conduct?

The ordinary concept of "Right," also supposes free will. It involves something more than mere possession or physical power of reducing to possession. It implies a certain title, not in the physical, but in the moral order, and a moral necessity or obligation on the part of others to respect that title.

These fundamental relations, right and obligation, are the subject matter of the whole science of municipal law, and it may be useful to recall the manner in which law deals with them. The first fact worthy of attention in any system of jurisprudence is that positive or statute law does not pretend to define every right and every corresponding obligation that exists. Certain rights and obligations are recognized to have their foundations much further back than the enactment of positive statutes, and they are therefore taken for granted. One would look in vain in the Revised Statutes of the United States or in the laws of the several States for an express declaration of every man's right to live. It is indeed mentioned in the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, but it was entirely unnecessary. The system of jurisprudence in this country, in each of the States, with the exception of Louisiana, is built on the foundation of what is called the Common Law of England, which means that whole system of rights and obligations, both substantial and remedial, which existed in England by the custom of the realm at the time of the separation of the Colonies from the mother country. These customs themselves go back to the time of Magna Charta and beyond, and some of them, of course, are based on the very natural law itself. They are, as we have said, co-extensive with history; built into the very nature of man. Such is, for example, the principle of the inviolability of contracts on a lawful subject matter, freely made between two minds capable of contracting with each other. This goes back to the moral duty of speaking no falsehood, a part of that natural law which the great Roman statesman and philosopher described as "*Lex ad quam non docti, sed facti; non instituti, sed nati sumus.*" And if we go still further back into history we find this same fundamental law formulated in the Decalogue received by Moses on the mountain. So ancient is the concept of moral necessity which all men feel to be the essence of obligation imposed by law.

Let us now consider the concept of Responsibility. The notion

of responsibility for an act necessarily includes the power to perform or to abstain from performing it. If this power is absent there is felt to be no true responsibility, and neither the civil nor the criminal law holds persons to account for events really beyond their control. But even if positive law should do so in a particular case, we know that this would be unjust. We instinctively feel the difference between acts for which we may justly be held responsible and those for which we may not be so held, and the difference is that the former are our acts in the full sense, while the latter are not. A child when threatened with punishment for some disorder will plead as its first natural defense, "I couldn't help it," and if it really believes this it will rightly feel that the punishment is unjust.

It is clear that so far in our argument we have dealt simply with facts—facts of inner consciousness and of common experience. We claim that these facts prove with absolute certainty the existence of free will. We have asserted that every man is endowed with free will, and that he must be conscious of this power. We have shown that an unmistakably free act of the will may be observed at the very time it is being elicited; first, in the experiment of deliberately choosing between things of little moment, such as to take or abstain from a second cup of coffee; secondly, in the deliberate decision of important matters after consultation and reflection, and thirdly, in the strenuous and painful exertion of actively resisting the incitements of temptation to evil, and thus determining our conduct "in the line of greatest resistance." We have further shown that consciousness reveals freedom through the analysis of our mental state before our actions, since in some cases we deliberate, consult and form resolutions, whereas in other cases we act without attention or effort at self-determination. Finally, we have seen that after our actions we are fully conscious of a distinction between some of them, for which, because performed with attention and deliberation, we feel responsible, and others which, because wanting in this character, we regard as not imputable to us. All these phases of a free act are clearly disclosed by consciousness to every man: such is our argument. And to sustain the claim that the estimate of such acts as really free is a universal estimate, we have briefly examined some fundamental ethical concepts, Right, Obligation, Law, Responsibility, and have shown that these terms, as they are and have always been commonly understood by mankind, necessarily suppose the fact that men are free to determine their conduct by choice. Therefore the belief in free will attested by consciousness, is really universal.

If the ground beneath our feet is solid thus far, there is only one position for the determinist to take, the one which in fact he

does take. It is to say that the universal belief in free will is an illusion. That determinism should be driven to such a resort shows the logical strength of our position. Unless men are universally deceived by their very nature, free will must exist. But what reason can be given for doubting the testimony of consciousness in this matter? None that does not equally impugn its veracity in every other respect, for instance in regard to the fact of my own existence, that I am a person distinct from Napoleon Bonaparte, etc. The logic of determinism against the reliability of consciousness in the matter of free will is extremely vague. Free will is universally believed in by men, true. But the fact that it is believed in does not make it so. After all, mankind learns but slowly. Modern thought has revealed truths undreamed of by the ancients, and the researches of science in the twentieth century have shattered many a superstition that was regarded as unshakable in the twelfth. May not "free will" be one of these illusions?

Here we touch the very bedrock of skepticism, or rather the bedrock of all knowledge, which is precisely what skepticism lacks, and the foundation for the want of which it falls to pieces. If we are going to doubt about the truth of internal facts directly perceived by the mind as taking place within us; if we are to doubt whether the mind be really capable of perceiving this kind of evident truth, then we are eliminating one of the fundamental conditions without which no knowledge or science of any kind is possible, and all argument, or even language, on such a basis, is a simple absurdity. Mankind has indeed been deceived regarding some facts, but it has never yet universally adopted a belief without evidence in its favor, nor has it ever abandoned a universal belief without evidence of its falsity. Now the evidence adduced by the opponents of free will when they voice the suspicion against the veracity of universal consciousness, is of the kind that is not admitted in a court of law. It is pure opinion, and that not by experts, but by persons who expressly impugn the reliability of the science in which they profess to enlighten the jury. In such a case, the court is wont to "instruct" the verdict, that is, to advise the jury that the legal evidence is all on one side, and that there is no course open to them but to return a verdict in favor of the defendant.

We therefore submit that the scholastic doctrine of free will stands on the strictest and most solid logical grounds, the fundamental truth that consciousness is a reliable source of knowledge as to present internal facts. We wish, however, to present another argument in its favor from a purely practical standpoint. We have already briefly noticed the ethical concepts of right, obligation, law, responsibility, and have shown that in their common acceptance

they suppose freedom, and therefore logically prove the universality of belief in freedom. Let us now consider what the practical result would be if by the successful elimination of belief in free will, these ethical notions were twisted from their present meaning to some such significance as the determinists insist on giving them. In other words let us reflect on the moral consequences of denying free will.

These consequences would, of course, be most marked in the case of the young, whose characters are pliable and unformed. Take a boy of fifteen or sixteen, for example, well beyond the age at which a normal youth first comes to distinguish between right and wrong. Let us suppose that he has, until now, received careful training and instruction, and is well grounded in the fundamentals of Christian morals. Every one knows that sooner or later in the course of life there comes, in one form or another, the strong appeal to the lower appetites—an appeal the more impetuous and powerful, as it is founded in animal nature, and the more dangerous as it must be controlled by reason if it is not to wreck the moral character of rational man. Let us suppose this young man to be confronted for the first time in his life by such a temptation. He knows it is wrong to consent. But the attack is powerful. Will he resist? If in his training and education he has learned not only the fundamentals of what is right and wrong, but also that he is himself responsible for his conduct, that it depends on him by self-determination to do the right and avoid the wrong; in other words, if emphasis has been laid on the certainty and value of free will and the immense importance of a correct use of it; then, with the grace of God, he will resist the wrong, and by so doing will lay the foundation of character. But suppose the contrary to be the case. Suppose that the determinist theory has been practically applied to the boy's training in the school and in the home, and that he has become imbued with the belief that men, like brutes, are without power of self-determination, but are by nature designed to follow the line of least resistance. Suppose he knows that the same principles are practically applied in the administration of the State, and that violators of law are regarded as blameless victims of circumstances. What will happen in that case? Of course he will make no struggle to resist, since he has been taught that struggle would be useless, and of course he will be carried away by passion and will lay the foundation for habits of vice.

Whether the temptation be a violent one inciting to positive immoral action, such as impurity, anger, excessive drinking or gaming, or whether it take the subtler but scarcely less dangerous form of timidity, cowardice or sloth, tending to deter nature from

the performance of recognized but painful or difficult duty, the result will be the same, for the moral law does not coincide at all times with the inclinations of nature. On the contrary, it imposes all along the line restraints and obligations that are, at first, severe and disagreeable, however beautiful and attractive they may reveal themselves to be after long practice. As Léon Noël puts it:

"Moral well doing does not present itself to us by way of an ideal, rousing us to action only when there is awakened in us a sufficiently powerful attraction towards it. It presents itself under the austere guise of duty, imposing upon us the law, to be fulfilled at all times, be our leanings and our dispositions what they may."<sup>6</sup>

That all mankind must become slaves of one form of vice or another, and delinquents to the call of high obligations, is inevitably certain, if they apply in practice the theory of determinism. But, of course, the contemplation even of the moral wrecking of the universe must fail to cause abhorrence if the determinist theory be fully accepted, for then right and wrong, virtue and vice, contain no intrinsic opposition; all moral concepts as commonly understood, are distorted, and nothing makes or can make any difference. Mankind simply must drift anyhow in the iron grip of necessary evolution.

We need not dwell long on this phase of the subject. It presents an argument for free will which to the practical mind may be more compelling even than irresistible logic. If the world is to be morally "safe for democracy," we must insist on the right of common men, everywhere, to keep their primitive, common-sense, bedrock notions of right and wrong, law and responsibility, untrammelled by the perversions of monistic and deterministic dogma, and those primitive notions now depend, as in the time of Cicero and in the time of Moses and beyond, they were known to depend on free will. Free will is only a certainty, it is also a necessity.

Having thus "anchored," so to speak, the first part of our subject by placing beyond doubt the fact of the existence of free will in the common-sense and scholastic acceptation, and by showing that if this is abandoned, all social order must be despaired of, let us now approach the second part and inquire into the effect of environment. If all that group of surrounding circumstances we call environment does not determine human conduct entirely and with absolute necessity, how and to what extent does it influence it? It will be necessary at the outset to present the extreme claims made for environment, in the form of an argument drawn from moral statistics.

It is a well-known fact that there exists a certain regularity in the recorded cases of certain classes of crime. This regularity may show itself by way of uniformity or periodic fluctuation. For

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<sup>6</sup> "La Conscience et le Libre Arbitre," by Léon Noël, p. 165.

example, there were recorded in the police court records for a certain district in the city of Chicago, in a certain year, 2,000 cases of drunkenness. For three succeeding years, there having been in the meantime no notable change either in the number of the population of the districts or in the "environment," the number remained at about the same level, fluctuating not more than 100 above or below the 2,000 mark. In the fifth year there occurs a change in the environment. A well-planned "high license law" goes into effect, and is strictly enforced throughout the city. In that year only 600 cases occur in that district. The example is an arbitrary one, but may serve to illustrate the argument. The general conclusion drawn is that since a definite change of environment (in this case, a physical reduction in the number of saloons), produces a definite change in human conduct, it is environment and not free will that actually determines conduct. The theorist may classify the cases and compare the figures in an endless variety of ways. Among the original 2,000 cases, for instance, he finds that there are 1,800 men and 200 women, and of the men 1,200 are single and 600 married. Of the former he finds 800 who have received no education beyond the primary grades. He also notes that three times as many cases are recorded in November as in June. Besides, he is able to show that the same general proportion is maintained from year to year, not, indeed, exactly, but in a sufficiently marked degree to indicate an apparent relation of effect to cause, and the cause, he points out, is always some external condition, past or present, which comes under the head of environment.

Now, if such students of figures contented themselves with pointing out that men are more frequently arrested for drunkenness than women; single men than married men; men of little education than men of greater schooling; that such arrests are more frequent in autumn than in summer; in other words, if they limited themselves to the general statement that environment has a decided influence, along definite lines, on human conduct, no more would be asserted than we will readily admit, supposing the figures in question to be verified. This kind of study, if done with accuracy, may undoubtedly do much to expose the social conditions that tend to produce the "atmosphere of crime." Nevertheless, the regularity of recorded cases of crime under similar surroundings cannot be accorded any force as an argument against free will. Four answers to the argument are well presented by Hubert Gruender. After pointing out that moral statistics record only the exterior act; that they are too limited in accuracy and extent to yield reliable conclusions, and that they do not, after all, show more than an approximate and variable proportion between environment and conduct, whereas the theory

of strict determinism would require mathematical exactness, he states his fourth and most telling objection in these words:

"Fourthly, that regularity which moral statistics really exhibit is quite compatible with freedom. An action for which a man has no motive will not be performed, and if a whole class of people should, on account of their social conditions, have no motive to perform such an action, that action will not be performed by any one of them. Vice versa, if social conditions are such as to offer inducements to a whole class of people for the performance of a certain action, many will most probably perform that action. This accounts for many regularities in the actions of men, without in the least infringing on their liberty." And his final conclusion is:

"Moral statistics, then, in their last analysis, show nothing that can reasonably be considered a valid proof against free will. At best, they emphasize the limitations of free will."<sup>\*</sup>

The general subject of the influence of environment is far too vast and many-sided to be adequately treated here, and we must therefore define the scope of our inquiry into it. We shall indicate only in the most general way, but we hope with sufficient clearness, the nature of this influence on moral conduct, and shall treat in some detail its workings in the development of habit.

In the first place, since man is a composite substance made up of two distinct principles, a material body and a spiritual soul, most intimately united to form the individual person, obviously, everything that affects the development, health and general welfare of the body, must affect to some extent the development, health and general welfare of the whole man, body and soul together. Though we reject the now exploded materialistic view that thought is a mere secretion of the brain, as well as the more subtle materialism which regards it as merely another aspect of cerebral processes, we hold, in accordance with modern physiological science, that a healthy brain is a necessary condition to the normal exercise of the spiritual faculties of the soul as long as the soul is united to the body. Keeping this principle in mind, it is easy to imagine many ways in which physical condition, the effect of physical environment, entirely aside from moral influences, might so affect the brain, either directly or by reaction from effects produced in other parts of the living organism, as to interfere with the operations of the soul. There is no end to the inquiries and investigations that have been conducted in recent years to try to ascertain the effect of various physical ailments and of various classes of

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<sup>\*</sup> "Free Will: The Greatest of the Seven World Riddles," by Hubert Gruender, p. 78.

• Ibid., p. 80.

physical surroundings on brain conditions. While no doubt a large part of the matter that has been published on these subjects is ill-digested and unreliable, and many false and hasty conclusions have been drawn from insufficient evidence, still these researches are along sound lines and may be used by the psychologist. We may well leave the details of this branch of the science to the physiologists and nerve specialists, agreeing to accept discoveries made within that sphere, when duly authenticated, in accordance with the principle that the intimate union of body and soul makes the latter dependent on a healthy brain as a condition of normal spiritual activity, while this union lasts. We are far from denying this extrinsic dependence; neither can we allow it to be exaggerated. Not every case of hook-worm, for example, entirely paralyzes the brain, and not every affection, even of the brain, entirely paralyzes the soul or deprives the individual of his normal responsibility.

Education is a still more potent factor in environment to influence moral conduct. The will is free, but every act of free will requires as a condition precedent a judgment of the intellect presenting an object as good and therefore desirable. The freedom of the will consists in its ability to act or not, to choose or reject, when an object of choice is presented. It can only act on the objects presented to it by the intellect. It is dependent on the intellect just as a sculptor is dependent on the quarry-owner who supplies him the marble on which he works. If a growing child is kept in such surroundings that his mind remains dark and undeveloped or if his education is seriously one-sided or biased the material provided for the operations of free will will be sadly limited in extent or faulty in quality. His will remains free, but its moral output is scanty or perverted. Child labor on the one hand and Godless schools on the other are two social conditions which furnish ample food for thought in this connection. But the limits of our subject forbid us to amplify these and other factors of environment, which may affect moral conduct, through the intellect, without disparagement to the freedom of the will.

These two factors, physical surroundings and intellectual equipment, are the chief determinants of the motives acting upon the will. These cannot compel it; at most they only supply the material upon which it may work, but if the same material is constantly at hand the workman will often end by finding it attractive under one aspect or another and so choosing it. Thus even a man who has not acquired a passion for gambling is more likely to "take a chance" if his surroundings include a large number of gaming

houses than otherwise, especially if he is not informed of the danger. Nearly all the vices of which man is capable result from the unrestrained exercise of tendencies which, rightly exercised, supply a natural want. The more replete his surroundings are with occasions or objects appealing to these tendencies, and the more acutely his whole make-up, in its surroundings, is attuned to feel the drawing power of those appeals, the more likely he will be to follow them. Whether he will keep them under the control of reason demanded by the moral law will depend partly, of course, on the drawing power of the motive, partly also on the accuracy and clearness with which his intellect understands the law; but chiefly, and in the last resort, on the practical efficiency of his will power to determine his conduct according to that law.

We have now, therefore, to consider some effects of environment on the power of the will itself. The most important purpose of education is to so train and strengthen the will that it may regularly resist motives contrary to the moral law and act in response to motives agreeing with it. This is nothing less than the development of character; and so, if the term environment be understood to include the complex aggregate of influences which contribute to this moral training, then the potency of environment may be said to be truly incalculable. "Character," says Ernest R. Hull, "is life dominated by principles, and the ultimate aim of character training in youth is so firmly to establish the habit of acting according to sound principles that it will last for life." It is therefore in the formation of habits that environment exerts its profoundest influence. Again, however, we must insist that this influence is purely external. Exterior circumstances cannot produce a habit. It is the will itself that must do that. The most that environment can do is to furnish the material for a succession of choices and the conditions under which they are to be made. All real training is self-training. What then is a habit?

Habit, broadly speaking, is any stable and permanent, acquired facility of action. Actions in which facility is acquired by habit may be purely mechanical. Some persons have a habit of raising their eye-brows when about to speak; others bite their nails, and I once knew a man who, under all circumstances, whether engaged in conversation or not, would periodically emit a loud and very startling "Bum." Such a purely automatic habit, if it is of an eccentric nature, is called by nerve specialists, I believe, a "tick." But many physiological habits are not eccentric. Every normal man performs countless normal actions daily by physiological habit. Habits of another class affect mental actions. A thought, once

entertained, more easily recurs, and a thought once joined to another in the mind will tend, when it recurs, to recall also that other. This is in accord with the well-known principle of association of ideas. The facility thus acquired is an intellectual habit. So, too, the will may acquire facility in its own proper sphere of action; and this is habit in the strict, moral sense, defined by Hull as "a facility in the will to say Yes or No according to a certain standard of conduct."<sup>9</sup> It is obvious that habit in this highest sense may depend on the two classes of habit already referred to. We may, therefore, speak of the psychological and the physiological basis of habit.

The psychological basis of habit is association of ideas. Let us illustrate by an example how this may play a part in the formation of a moral habit. If I have once yielded to anger as a result of a disagreeable experience connected with a certain person, the sight of that person will recall the circumstances of the experience, and will tend to reproduce in me the same feelings that were aroused on that occasion. If my will indulges those feelings, consents to them, makes them its own, the habit of ill humor will grow, but if, on the contrary, an effort is made to dissociate the two ideas, that of the person from that of the cause of resentment, and if some pleasant association be substituted in place of the disagreeable one, the habit will be weakened or broken.

The physiological basis of habit may be described as ruts or grooves in the nervous system, formed by the repeated occurrence of nervous processes along certain definite channels. When a certain physical stimulus is received by one of the end organs of sense, the touch of a hot iron on the finger, for example, an impulse, the exact nature of which is not clearly known, travels along the sensory nerve fibres inward, that is toward the brain, the centre of the nervous system. The passage to the brain is not direct, but is interrupted at intervals by "synapses," points at which one nerve fibre ends and connects with another. These synapses are the "resistance boxes" of the circuit. If the inward impulse is strong enough, it will pass through these resistance boxes and reach the brain, from which there will then arise a responsive motor impulse. This will travel outward from the brain along the motor fibres, and at the end of the circuit, where the fibre is intimately joined to some muscle tissue, will result in a muscular movement. The process just described is accompanied by sensation, produced when the impulse reaches the brain, and the movement produced may be voluntary.

But in many cases muscular movement may be produced without sensation and even without consciousness. If the stimulus is not

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<sup>9</sup> "Formation of Character," by Ernest R. Hull, p. 61.

sufficiently vigorous it may not pass through the synapses to the brain. Instead, it will take a short circuit, connect with some **one** of the nerve cells or ganglia, a network of which underlies the whole body, and will thus begin to pass outward along the motor fibre without ever having reached the brain. Reaching the end of the outgoing nerve fibre, it will similarly produce muscular movement. Movements produced by either of these processes are called "motor-reflex." There is, however, an important difference between them. The unconscious movements, produced by the "short circuit" are entirely beyond the control of the will; in the other case, as soon as consciousness is aroused and mental attention evoked, the will may interfere and inhibit the continuance of the movement.

Now, when an impulse has traveled along a certain definite route in the nervous system, it will the more easily follow the same route a second time. By repeated passage it seems to open the way more and more, to deepen the grooves and to make that particular passage a permanent route for itself. Thus a particular movement comes to be the regular result of a particular stimulus. The stimulus resulting in movement may be external, and may proceed by the short circuit, without arousing consciousness, or by the long circuit through the brain, arousing consciousness and giving the opportunity of control, or it may be internal and initiated by the will itself, as in the case of the complicated movements of walking, speaking and other voluntary actions in which facility is acquired by practice.

It is easy now to see how self-control may be strengthened or weakened by habit. Most vices, being excessive indulgence of appetites which have a natural basis, tend to express themselves in some form of motor-reflex activity, and it becomes the chief office of the will to inhibit or repress the movement, thus preventing the deepening of the ruts in the nervous system which may form the physiological basis of a confirmed bad habit. An example may illustrate our meaning. Take the passion of anger, for instance. An insulting word, understood by a man to be addressed to himself, causes a series of movements which, at first, are purely physiological and reflex. His heart begins to beat at an increased rate; the blood pressure in his arteries increases; his breathing becomes more rapid; a whole series of motor-reflex activities are set in motion. If these are given full sway, their momentum will in a few moments become so strong that it will be very difficult for the higher faculties to interfere and quiet them. Hence it is extremely important to assert the inhibiting power of the will at the very first opportunity. In doing this, the value of a helpful association of ideas is apparent. For example, if a man, having determined to learn to control his anger, has established an association of ideas such that an **insult**

or contradiction to himself immediately recalls the insults and injuries offered to Christ, and the patience with which He bore them, obviously he will by that association become more prompt in applying the brake to the racing impetus of his passion. If, on the other hand, he delays to check it, and especially if he encourages it or adds to its vigor by angry words, threats or blows, then not only does this particular explosion increase in violence, but it opens wider the paths in the nervous system and makes it likely that the next similar stimulus will take the same course. The frequent repetition of such wilful repression or encouragement of evil impulse will produce good or bad moral habits. Since habits of vice are formed by the abuse of free will, a man is responsible for the acts done through such a habit, even though, by repeated indulgence, his self-control has been reduced to an almost negligible force.<sup>10</sup> And every one knows that through bad habits self-control may be almost annihilated. "Hence it is," says Hull,<sup>11</sup> "that people who have acquired some vicious practice in early life without restraint, and in later years wish to break it off, find themselves engaged in a struggle in which theoretically they are masters, but practically they are worsted again and again by the force of habit, which has by this time become practically motor-reflex and almost instinctive." "I will have one more throw," says the gambler, "and then I will never touch the cursed dice again," but every one knows that, in spite of his resolution, it is precisely this "one more throw" that makes it morally certain that it will not be the last.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>10</sup> It may be well to note that the criminal law does not recognize "irresistible temptations" as a defense in an accusation for crime. In order to free a person from the penalties of the law, if it is claimed, for instance, that he is the victim of "kleptomania," "dipsomania," or any of the other "manias" resulting from vicious habits, it must be shown not that his will had not the power of resisting the temptations of that class, but that his mind was so affected as to be incapable of appreciating the moral quality of crimes of that class. In other words, the legal irresponsibility of such "maniacs" is placed on exactly the same ground as that of other insane persons. They are legally responsible as long as they recognize the moral quality of their actions, and are regarded as insanely irresponsible only when they have lost this mental capacity of distinguishing between right and wrong. Alienists tell us that long indulgence, for example, in the habit of using pernicious drugs may produce such a mental state that the mind is dominated by a "fixed idea" to satisfy the craving of the abnormal appetite thus created. In such extreme cases the mental balance required for appreciating the moral quality of an act might be absent.

<sup>11</sup> "Formation of Character," by Ernest R. Hull, p. 75.

<sup>12</sup> While there may be vicious habits so inveterate that there is scarcely any probability that the unaided power of the will can succeed in reasserting its abdicated dominion, it is worth while to note, in this connection, the teaching of Catholic theology as to the efficacy of Divine Grace. It teaches that the grace received in the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, and especially in the Holy Eucharist, is a supernatural aid to the soul, of unlimited power to cure even inveterate habits of vice. It is a belief in the Church, borne out by repeated well-authenticated cases, that the frequent worthy reception of the Sacred Body of Christ in the Holy Eucharist confers such supernatural aid, of power sufficient, if coöperated with by man's free will, to overthrow the dominion of the most deep-seated habits of vice and restore the lost sovereignty of the will.

But if bad habits grow inveterate by long continuance, it is equally true that good ones may be formed and daily strengthened by assiduous cultivation. Here again it is the effort of the will that counts. "To strengthen and perfect a habit," says Coffey,<sup>13</sup> "the acts must be performed with a growing degree of intensity and energy. Progress in virtue demands sustained and increasingly earnest efforts." The will thus makes or unmakes its own character in "trial by battle," though we must constantly remember that surroundings and especially moral and educational influences, contribute much to the first success or failure, the opening victory or defeat that counts so much. Professor James emphasizes the value of moral habits in the following maxims:

"1. Make your nervous system your ally instead of your enemy: make automatic and habitual as early as possible as many useful actions as you can. 2. Seize the very first opportunity to act on every resolution you make. 3. Finally, keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. Be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test."<sup>14</sup>

Yet James is unable to find in his philosophy a scientific basis for free will, and asserted his belief in it only on moral grounds. We have seen that scholastic philosophy, while providing immensely higher moral grounds for it, goes further and furnishes adequate logical and philosophical grounds for the doctrine of free will, a doctrine which may be called the "Rock of Ages" in the philosophy of the schools.

We hope that the explanation we have attempted to give of the workings of habit have made one thing at least perfectly clear, namely, that moral habits are formed by the will itself, acting freely, and that environment, of whatever kind, can act only externally and indirectly on the will, and can in no case be looked upon as the necessary determining cause of human conduct. The indirect and external influence of environment is incalculable, and we have certainly no disposition to minimize it. The recognition of this fact is the power behind modern social welfare work. We believe that the consistency of the two parts of our thesis, i. e., the perfect compatibility of the scholastic doctrine of free will with full recognition of the moral influence of environment, may be well exemplified by examining, by way of conclusion to our reflections, the traditional and present attitude of the Catholic Church towards social problems.

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<sup>13</sup> "Ontology," by P. Coffey, Ph. D. (Louvain), p. 297.

<sup>14</sup> "Principles of Psychology," by William James, vol. 1, p. 126.

The Catholic Church has always insisted on the duty of the rich to alleviate the distress of the poor. In modern society this duty, which rests on every responsible citizen, presents the complex problem of so improving the environment of the downtrodden that they may have opportunity to live normal, healthy and moral lives. The Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., nearly thirty years ago,<sup>15</sup> pointed out the new aspects of the social problem. He then insisted on the rights of Labor and on the duty of employers to provide in all cases a "living wage." The reforms proposed by the Pope at that time are only now beginning to command the general attention and approval which makes their adoption possible.

The National Catholic War Council is living up to the Catholic tradition of leadership in social regeneration. This representative Catholic body has recently adopted a very progressive programme of social reconstruction, based almost entirely on the advanced views expressed thirty years ago in the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. Speaking of the report of this body on Social Reconstruction, Mr. Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of United States Commission on Industrial Relations, says:

"The four Bishops who signed this pronouncement take for granted that the man who is physically brutalized by long hours of toil and a scant leisure spent amid squalid surroundings—the best that his wages will afford—is in no condition to respond to the spiritual appeals to which every healthy and normal man readily responds. If the basis of Christian society is the home, how can we expect a Christian society in a world where a large majority of wage-earners earn less than enough to maintain a family in health and decency? Can any well-informed person deny that many thousands of young men to-day refrain from marriage because they shrink from the hardship and privation which are almost certain to visit the family of the average wage-earner? It is not a question of fine clothes and amusements. It is a question of milk for the babies, of proper diet and nursing for the mother, of medical attention during sickness, of clean and sanitary homes, of a dentist for the children's teeth, of such minimum advantages and comforts as are absolutely necessary if little ones are to be given a fair chance in life. Low wages, long hours, uncertainty of employment—all the ills against which organized labor is successfully battling—these are the real enemies of home, Church and State."<sup>16</sup>

The force of environment is here put in very strong terms, but without the least exaggeration. The first task of regeneration cer-

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<sup>15</sup> Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., "*Rerum Novarum*," on the Condition of Labor, 1891.

<sup>16</sup> "*America*," March 22, 1919.

tainly is the establishment of decent living conditions. We must not forget that after this foundation is laid there must be added the superstructure to the edifice of good environment. That superstructure consists of two parts: Education, especially in the fundamental truths of religion, that the young may learn more fully the beauty of the One True God, who is the supreme object of rational appetency and desire, and moral training resulting in the formation of good moral habits and the building of character by which life, under the sovereign direction of free will, shall be dominated by sound principle to the end that that supreme good be attained.

No part of the programme of social reconstruction, not even the very first step, can be accomplished nor can any social order in the world be maintained without entire recognition of the truth in defense of which this paper has been written, namely, the essential freedom of the will and the responsibility of human beings for their own conduct.

T. L. BOUSCAREN, S. J.

THE SYMPHONY OF THE HOURS.

PART II. (CON.)—THE PASSION OF CHRIST IN THE "LITTLE HOURS."

WEDNESDAY.

- Prime.* Ps. xxv.: "Judica me Domine"; li.: "Quid gloriaris"; lii.:  
"Dixit insipiens."  
*Terce.* Ps. liii.: "Deus in nomine tuo"; liv.: "Exaudi Deus" (in  
two sections).  
*Sext.* Ps. lv.: "Miserere mei Deus, quoniam"; lvi.: Miserere  
mei Deus, miserere"; lvii.: "Si vere utique."  
*None.* Ps. lviii.: "Eripe me" (two sections); lix.: "Deus repul-  
isti."

With the exception of the opening psalm at *Prime*, "Judica me Domine" (xxv.), the psalms at the Little Hours on Wednesday run without a break from li. to lix.; and in all without exception we shall find much to suggest thoughts of the Passion of Christ: sometimes the internal Passion, sometimes the physical sufferings of the Redeemer portrayed in vivid colorings, while every now and again we meet some phrase or passage recalling the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass, which was to commemorate the Passion for all time. This last is well exemplified in psalm xxv., with which the Little Hours open on Feria IV. The "Judica me Deus discerne causam meam de gente non sancta" finds almost an echo in the "Judica me Domine, quoniam ego in innocentia mea ingressus sum"—which of you shall convince Me of sin?—was the challenge of the great High Priest almost on the eve of His redeeming sacrifice, and those who share with Him in His eternal priesthood may well be reminded day after day of His sinlessness, that they, too, may take their official stand by the Cross of Christ as enemies of all iniquity; sitting "non cum concilio vanitatis \* \* \* nec cum iniqua gerentibus"—"I have hated the assembly of the malignant, and with the wicked I will not sit." This idea is taken up and continued at verse 6: "Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas," words which convey much to the priest, whose hands were specially consecrated with the holy chrism for the exclusive privilege of touching and handling the "Lamb without spot." Thus will our psalm on the threshold of Wednesday's *Prime* lead us back to the altar, and from the altar back still further to the uplifted Cross on which the Innocent Victim hangs—the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. It is evidently a prayer made in time of affliction, a further consideration which will enable us to recall the Passion. The royal Psalmist appears before us as one enduring reproach, wearied and almost beaten by the buffetings of

fate and the injustice of men; it is not so much that He fears an approaching misery; already He is encompassed with it. The Cross is already on His shoulders and His prayer is one of confidence in a just Judge who will take cognizance of His innocence; though of necessity punishment and destruction must be meted out to the wicked. "Ne perdas cum impiis animam meam, et cum viris sanguinum vitam meam \* \* \* Judica me" interpose to give me justice, deliver me from a condition in which, if it were to be regarded as permanent, it would be unjust to suffer me to remain. The psalm may owe its origin to the persecution of Saul, or, though less probably, it may refer to the time when David had to flee before the disloyal minions of Absalom; while a third conjecture has been advanced, namely, that it is David's protestation of innocence in regard to the murder of Isboseth—"Behold the head of Isboseth the son of Saul, thy enemy who sought thy life" (II. Kings iv.); but the devotional key which unlocks the hidden meaning of all these is the fact that the "sweet singer of Israel" was the type of the great Son of David, who though he was reviled did not revile, who had not where to lay His head, who in early infancy sought safety in flight, and who even in His public life of well-doing, "went out of the temple and hid Himself" away from the fury of enemies.

The protestations of personal innocence that occur in this psalm are of such a nature as to have suggested the conjecture on the part of some commentators that David had not so much himself before his mind when composing it as Christ. Certainly it stands out in striking contrast with "Peccatum meum contra me est semper" and similar confessions; but though historically one may take the claim to innocence to refer to the particular situation in which David finds himself for the moment, one cannot but feel that his avowal of conscious uprightness "solemnly made as in the sight of the Searcher of hearts, derives much of its intensity and almost impassioned force from the desire on the part of the singer to declare his entire separation from and aversion to the vain and evil men by whom he is surrounded" (Perrowne). In like manner the priest may make the words of this psalm his own, unworthy though he be, and for him there is the additional thought that he is officially incorporated into the priesthood of Christ, and must ever set himself to acquire a professional hatred of all sin by constant meditation at the foot of the Cross, through the merits of which he pleads with holy David, "Redime me et miserere mei \* \* \* in Domino sperans non infirmabor \* \* \* in quo est salus \* \* \* in quo habemus redemptionem per sanguinem ejus, remissionem peccatorum" (Col. i., 14).

## QUID GLORIARIS (LI)—SECOND SECTION OF PRIME.

An historical reference is given in the first verse of this psalm to I. Kings xxii., 9: "When Doeg the Edomite came and told Saul: 'David went to the house of Achimelech. \* \* \* I saw the son of Isai in Nob with Achimelech, the son of Achitob the priest, and he consulted the Lord for him, and gave him victuals, and gave him the sword of Goliath the Philistine.'" It was a false accusation, but led to a frightful massacre. Our psalm is the outspoken vehement expression of David's righteous anger: it is a torrent of indignation in which the psalmist condemns the calumny and foretells the destruction of the man who was guilty of it. The facts easily fit in by way of accommodation, and even of prophetic fulfilment, with the vicious and slanderous attacks on the part of the leaders of the people against the true Son of David. "All the day long thy tongue hath devised injustice; as a sharp razor thou hast wrought deceit": it was not the affair of a moment with this "chief of the servants of David"; he had been constantly turning over in mind how to frame and lodge the calumny; similarly with chief priest and scribe and Pharisee; the "tongue" brought forth what the heart had been hatching "all the day long": "tota die injustitiam cogitavit lingua tua"; then sharp and incisive as a razor, "novacula acuta," whetted by malice and guided by craft the cruel work was accomplished with accursed thoroughness and promptitude; elegantly contrasting the delay in forming the resolution with the celerity in putting it into execution. "Thou hast loved malice more than goodness: and iniquity rather than to speak righteousness. Thou hast loved all the words of ruin, O deceitful tongue." Certainly the calumny brought untold ruin in its train, for the king said to the messengers that stood about him: "Turn and kill the priests of the Lord \* \* \* and when the king's servants would not \* \* \* he said to Doeg: 'Turn thou and fall upon the priests.' And Doeg the Edomite turned and fell upon the priests and slew on that day eighty-five men that wore the linen ephod. And Nob the city of the priests he smote with the edge of the sword, both men and women, children and sucklings and ox and ass and sheep with the edge of the sword" (I. Kings xxii). Here surely is a frightful picture—calumny, murder, massacre, sacrilege; and what is it but an anticipation of the horrors of Good Friday? Well may the psalmist follow on as he recalls the tragedy with what has been termed "one of the most powerful verses in the whole of Scripture"; "Therefore will God destroy thee forever: He will pluck thee out and remove thee from thy dwelling place; and thy root out of the land of the living," with which one feels almost compelled to connect

the searching sentence by Christ Himself on the deicide city: the appalling completeness of the punishment is an index of the magnitude of the crime.

Here we have four words denoting the utter vengeance that must assuredly befall the criminal: the first signifies to break utterly into pieces, the smallest fragments; to demolish and scatter the debris (*destruet in finem*); the second is to pluck up by twisting round, even as mighty trees in the grasp of a cyclonic whirlwind (*evellet*); then there is the concept of being utterly swept away like dust or chaff; swept away into exile without home or property or country (*emigrabit te*); and, fourthly, to be rooted out from the land of the living (*radicem de terra viventium*) implies that even your posterity will be eradicated, for children are like roots, shot out by the parent, which afterwards support and nourish him in turn. This is the fate of such as "make not God their helper, who trust in the abundance of riches and prevail in their vanity." But their wealth and strength notwithstanding, "Christ shall laugh at them"; whereas they will be rooted out of the land, He will be as a "fruitful olive tree" rooted in the house of God forever and ever; in gladsome contrast with the Idumean who was to be rooted out as a withered tree and rejected as a dry log. Even so with Christ who dieth now no more, whose death was victory, who led captivity captive and sealed a lasting triumph over all His enemies.

There is yet another way in which we can approach the Sacred Passion when reciting this psalm. The Fall and the Plentiful Redemption appear side by side: the curse and the promise. The words of condemnation addressed by David to the treacherous Edomite are but an accurate paraphrase of those other words: "And the Lord God said to the serpent: because thou hast done this thing, thou art cursed \* \* \*" *Quid gloriaris?* "Why dost thou glory in malice thou that art mighty in iniquity \* \* \* thy tongue hath devised injustice \* \* \* thou hast wrought deceit \* \* \* thou hast loved all the words of ruin, O deceitful tongue." And as with Doeg, so with the subtle serpent; his craft was successful for the time; "ruin" came like an avalanche (*speravit in multitudine divitiarum suarum*), that is in cunning, in a natural propensity for lying, for is he not the father of lies? (*et praevaluit in vanitate sua*). But in the fulness of time, the fertilizing river of Redemption was to overflow copiously and irrigate the arid wilderness of the curse. The "laugh" was to be turned against him who thought to "prevail" in his vanity, for "the just shall see and fear, and shall laugh at him": the day will come when men shall see through his deceit and be horrified at the dire consequences that

supervened. This glorious rehabilitation should be effected through the merits of the Cross. That which was barren should be made fruitful; "Ego autem sicut oliva fructifera in domo Dei"; it is the startling, yet comforting contrast between the tree of disobedience and that other: "Crux fidelis inter omnes arbor una nobilis: nulla silva talem profert, fronde flore germine." The hot breath of the serpent had scorched up the flowers of Eden; even the land of exile had become a barren waste; everything had been blasted by the curse; but the breath of God the lifegiver will be felt once more; the wilderness shall blossom like the rose; fruitfulness shall return; hope, so long a-coming, so wan and feeble, will at length leap like the roe; vivifying streams will come dashing down from Calvary's heights, and whereas the tyrant "mighty in iniquity" shall be "plucked up," "rooted out," "swept away" by the onrush of the torrent, the "children about thy table shall be as olive plants," plentiful, fair, fruitful and beautiful (Jer. xi., 16); they shall be rooted in a new soil, they shall flourish in ever verdant vales and smiling medes, and theirs will be the song of praise: "I will praise Thee forever \* \* \* yea, forever and ever \* \* \* because Thou hast done it: and I will wait on Thy name, for it is good in the sight of Thy saints" (verse 11).

Psalm lii, which follows in the third section of *Prime*, is cast in a similar mould. It treats of the general corruption of man before the coming of Christ, and the Fathers find in the last verse a reference to the Redemption: "Who shall give out of Sion the salvation of Israel (Quis dabit ex Sion salutare Israel), when God shall bring back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice and Israel shall be glad." The day of salvation shall dawn after the long night of captivity; light will replace darkness; the midday gloom of Calvary will be chased away by the conquering splendors of Easter morn. The blessings which come to mankind from the redeeming blood of Christ are much accentuated in this psalm on account of the heavy shading of the other elements in the picture. A reference to the third chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans will show the truth of this. The Apostle is impressing on his hearers the universality of sin: "all have sinned and do need the glory of God. Being freely justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Whom God hath proposed to be a propitiation through faith in His blood \* \* \* both Jews and Greeks, they are all under sin." Various testimonies from Holy Scripture are adduced to prove the truth of his teaching, and it is clear also that he had in mind the utter hopelessness of our corrupt nature and the depths of degradation from which it was delivered by the power of the Cross. It is as though he was paraphrasing and com-

menting on the second verse of our psalm, "they are corrupted and become abominable in iniquities; there is none that doth good"; or, as St. Paul quotes it, "There is not any man just. There is none that understandeth; there is none that seeketh after God. All have turned out of the way, they are become unprofitable together: there is none that doth good, there is not so much as one" (almost word for word with verses 3 and 4). The Apostle quotes several other passages, but we have here a sufficiently lively description of the melancholy results of concupiscence and sin in man. It robs him of justice—"there is not any man just"; it corrupts and obscures his reason and leads the will into crooked and perverse ways—"God looked down from heaven on the children of men to see if there were any that did understand or did seek God \* \* \* no, not one." After all this, verse 7 is a welcome cry of deliverance. It trumpets forth the coming salvation—"Who will give out of Sion the salvation of Israel?" and the answer is echoed from pole to pole: the echo of that loud voice with which Jesus gave up His soul to His Father in heaven. The "captivity" was at an end; "joy and gladness" began to reign.

TERCE.—TWO PSALMS: LIII, "DEUS IN NOMINE TUO," AND LIV (IN TWO SECTIONS), "EXAUDI."

To the 53d psalm, as in the case of the 51st, we find an introduction: "When the men of Ziph had come and said to Saul: 'Is not David hidden with us?'" (I. Kings xxiii., 19). This circumstance gives the key to the mystical interpretation of the psalm, and in it we easily find reference to the Passion. David had taken refuge with 600 men in the fastnesses of Ceila: but fearing treachery from the men of Ceila, he arose and departing thence, wandered up and down uncertain where to stay. Eventually he abode in the desert in strongholds and "remained in a mountain of the desert of Ziph, in a woody hill." Here, however, he was very near falling into the hands of the Ziphites, who had already taken steps to betray him. Then follows the remarkable incident when David came upon Saul asleep in his tent; and sparing his life took the spear and the cup of water which was at Saul's head, and later said: "Wherefore doth my lord persecute his servant? What have I done, or what evil is there at my hand?" It is the story of the Passion in miniature. Which of you shall convince me of sin? \* \* \* Are you come out as it were against a thief with swords and clubs? \* \* \* and Pilate knew that it was for envy that they had given Him up." This is the burden of the verse, "Alieni insurrexerunt adversus me, etc." (introduced into the Good Friday Office in the Responsum of

the seventh lection). These Ziphites were not "aliens or strangers" in the ordinary sense of the word. The reproach has a subtle bitterness in it, inasmuch as these people really belonged to Judea: "they were seemingly neighbors, but their hearts were far from me and they rose up against me" (Bellarmine). David had never given them cause for offense; his danger consisted in the fact that he had unwittingly betaken himself to a nest of spies. If we take the "Alieni" to refer, as some do, to the men of Ceila, the treachery and especially ingratitude of the attempted betrayal are all the more striking; because David had on a previous occasion gone out of his way to rescue them when they were in great danger from the Philistines. One need only remark in passing that this was exactly the kind of requital that Our Divine Lord experienced at the hands of His persecutors; and more detail still is worked into the picture by the second part of the verse, "*fortes quaesierunt animam meam*"; i. e., Saul, with a force in arms, sought to have my life. Saul's persecution was entirely grounded on his fears that David would at some future time come to the throne, and therefore sought to have his life at any risk; for though he knew him to be innocent, he was blinded by ambition and love of sovereignty to all sense of justice: "they have not set God before their eyes." So with the leaders of the Jewish people in regard to Christ's growing influence. It was with an undisguised feeling of alarm that they saw the crowds following Him; they knew that the people had made no secret of their desire to hail Him as their King, and the triumphant procession of Palm Sunday, with its hosannas and its unequivocal "*Benedictus qui venit*," only served as far as they were concerned to accelerate the accomplishment of their homicidal designs.

"*Ecce enim Deus adjuvat me.*" There is no mistaking the force of this verse. The "*ecce*" implies a sudden light from God of assurance that His help would come without fail; and the prophet speaks in the present tense to mark his inward conviction of the fact, as if it had actually come to pass (Schouppe). And so also Christ with the utmost clearness sees His own speedy release from the enemies that compassed His destruction, and almost in the same glance, the searching judgment that was to recoil on their heads: for note the words immediately following: "*Averte mala inimicis meis; et in veritate disperde illos*," a prediction in the form of an imprecation. In David's case, this turning back of the evils upon his enemies was then and there fulfilled; for a messenger suddenly came to Saul to warn him that the Philistines were upon him. It was a dramatic turn of the tide. Saul the pursuer was now the pursued, and soon afterwards they were "cut off" in very truth when Saul and his army finally perished in the mountains of

Gelboe. The application to Christ is clear. He had often warned the Jews of the judgments awaiting them, and the present generation would live to see the truth of His words: "Weep not for Me, but for yourselves and for your children!" He sees the avenging hand of God stretched in fury over the "strong who sought His life." *Ecce Deus adjuvat*; with prophetic vision He views the armies of Titus, the fall of the Jewish nation and the dispersion of the remnant, "*disperdet illos in veritate*"; i. e., "according to your promise or your justice by virtue of which you give unto every one according to their works" (Bellarmine). In the meantime we are reminded of Christ's willing acceptance of the arduous task confronting Him: "*voluntarie sacrificabo tibi. \* \* \** Therefore doth the Father love Me, because I lay down My life that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from Me: but I lay it down of Myself, and I have power to take it up again" (John x., 17). Hence the strong current of confidence that flows through this psalm: "*ex omni tribulatione eripuisti me*"; emerging from the dark waters of tribulation in security and triumph, I shall witness the final overthrow of all my adversaries and see them prostrate at my feet—"super inimicos meos despexit oculus meus": this final verse of the psalm being the divinely foreseen answer to the prayer with which it opens: "*Deus in nomine tuo salvum me fac.*"

The next psalm, "Exaudi," is in two sections. It may almost be regarded as an expansion of the thoughts set out in the psalm just dealt with; as witness the explanatory title in the Vulgate: "*David postulat inimicorum et fictorum amicorum confusionem*"; and in the Douai: "A prayer of the just man under persecution from the wicked." It agrees to Christ persecuted by the Jews and betrayed by Judas, and so resembles in some of its features psalm xl. (Calmet). For devotional purposes it may be most useful to proceed on the conjecture that the "*homo unanimes, dux meus et notus meus*" of verse 14 refers to Achitophel, and consequently the psalm would refer to the time of Absalom's rebellion. Certainly the psalmist is going through more than he seems able to endure. Like a mighty oak, his strong and sturdy spirit is bending and almost breaking beneath the storm. At times he would appear to acknowledge himself beaten to the world, to be ready to throw down his weapons, to unbuckle his armor and flee for safety and peace. "Who will give me wings like a dove, and I will fly and be at rest?" (*Quis mihi dabit pennas sicut columbae?*) Absalom's conspiracy was bad enough; and now almost coincident with it is the defection of an able and trusted counselor; for "the counsel of Achitophel which he gave in those days was as if a man should consult God" (II. Kings xvi., 23). Yet this is the man who could say to Absalom:

"I will choose me twelve thousand men, and I will arise and pursue after David this night. And coming upon him (for he is now weary and weak-handed), I will defeat him: and when all the people is put to flight that is with him, I will kill the king, who will be left alone" (II. Kings xvii., 1).

David was a man of iron, but a man of deep feeling also, and still deeper piety. Our present psalm is like an analysis of the conflict. We behold the meeting of many troubled waters; they have burst their barriers and come surging and tearing on, till at length they lose themselves in the placid, sunlit lake. There they rest in the giant embrace of the mountains. Even so with the psalmist: "He shall redeem my soul in peace from them that draw near to me \* \* \* I will trust in Thee, O Lord" (xix., 24). Quietly he casts anchor in the deep, still waters of God's Providence—"jacta super Dominum curam tuam \* \* \* non dabit in aeternum fluctuationem justo." The mystical application of all this is clear. Ever and anon "the spiritual eye detects the true Son of David, the traitor and the chief priests appearing and disappearing on the glowing canvas of the psalm." No description of the agony in the Garden, for instance, could be more vivid than that contained in the first few verses. It is like a vivisection of the soul—every word like the incision of a surgeon's knife. God must hasten; exaudi, intende. The present, the future, all is dark. Fear, trembling, the fear and darkness even of death hang like a heavy pall over my soul—"contristatus in exercitatione, conturbatus; timor tremor formido mortis super me; contexerunt me tenebrae." Suddenly the scene is changed from the solitude and external calm of Gethsemane to scenes of violence and strife in the city. We have another pen-picture by a master-hand. Without a doubt we find ourselves at the very heart of the storm. Flashes of forked lightning follow one another in rapid succession, illumining the dark perfidy of a rebellious people and losing themselves again in the black night of ingratitude. "Vidi iniquitatem et contradictionem in cavitae \* \* \* die ac nocte super muros \* \* \* labor, injustitia, usura, dolus in plateis ejus \* \* \* Praecipita Domine, divide linguas eorum. \* \* \* Let death come upon them, let them go down alive into hell; for there is wickedness in their dwellings \* \* \* they have not feared God; they have defiled his covenant." Again the scene is changed. There is an abrupt transition from the crowd to the individual; from the turbulent city to the traitor-friend. The psalmist proceeds from one point of his sorrow to another, wandering on like one in a maze, moved to the very depths of his soul. "If my enemy had reviled me, I would verily have borne with it. And if he that hated me had spoken great things against me, I would perhaps have hidden myself

from him. But thou, a man of one mind, my guide and my familiar, who didst take sweets together with me: in the house of God we walked with consent" (verses 12-14); and later (verse 21), "his words are smoother than oil, and the same are darts" (*molliti sunt sermones ejus super oleum: et ipsi sunt jacula*).

Bellarmino comments: "As regards Judas, he is called a *guide*, having been appointed by Christ, with the other Apostles, over the people, according to psalm xlv: 'Thou shalt make them princes over all the earth.' He was also His 'familiar' and took sweetmeats with Him, as is well known. \* \* \* By sweetmeats, St. Augustine says, the Blessed Eucharist is meant, the sweetest of all meats, and possessing the flavor of all. Finally, he was not only of one mind, and his guide and familiar, but of the same opinion, in regard to the sacred ceremonies; for 'in the house of God we walked with consent': there was no dissension between us in regard of anything concerned with the worship of God." He was treated as an equal, trusted as treasurer, and probably in that capacity often consulted. His very familiarity was the rock on which he split, for he knew his Master's movements intimately and was able to conduct the emissaries of the chief priests to the very spot where the betrayal should take place. The psalmist's agitation subsides before the close of his mournful theme. He leaves behind the portentous wickedness of which he is the victim; the golden sun breaks through the mists and leaves him buoyant with hope: "He will not suffer the just to waver forever \* \* \* I will trust in Thee, O Lord."

*Sext.*—Here we have psalms lv. and lvi., both beginning with the words: "Miserere mei Deus," and psalm lvii., "Si vere utique."

There is a certain similarity between lv. and lvi. which will perhaps justify their being taken together: the former being a "prayer of David in danger and distress" when the "Philistines held him in Geth," the latter bearing the descriptive title: "The prophet prays in his affliction, and praises God for his delivery"; and reference is made in verse 1 to First Kings xxiv., "When David fled from Saul into the cave." Both these psalms are prophetically descriptive in parts of the Passion and are so applied by various commentators (cfr. Bell. and Migne, in loco); both open with the same cry to God for mercy; both are written in circumstances of no common peril; both are full of the same lofty trust in God and courage in the midst of danger, and of the same joy and thankfulness in the assurance of deliverance (Perrowne). The violence of Christ's enemies will readily be recalled in verses like the following: "My enemies have trodden on me all the day long; for they are many that make war against me \* \* \* all the day long they detested my

words; all their thoughts were against me unto evil (applicable to the scribes and Pharisees calumniating and plotting against our Saviour—Bellarmine); \* \* \* inhabitabunt et abscondent, i. e., while they are living in one house with me as friends and companions, apparently on the best of terms with me, they will hide themselves, plotting and conspiring against me to trip me up (*calcaneum meum observabunt*) and destroy me \* \* \* the sons of men whose teeth are weapons and arrows and their tongues a sharp sword \* \* \* they prepared a snare for my feet, and they bowed down my soul." The phrase "*lingua eorum gladius acutus*" recalls the sixth lection of Good Friday, in which St. Augustine comments on the words "*exacuerunt tanquam gladium linguas suas*." He says: "*Non dicant Judaei, non occidimus Christum. Etenim propterea eum dederunt judici Pilato, ut quasi ipsi a morte ejus viderentur immunes* \* \* \* *Quod fecit Pilatus* \* \* \* *in comparatione illorum multo ipse innocentior.* \* \* \* *Vos, O Judaei, occidistis. Unde occidistis? Gladio linguae: aculistis enim linguas vestras. Et quando percussistis, nisi quando clamastis: Crucifige, crucifige?* The psalmist does not confine himself, however, to penciling the darker shades of the picture. He knows that iniquity must eventually be dashed in pieces against the granite rock of God's justice. "*In ira populos confringes.*" Saul and his troops perished in the mountains of Gelboe; the Jews had their city ransacked by the Romans; and the cry, "his blood be upon us and upon our children," has echoed ever since throughout the world, the awful vindication of God's justice. "They dug a pit before my face, and they are fallen into it"; probably a reference to the pits dug by hunters to entrap their prey. Saul hunted David, but David caught him more than once and might easily have slain him on the spot, as for instance on the famous occasion when Saul betook himself to the cave of Engaddi. Similarly with the persecutors of Christ, in the Garden of the Agony, they were stricken down at the words, "I am He," and in the end their evil devices only recoiled on their own heads. Hence the note of triumph that follows on in both these psalms. It is as though the inspired writer leaves the darkness of the cave and comes into the open sunshine: "a type of Christ, who, too, concealed in a cave, as He was while in the form of a servant" (cfr. Bell.) experienced His hours of darkness, who "slept troubled," *dormivi conturbatus*, conveying the idea of violent mental agitation, as a whirlwind shakes the branches of the firmly rooted oak and makes the leaves to quiver, but who, in spite of all this, could protest before God: "*Non timebo quid faciat mihi caro*" (verse 4); and again (verse 10), "*In God have I hoped, I will not fear what man can do to me.*" *Paratum cor meum, Deus, paratum cor*

meum; ready to live, ready to die, ready to rule, ready to be trampled on, ready to take everything cheerfully from Thy hand; he is calm, firm, happy, resolute, and now he is ready with psaltery and harp: "I will sing and rehearse a psalm"; the gloomy caverns of Odollam shall ring with music: the dark places of the soul shall echo with joyous song"; Arise, then, O my glory—exurge psalterium et cithara: exurgam diluculo: confitebor tibi in populis." The storm clouds had gathered, now they are rolled away; the night had been long and dangers untold had lurked beneath the shadows, now at long last, the dawn and with it, security. "In the shadow of Thy wings will I hope" (verse 1). The dusky mantle of night will assuredly be rent in twain by the divine "fiat lux"; the seed-time of tears will be followed by a rich harvest of joys: "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, my feet from falling: that I may please in the sight of God in the light of the living." Therefore, O God, and the repetition is noteworthy—"Be Thou exalted above the heavens, and Thy glory above all the earth" (verse 5, 11). /

The third psalm at *Sext* is No. 57, "Si vere utique justitiam, etc."

It is a powerful invective against hypocrites, detractors and especially unrighteous judges; and though it refers primarily to the malevolent speeches of Saul's courtiers, it applies also to the proceedings of the Jews against Christ (St. Jer.). With Christ, as with David during this Sauline period to which the psalm refers, His judges were actuated by feelings of personal hatred, they were persecutors as well as judges, and the judicial proceedings were so ordered as to conceal the persecution behind the appearance of a righteous judgment: "In corde iniquitates operamini: in terra injustitias manus vestrae concinnant"; the heart full of malice and deceit, the hands "forging" injustice on the earth: a "generation of vipers," "an evil and adulterous generation" bent on destruction yet masking their hatred under cover of righteousness. Abner and the rest of Saul's princes judged David to be a rebel against the government; Annas and Caiphas and the rest of the deicide crowd threw justice to the winds and proclaimed their victim to be a rebel, a lawbreaker, a malefactor. It mattered little to them that the witnesses disagreed and "had spoken false things" (verse 3), for they were mad with rage and "their madness was according to the likeness of a serpent" (verse 4); there was not in their heart any shadow of a desire to know or hear the truth, they were "like the deaf asp that stoppeth her ears, which will not hear the voice of the charmers" (verse 5); and the serpents on which the "wizards that charm wisely" can make no impression are the most poisonous. Such were the enemies of

Christ, hardened transgressors, bold and cunning, "alienated from the womb" (verse 3), venomous and dangerous. What the ineffectual charms are in reference to the death-dealing serpent, such to the obstinate enemies of Christ were His constant instructions and pleadings, reinforced by repeated warnings. They had ears to hear and would not hear. "We have piped to you and you have not danced." Their culpable deafness could not be charmed away. "You stiff-necked and uncircumcised in hearts and ears, you always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do you also" (Acts vii., 51). It always was so. David's representations to Saul and Jonathan's intercessions, both so persuasive, were fruitless; even so were "the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God," which led the first martyr, St. Stephen, to exclaim: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," for "they crying out with a loud voice, stopped their ears, and with one accord ran violently upon him" (vii., 56), like the "deaf asp that stoppeth her ears \* \* \* not hearing the voice of the charmers." They had done it in the green wood, why not in the dry? "And they have slain them who foretold of the coming of the Just One; of whom you have been now the betrayers and the murderers" (lii.).

The first five verses of our psalm tell of the iniquity of these untamable miscreants; the next five describe what was going to happen when the cup of their iniquity should be full. "God shall break in pieces their teeth in their mouth: the Lord shall break the grinders of the lions" (verse 6)—the first of a series of figures which leave no doubt as to the thoroughness with which God will eventually punish their guilt. "They shall come to nothing like water running down \* \* \* like wax that melteth, they shall be taken away. \* \* \* He swalloweth them up, as alive, in His wrath \* \* \*" The "breaking of the teeth" may possibly refer to the practice of the snake-charmers who extract the fangs of the serpents and break their teeth; the force of the passage being that enemies who are too deaf to be "charmed," who possess no capacity for good should at any rate be deprived by God of their ability for evil, and whether the evil was to take the form of secret cunning or of open violence, the ultimate result would be the same. "They shall come to nothing like water" that leaps along with great force and velocity at first, yet leaves scarcely a trace behind; they shall succumb to the fire of God's anger even as "wax melteth away" under the action of the sun; they shall be cut down like thorns, which when young (*priusquam intelligerent spinæ vestrae rhamnum*: before they grow to any age so as to get into timber—(Bellarmine) are easily lopped off; and finally "*sicut viventes, sic in ira*

absorbet eos," they will be swallowed up—annihilated as completely as if the earth opened and swallowed them up alive. Thus the psalmist leads up to his final outburst of confidence in the justice of God's judgments: "Utique est Deus judicans eos in terra—there is indeed a God that judgeth them on the earth." What a terrible reckoning therefore for all those "sons of men" who should have "spoken justice" and yet were responsible for the condemnation and death of the "Just One."

The Little Hours for Wednesday finish up with two psalms: "Eripe me" (lviii.) and "Deus repulisti" (lix.); the former in two sections. The title of the "Eripe me" refers us to I. Kings xix., when Saul, after his endeavor to nail David to the wall with his spear, "sent guards to David's house to watch him, that he might be killed in the morning." Calmet throws out a thought on this historical direction which will enable us to read this psalm, like so many others, in the light of the Passion: "Patres in Davide, missis a Saule satellitibus domi clauso; CHRISTUM contemplantur IN SEPULCHRO CONDITUM." Similarly the descriptive heading in the Douai: "It agrees to Christ and His enemies the Jews." The first verse is the "Offertorium" for the Wednesday in Passion Week; and all through Passiontide at Vespers and at Lauds (versicles) the Church takes up the same prayerful refrain: "Eripe me Domine ab homine malo et a viro iniquo eripe me. Eripe me de inimicis meis Deus meus; et ab insurgentibus in me libera me." It will not be difficult, therefore, when reciting this psalm, to bring to mind the introductory scenes of the Passion: "Collegerunt pontifices et pharisaei concilium adversus Jesum, et dicebant: Quid facimus, quia hic homo multa signa facit?" In a few dramatic words the psalmist tells the sequel to this "conciliabulum": "Irruerunt in me fortes (verse 3); ecce cepurunt animam meam." The following verse may be regarded as a testimony to the sinlessness of the Divine Victim: "Neither is it My iniquity, nor My sin, \* \* \* without iniquity have I run and directed My steps," for He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: which assurance being given the psalmist returns to the persecutors, whose nation he describes in a very striking metaphor: "Convertentur ad vesperam et famem patientur ut canes, etc.: they shall return at evening and shall suffer hunger like dogs, and shall go round about the city. Behold they shall speak with their mouth, and a sword is in their lips: for who, say they, hath heard us?" The description is short, but like a vivid flash of lightning. We see the crafty Pharisees foiled in the daytime, when "they took up stones to cast at Him, but Jesus hid Himself and went out of the temple"; and now they "return at

evening," hungry "like dogs," to perpetrate their black deeds in the more congenial darkness. The allusion is clear. David compares his enemies to "the gaunt, hungry, half-starved, half-wild dogs which to this day in the East prowl about the cities and villages" (Perrowne). Even so it was with the enemies of Christ, who on the eve of His Passion especially became like so many ravenous dogs in search of prey: "Judas having received a band of soldiers and servants from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons" (John xviii., 3): "circuibunt civitatem," like the jackals in quest of carrion and offal: a striking picture of the prowling, stealthy Pharisees, whose practice it was to "watch Him"; who followed Him that they might hear something treasonable or blasphemous; who time and again tried to "snare Him in His speech"; and who finally, with all the eagerness with which "hungry dogs" devour their meat—after scouring the city for some semblance at least of adverse evidence—closed with Satanic glee on the shameful offer of the traitor-apostle: "They shall speak with their mouth": and how true the words that follow! "A sword is in their lips," for who, say they, hath heard us?—a reminder that much of the plotting had to go on in secret for fear of the people, and even Judas "sought opportunity to betray Him in the absence of the multitude" (Luke). At verse 9 there is an abrupt change in the current of thought, being a declaration of supreme trust in God. Foes may be near, but God is not far away, and will laugh at them—"Deridebit eos. Deus susceptor meus; misericordia ejus praeveniet me." The following verses tell of the issue of the struggle and are seen reflected especially in the fate of the Jews, "for the sin of their mouth and the word of their lips \* \* \* and for their cursing and lying." Bellarmine says: "The cursing consisted in that dreadful imprecation, 'His blood be upon us and upon our children,' and the other expression, 'We have no king but Cæsar' was a palpable lie and falsehood, for it is certain that they resisted paying tribute to him, and boasted that they were a free people, never subject to any one, which was a downright falsehood, for they were subject to Pharaoh in Egypt, to Nabuchodonozor in Babylon, to the Philistines in the land of promise, and at the very moment of their boasting to the Romans." There is a curious repetition of verse 7. "They shall return at evening, etc.," though now a different turn has to be given to the expression. It is not their conduct which the psalmist now has in mind, but their punishment. There is irony in the words now. After their discomfiture on the day of the Resurrection, "they went round about the city" indeed, but on a different errand. This time it was to cover up the traces of their defeat, and such indeed has been their restless

endeavor ever since; all through the ages it will continue, the mark of Cain is there; "they shall be scattered abroad to eat and shall murmur if they be not filled" (verse 15). They who once had been hungry with a ravenous hate, and had sated their hunger with the lacerated, torn flesh of the Lamb without spot, will hunger again; like a hungry pack they will be gathered together within the city walls, an encompassing enemy without; famine and starvation will stare them in the face: no bread, no hope, no mercy; true, "they shall return," but it will be at "evening," when it is too late, when the hour of mercy shall have passed. Their sin will have found them out, and will have become its own curse. And now the psalmist leaves them and turns to God. In the Person of Christ and His Church he gives expression to his joy and gladness. However furious the onslaughts made upon him, he always feels the nearness of God, who is his "strength, support, refuge, helper, defense." His experience is that God will reinforce his waning strength at every turn of the conflict: everything he knows about God is the antithesis of everything he knows about his enemies. With the sound still in his ear of hungry dogs yelping and snarling, he turns triumphantly to the restful music of psalmody: "Ego autem cantabo." He is not going to delay till "the evening," for mercy must be sought and extolled in the day—"exaltabo mane misericordiam tuam"; joy and exultation come on the wings of the rising sun. "Unto Thee, O My Helper, will I sing; for Thou art My God, My defense, My God, My mercy" (verses 16, 17).

The "Deus repulisti" is a very appropriate psalm with which to finish up the Little Hours. It is the last of the set we have been meditating on, and as our Wednesday *None* comes to an end, we find the whole economy of the Redemption beautifully epitomized in one short psalm: the anger of God, man's rejection, the curse, the promise, restoration, triumph. "Hora nona exclamavit Jesus voce magna dicens. \* \* \* Deus meus ut quid dereliquisti me \* \* \* et velum templi scissum est \* \* \* et terra mota est." Sin had done its worst; it had gone to its last extremity in destroying the life of God in human nature. The psalmist had described it all in mystic strain: "Deus, iratus es \* \* \* repulisti, \* \* \* destruxisti \* \* \* commovisti terram \* \* \* conturbasti eam \* \* \* ostendisti dura \* \* \* potasti nos vino compunctionis \* \* \*" But in this psalm he seems to be in no mood to dwell upon these lurid pages of the world's history; the opening wail of lamentation is soon over: "misertus est nobis"; he confidently regards God's merciful dealings in the past as a sure guarantee that "the beloved shall be delivered" quia "dedisti significationem \* \* \* ut fugiant a facie arcus." Such a "significatio" was the Cross of Christ, as is

foretold by the prophet Isaias xi., 12. "He shall set up a standard unto the nations, and shall assemble the fugitives of Israel, and shall gather the dispersed of Juda, \* \* \* they together shall spoil the children of the East; Edom and Moab shall be under the rule of their hand." There is no vestige of doubt in the psalmist's mind. The future is as certain to him as the promise is sure. "Deus locutus est." Not only does he see ultimate triumph; he even goes into detail in describing the division of the spoils of victory. Great joy is in store for him: "laetabor, et partibor Sichimam (Samaria)." Like a conqueror after victory he will rejoice in the extension of his territory. We have mention of Galaad, Manasses, Ephraim, Juda, Moab, Idumaea, a string of proper names which at first would appear to yield little in the way of piety; but in reality each of these stands prominent at the opening of its own avenue of devotional thought, and the key which unlocks the mysteries is not far away. The mystical inwardness of the passage consists in the future universal sway of the Cross, and points very plainly to that unity of government which was to characterize the future kingdom of Christ:

Impleta sunt quae concinit  
David fideli carmine,  
Dicendo nationibus:  
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

And not in song only, but in figure also, was this reign foreshadowed. He will be King not merely of Juda; the tribes also of Israel must come under His jurisdiction, and Sichem, Galaad, Manasses and Ephraim are specially mentioned, because they belonged to the tribe of Joseph—the greatest tribe of all, and therefore made to stand for the whole kingdom of Israel; so that in spite of revolt and many serious defections among his own adherents, he confidently anticipates a joyful reunion. And this is not all. His rule must needs extend beyond the confines of his own territory. And so, having enumerated the provinces of his own kingdom, he now mentions those of the enemy become tributary to him, viz.: Moab, Edom, "alienigenae"; Moab olla spei mei: "like a pot full of meat, abounding in riches and plenty and giving me great hopes" (Bell.) Similarly, "in Idumaeam extendam calceamentum meum," i. e., he will go from victory to victory. Part of his work has been already accomplished, for "mihi alienigenae subditi sunt"; but his final conquests have yet to be rounded off: "quis deducet me in civitatem munitam." The historical title to the psalm records the Edomite defeat in the "Vale of the Salt-pits," when twelve thousand of the enemy were slain; yet in verse 11 we have the words "quis deducet

me in Idumæam." All these points have their correlatives in the triumph of the Cross. "Ask of Me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession. \* \* \* Thou shalt break them in pieces like a potter's vessel" (Ps. ii., 8). Christ's desolation on the Cross was the last watch of the night of the former covenant, and at the same time the dawn of another day, during which "thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and shall inhabit the desolate cities. \* \* \* For many are the children of the desolate, more than of her that hath a husband" (Is. liv., 3). Those children will be gathered in or rather born from amongst the nations (the Alienigenæ, Idumæa, Moab), and as the trusted Joab was the appointed leader in the campaign referred to in this psalm (see title), so will the Apostles go forth, armed with the King's commission and flying the Royal Ensign of the Cross, to make disciples "of the nations; them also I must bring and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." The spirit that breathes through this psalm, therefore, is that contained in the words:

"Et super Crucis trophaeo  
Dic triumphum nobilem:  
Qualiter Redemptor orbis  
Immolatus vicerit."

Christ when He died  
Deceived the Cross,  
And on Death's side  
Threw all the loss.  
The captive world awaked and found  
The prisoner loose, the jailor bound.  
\* \* \* \* \*

O strange, mysterious strife  
Of open Death and hidden Life!  
When on the Cross my King did bleed,  
Life seemed to die, Death died indeed.

—*Richard Crashaw.*

END OF NONE FER. IV.

(To be continued: Fer. V., VI. Sabb.)

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THE CATHOLIC PILGRIM AND EXPLORER IN THE  
DAWN OF GEOGRAPHY.

"A true devoted pilgrim is not weary to measure kingdoms with his feeble steps."—Shakespeare.

“THE expansion of Europe in the way of geographical progress,” writes Beazley on the opening page of his monumental work on that subject, “is commonly spoken of as if it affected only that modern world which the fifteenth century saw gradually evolved out of the mediæval. But few have troubled themselves to inquire how those forces that displayed themselves with such effect in the lifetime of Columbus were stored and matured in the long middle age of preparation, or how the great successes of the Columbian period were led up to by the futile ventures or partial triumphs of the thirty generations that lay between the two periods of European ascendancy.”<sup>1</sup> It is of this neglected period of preparation for future attainment that we would here speak, and especially of that share in geographical progress wherein the Church bore a direct part through her religious and missionary activities; for, as another authority tells us, the main causes leading up to geographical exploration and discovery have been four: “Commercial intercourse between different countries; the operations of war; pilgrimages and missionary zeal, and in later times, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake,”<sup>2</sup> which the writer quoted considers the highest of all motives. While this religious factor in geographical progress has often found generous recognition among more eminent writers, it is not always made prominent in the ordinary textbook, nor perhaps adequately realized by Catholics themselves, since the records of our pilgrims, missionaries and other religious travelers have more often been studied in a spirit of simple devotion than with any thought of their scientific bearing. A little consideration, however, will make this bearing evident, while in no way lessening the spiritual value of their records, for, as will not be difficult to show, these same humble pilgrims and missionaries, although not primarily impelled by the motive just now designated as the “highest”—“the love of knowledge for its own sake”—but rather by a desire to glorify God and win souls for Him, were yet instrumental to no small extent in advancing the horizon of geographical knowledge. “During six centuries,” to quote again from our former author, “these religious travels represented the most active enterprise of Latin Christendom”: “the pilgrims were the pioneers of the growth of Europe and of Chris-

<sup>1</sup> Beazley: “Dawn of Geography,” Vol. I. p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Clements Markham, Sec. Roy. Geo. Soc.: “Brit. Ency.,” “Geo.”

tendom until Charlemagne, in one sense; in another and a broader sense, until the Crusades":<sup>3</sup> and again, "Our chief knowledge of the geography of Europe between 500 and 1000 A. D. is given in the reports of successive pilgrims."<sup>4</sup> Very early in the Church's life, Christian pilgrimage sprang into being, inspired by an intense desire to visit the spots hallowed by our Lord's footsteps, to realize more vividly and to honor more profoundly the acts and sufferings of the God-Man in the wondrous mystery of His Incarnation. How profoundly the Christian consciousness of the first ages was stirred by this impulse we shall soon see, but to realize fully its bearing on our subject, we must cast a glance over the classic world and form for ourselves a picture of conditions in the Roman Empire, not only as it existed under the Cæsars and the Antonines, but throughout its decadence and the slow upgrowth of mediæval life, keeping always in mind these two facts: First, that Roman territory was becoming ever more and more circumscribed, not only by the division of the Empire into East and West, with the final alienation of Byzantium, but by the gradual rise of Moslem power, pressing from South and East, upon the one-time mistress of the world, and wresting from her grasp her fairest trans-Mediterranean provinces. And again, that during this same period of internal division and Saracenic pressure, Europe was increasingly harassed by barbarian invasion from the North, until Christian civilization became involved in a life and death struggle for existence; learning came to a standstill; trade, except through Byzantium, sank to a minimum, while travel was beset by such dangers and difficulties that but for the strong incentive of religious zeal and the encouragement bestowed upon it from religious motives, it would practically have ceased to be undertaken.

Only through extensive missionary travel, however, had the Church been founded, a travel then facilitated by the unity of the Roman Empire. According to universal tradition, the Apostles, or their immediate successors, had carried the Gospel into Asia Minor, Arabia, Syria, Armenia, Parthia, North Africa, and even to Persia and India, lands on the very confines of the then known Orient, while on the western frontiers of the Empire, Britain, and possibly "Scotia," had been early visited. So that even before the conversion of Constantine, Christians could boast with much truth that the "name of Christ had been borne into all lands and His word to the ends of the world."<sup>5</sup> Of a Church so founded, travel was to continue a distinguishing characteristic. "The ends of the world," however, were found to be a constantly receding quantity. During

<sup>3</sup> Beazley: "Dawn of Geo.," Vol. I, p. 11; "Henry the Navigator," p. 76.

<sup>4</sup> Appleton: "Story of Geographical Discovery," p. 52.

<sup>5</sup> Justin Martyr: "Dial. c., 117; Tertullian: "Apol.," 37; Adv. Jud. 7.

the period of Greek influence, the simple geography of Homer had been constantly expanding to meet the advance of knowledge. Geographical enterprise had not been wanting in those early days. Phœnician and Greek alike, by colonization and maritime adventure, had accumulated an amount of knowledge, both theoretical and practical, into which the Roman entered as heir to enrich its content—though adding little to its theory—by his wars of conquest and extensive system of commerce. The sphericity of the earth had been generally received, in the learned world, since the time of Thales and Aristotle. Eratosthenes, the first systematic Greek geographer, had given a fairly accurate measurement of the circumference of our little globe (276-196 B. C.). Strabo, of the Augustan age, had built upon the data of Eratosthenes, and introduced the gnomon to determine geographical latitudes, while finally, Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., expanded the world-view still farther, and projected his "mappa mundi" on definitely scientific principles.

To the Roman, then, of the days of Hadrian and the Antonines, was offered a twofold picture of the "orbis terrarum," between which he was free to choose: The simpler conception of Strabo, representing the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, but in curtailed proportions, floating like one great island upon a circum-ambient ocean, Africa being cut off above the equator, Asia limited to its western half, while both Europe and Asia were foreshortened toward the north; or the more grandiose view of Ptolemy, who greatly extended the land surface of our globe by reducing Strabo's equatorial ocean to an enclosed Indian Sea, beyond which Africa reached southward and Asia far to the east. Apparently the earlier conception was the more popular, that of Ptolemy "the luxury of the select few." It flattered the pride of the Roman to believe his empire literally world-wide,<sup>6</sup> although certain classic voyages whispered of a vague "beyond." Unfortunately, Strabo had still farther limited the area of the "habitable world" by his idea of "climates" or "zones." Of the five geographical zones, only the north temperate was adapted to be the "habitat" of man. The polar regions were wholly barren and desolate, while the equatorial belt was insupportable to life from its intense heat,<sup>7</sup> and was therefore conveniently filled with a central ocean whose waves, boiling beneath the fierce solar rays, formed an impassable barrier between the known world and any such Southern or Antipodean continent as had been conjectured by Aristotle,<sup>8</sup> and a little later by Crates of Pergamum.<sup>9</sup> To these unfortunate theories of Strabo was due much of

<sup>6</sup> See Reinaud: "Relations de l'Empire Romain avec l'Asie Orientale."

<sup>7</sup> Lardner's "Inland and Maritime Discovery," Vol. I., p. 89.

<sup>8</sup> Aristotle: "Meteorologica," II., 5, No. 10.

<sup>9</sup> Beazley: "Dawn of Geography," Vol. I., p. 377.

the terror of maritime adventure among Europeans later, and a certain hesitancy of the fathers in accepting the doctrine of the antipodes (as inhabited), while distinctly teaching the sphericity of the earth.<sup>10</sup> The practical Roman soldier and merchant, meanwhile, for the great needs of war and trade, depended little upon "mappi mundi" of any school (although for the instruction of youth, such maps were made and displayed on the porticoes of great public buildings at Rome). He relied rather on the much more accurate and detailed "Itineraria," "picta" or "annotata," drawn or written for land travel, and upon the "periplus," or coasting chart, for travel by sea.

In the "Itineraria picta" all the great roads were painted with details, as to name, extent and character of the provinces through which they passed, given with great accuracy and minutiae,<sup>11</sup> while the periplus rendered the same service for coasting routes and harbors. The only known example of the "Itinerarium Pictum" still existing is the magnificent specimen preserved in the National Library at Vienna, brought to light by Conrad Peutinger in 1507, and known as the "Peutinger Table." In its original form, it may possibly date back to the Emperor Severus, A. D. 230. The present copy is supposed to be the work of a monk of the thirteenth century.<sup>12</sup> It was to these Itineraries that the Christian pilgrim turned for guidance on his perilous journey from far distant lands, and they form the exemplars for those composed later by the pilgrims themselves, though the latter were "annotata," or verbal rather than "picta," giving a full account of the places visited.

While the number of the pilgrims to the Holy Land is legion, that of their Itineraries is naturally limited. A few of the more famous may be found treasured in the great libraries of the world. Of some, numerous manuscripts exist, others are but fragments. They have been edited with scholarly care and thus furnish a trustworthy synopsis of pilgrim travel up to the Crusades. The standard edition of the MS. is that of Tobler, Molinier and Köhler, published in the geographical series of the "Société de l'Orient-Latin," under the title, "Itinera Hierosolymitana et Descriptiones Terrae Sanctae." The best English translation is that furnished by the Palestine Pilgrim's Text Society. While the era of pilgrimage may be said to date from the famous visit of St. Helena to Jerusalem at the time of the discovery of the true Cross, individual pilgrimages carry us even farther back. Hardly had the Apostles ventured forth from the seclusion of the upper chamber, sealed with the fires of Pente-

<sup>10</sup> Bede: "De Natura Rerum," cxlvi., 118.

<sup>11</sup> Lardner: "In. and Mar. Disc.," Vol. I., p. 104; Appleton: "Story of Geo.," p. 50.

<sup>12</sup> Lardner: Vol. I., p. 156; "Brit. Ency." Peutinger Table.

cost, than the pilgrim began to appear at Jerusalem. "It would be tedious," writes St. Jerome in his famous Epistle "ad Marcellam," "to run through every age from the Ascension of our Lord to the present day and enumerate all the Bishops, martyrs, the men eminent in ecclesiastical learning, who have come to Jerusalem because they would have considered themselves possessed of less piety and knowledge had they not, as the phrase is, received this crowning stroke of virtue and adored Christ in those very places whence the Gospel first began to diffuse itself from the summit of the Cross."

Eusebius and Orosius furnish us with memorials of early Greek pilgrims, for whom the journey would have been a comparatively short and safe one. The author of the "*Cohortatio ad Graecos*," a writer of the second century, quoted by them, is said to have visited Syria and seen the caves traditionally identified as the scene of the labors of the seventy translators of the Old Testament.<sup>13</sup> Beazley begins his list of Christian pilgrims with the somewhat problematic Gallic matron said by Gregory of Tours<sup>14</sup> to have visited Jerusalem 31 A. D. (just two years after the Ascension, if we accept 4 B. C. as the true date of the Nativity). He also records a shadowy British pilgrim, Quillius, who harkens back to the year 40 A. D. Passing these by, we reach firmer ground with Alexander Flavianus, a Bishop of Cappadocia and friend of Origen, whom all authorities agree visited Jerusalem in 212 A. D. In 216 A. D. the great doctor himself followed, bearing witness to the widespread knowledge, even among unbelievers, as to the locus of the "Cave" in Bethlehem, and its identity with the scene of our Saviour's birth.<sup>15</sup> About 240 A. D. Firmilian is said by Jerome to have gone to Jerusalem "*sub occasione sanctorum locorum*."<sup>16</sup> The fourth century ushers in a group of pilgrims from North Italy. Antoninus the Elder, John the Presbyter, Alexander the Bishop, who made the Syrian pilgrimage, visiting Jerusalem and Sinai. We have now reached the era of Helena, from whose time on the number of pilgrims rapidly increased, for not only was devotion stimulated by the discovery of the holy relics, but with the conversion of Constantine increased facilities of travel were offered and provision made for the safety of pilgrims. In 330, we meet with three venerable eremites from distant Cologne, with others from Western Europe, while from the East came Eutropia, mother-in-law of the Emperor. The year 333 brings us face to face with the "*Bordeaux Pilgrim*," compiler of the first of those famous Itineraries which not only guided countless subsequent pilgrims, but proved of the greatest value in keeping alive

<sup>13</sup> Eus.: "*Hist. Ecc.*," II., 12; Oros: "*Hist.*" III., 6; "*Brit. Ency.*," "*Pilgrim*" [11th ed.].

<sup>14</sup> "*De Gloria Mart.*," cap. 12.

<sup>15</sup> "*Contra Celsum*," I. I., 351.

<sup>16</sup> "*Vlr. Illust.*," cap. 54.

the memory of routes and countries, practically closed to Western Europe for 500 years after the rise of Islam.

The Bordeaux chronicle, though only a fragment, ranks among the most clear and exact of Roman guides, "modeled upon the Imperial survey of the Antonines." The route followed runs through North Italy, Aquileia, Sirmium, Constantinople and Asia Minor. Upon the same course, thousands of nameless pilgrims journeyed in the next 300 years, some few of whom have left us an account, "religious in form, but containing in substance the widest view of the globe then possible among Westerns."<sup>17</sup> Next, both in time and importance, amongst these pilgrim itineraries, stands the "*Peregrinatio Silviae*," which gives us interesting glimpses of Lower Egypt, Stony or Sinaitic Arabia, and even Edessa in Mesopotamia: the city of St. Thomas and Abgarus, "the correspondent of Jesus Christ," on the very borders of heathen and hostile Persia. Silvia visited Heshbon of the Amorites, the giant cities of Bashan, the hills of Balak and of Balaam; Mount Nebo, whence Moses had viewed the Promised Land, and took her way from Jerusalem toward Carneas (the Denaba of Gen. xxxvi., 32), "near the home of Job," on the borders of Idumea and Arabia. "To see the monks," she wanders through Osrhöene, comes to Haran, near which was the home of Abraham, the farm of Laban and the well of Rachel. She is checked near Nisibis, lost to Rome by Julian's defeat, "*ubimodo, accessus Romanorum non est*," and journeys back to Antioch by Padan-Aram; compares the Euphrates, which she crosses, with the Rhone, and returns home by the great military road between Tarsus and the Bosphorus, "having escaped a thousand dangers from Isaurian brigands."<sup>18</sup> Silvia makes no mention in her writings of St. Jerome, who was soon to become, however, the central figure among the Western pilgrims, with whom Bethlehem and Jerusalem were now crowded. Many were driven thither by fear of impending danger, for within ten years of Jerome's death Alaric had sacked Rome!

The "*Peregrinatio*" of Paula, well known as the friend of Jerome, has found many transcribers. It is, however, largely topographical, the geographical interest being chiefly confined to her journey through Samaria, Egypt, Alexandria and Nitria. She is followed by Eusebius of Cremona, who visited St. Jerome about 394. We must now pass by a number of pilgrims recorded both by Jerome and

<sup>17</sup> Beazley: "Henry the Navigator," p. 33.

<sup>18</sup> Many critics doubt whether Silvia of Aquitaine were really the author of this *Peregrinatio*. Gamurrini, however, who discovered the only known text in the library of Arezzo, believes she was, and that she was a sister of Rufinus, Prefect of the East under Theodosius I., whose journey from Jerusalem to Egypt is recorded in the "*Historia Lausica*" of Palladius. Beazley: "Dawn of Geography," Vol. I., p. 79 note. Silvia professes to write for the benefit of some nuns in Gaul.

by Migne in his "Greek and Latin Fathers," pausing only to mention St. Alexius of Rome, a wide traveler, whose saintly incognito won him a romantic interest during the Middle Ages. The year 400 A. D. saw a great concourse of pilgrims wending their way from Narbonne to Carthage, and thence to Alexandria and Palestine, while St. Jerome in one letter<sup>19</sup> alludes to monks from India, Persia and Ethiopia arriving daily at the Holy City in great numbers.

We now meet with a number of Spanish pilgrimages, upon which it would be interesting to dwell, did time permit. In the year 412 Pelagius, the famous British heresiarch, came in pilgrim guise to Palestine from the distant shores of his native isle. Again it is a band of noble women who are forced by enemies to pass to the Holy Land through Egypt. In 415, Orosius, friend of Augustine, and the "religiosus juvenis" of his epistles, appears in Palestine and, in addition to geographical services, brings the relic of St. Stephen to the West.<sup>20</sup> The journey of St. Melania furnishes our fourth pilgrim itinerary, but though full of detail, offers little of fresh geographical interest. A little later, St. Petronius of Bologna travels through Syria and Egypt, building on his return a replica of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, taken from his own measurements, for the edification of his flock.

Passing over many minor pilgrimages, we reach an era of renewed zeal under Justinian. His reign witnessed also a revival of commercial relations between East and West.<sup>21</sup> We may mention as bearing on our subject his employment of missionary monks to bring the silkworm from China to Byzantium, the development of intercourse with the Ethiopian Christians of Abyssinia, in whose company "Roman merchants penetrated almost to the equator," gaining also a foothold in Malabar and Ceylon. All this and much more is told us by Cosmas Indicopleustes, the "traveler to India," who, beginning life as a merchant, became later a writer and the defender of St. Augustine against certain Greek heretics, closing his long career as a monk of Monte Cassino. The religious cosmology of Cosmas has called down ridicule upon his head, but his observations as a traveler are of real value, and make us deplore the loss of his chief geographical work. In his "Christian Topography," however, he modestly tells us that it treated of "all the regions of the world: of coast lands and islands, of the countries of the South, from Alexandria to the ocean; of the Nile and its tributaries; of the Arabian Gulf; of the peoples of Ethiopia and Egypt."<sup>22</sup> His Topography speaks directly of the burning desert of Africa, of its

<sup>19</sup> "Epist.," cvii.

<sup>20</sup> Bede: "De Actatibus Mundi," vi.

<sup>21</sup> Gibbon: "Rome," ch. 40. Yules: "Cathay," Preface; Beazley: "Dawn of Geo.," Vol. I, p. 96, p. 189 sq.

<sup>22</sup> Montfaucon: "Cosmas" Bk. xi., quoted by Beazley: Vol. I, p. 278.

coast, of the Negro and gold trade; of the Island of Sieladiva, or Ceylon, the "Taprobane" of the Greeks, and of the Malabar coast of India. His references to the Christianity of Ceylon and Malabar are those of an eye-witness. These references are most interesting in connection with the apparent efforts of Justinian to promote closer intercourse with Eastern Christians as well as to reopen old trade routes. But the once invincible majesty of Rome was declining. The Coptic pilgrim "Scholasticus," who journeyed to Malabar and Ceylon in the fifth century, was imprisoned for six years as a spy—an affront which Rome would once have never brooked. Henceforth we must look to religious zeal rather than mercantile effort to brave the dangers of a hostile East.

By the seventh century, all the great trade routes of Asia and the Levant are in Moslem hands. Pilgrimage now turns largely to Rome, yet those to the East continue, though attended with increasing difficulty. In this cycle of pilgrims, we note many from newly converted lands in the extremities of Europe, to whom the East was almost wholly unknown. About 680 occurred the pilgrimage of the Frankish Bishop Arculf, who "struggled from France to Syria and thence by many wanderings to Scotland." His valuable record was put into literary shape by Adamnan, abbot of Iona, to whom he related its details, when driven thither by shipwreck, and later, by Bede,<sup>23</sup> who lent it a popularity which did good service to the cause of geography as well as pilgrimage. Our next pilgrim, Willebald, was a prince of Kentish blood, nephew of Boniface, the great Apostle of Germany, whom with his sister, Walpurga, he afterwards joined, so that we have in him a link between pilgrim and missionary travel. Willebald's first goal was simply Rome. Hither his royal relatives, Ina and Ceadwalla of Wessex, had already preceded him when with his father and brother, he was stirred "to explore the unknown regions of foreign parts." Together they crossed the "vasty deep" of the British Channel, "ascended the Seine to Rouen and going thence from place to place, came at last to Redmont, having crossed in safety the brigand-infested passes of the Alps. At Lucca his father dies,<sup>24</sup> but with a little band of followers, the two brothers press on to Rome, and finally to the East. The whole record is one of hardship and danger. Twice the pilgrims suffer imprisonment, and death more than once seems imminent before they again reach Byzantium, after seven years of travel. The itinerary of Willebald gives a vivid picture of the state of the Christian world in its relation to Mohammedan power about the year 720. It is supplemented by that of Bernard the Wise, who describes the

<sup>23</sup> Bede: "De Locis Sanctis," p. 403.

<sup>24</sup> His tomb at S. Frediano was shown to John Evelyn in 1645. See "Diary," May 12, 1645.

people of Southern Italy swept off as slaves to Moslem countries; the Campagna of Rome overrun with brigands; Christian travelers fearing to move save in armed bands; the Arab dominion at its height, controlling all lands between the Pyrenees and the Sahara, the Sea of Aral and the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic and the Indus. One hundred years before, in 615 A. D., Jerusalem had been stormed and sacked by Chosroes of Persia and the true Cross carried across the Tigris, while in 637 the Holy City definitely surrendered to the Caliph Omar. Then insult and violence became the pilgrim's lot: pilgrimages, nevertheless, continuing in such numbers as to call forth restrictive legislation by the Church.

But brighter days were at hand. In 732, just 100 years after Mohammed's death, came the day of trial between Christendom and Islam, on the battlefield of Tours. The scales trembled in the balance, but Christendom triumphed, and though the strife was not ended, the vantage was never wholly lost. Under the Carolingians, Europe became compacted, prestige in the East was regained, trade and social order began to reassert themselves. The famous embassy of Charlemagne to Haroun Al Raschid<sup>26</sup> bears witness to renewed communication, while the yearly Bazaar opened at Jerusalem for the exchange of goods between East and West, speaks of reviving commerce.<sup>26</sup> But we must now turn to a survey of Europe, where missionary travel and exploration largely replaces pilgrimage in its service to geography. The MS. of Willibald preserved in the library of Carlsruhe, known as the "Codex Augiensis," closes with the commission of Pope Gregory III. to the writer to join his kinsman Boniface in Germany. But Boniface was by no means the earliest of missionary explorers. Already the labors of Ulphilas among the Goths (Arian though he were), had opened up to Christian Europe a large tract of land beyond the Danube. St. Ninan had returned from studies in Rome to build his "Casa Candida" in Galloway and then fare forth to convert the Picts of the Grampian Hills. In 430 Palladius had been sent to the same distant field. Kentigern had penetrated into Wales, and from his monastic school of Llan Elwy apostolic bands had gone forth to Norway and to isles in the dim Northwest.<sup>27</sup>

But above all, the zeal of St. Patrick had given to Christendom "a country that had never been Roman and was practically unknown to Continental Europe." Ptolemy had an approximate idea of its outline; it remained for monk and missionary to explore its interior. "But the new Christian life," writes Maclear, "beat too strongly to brook confinement even within these limits. It was an era of pagan

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<sup>26</sup> Eginhart: "Life of Charlemagne," xvi.

<sup>26</sup> "Jerusalem"—Besant and Palmer.

<sup>27</sup> Drane: "Christian Schools and Scholars," p. 40, p. 139.

invasion throughout Continental Europe and Celtic Christianity flung itself with a zeal that seemed to take the world by storm into battle with the heathenism which was rolling in upon the Christian world."<sup>28</sup> "From the Orkneys to the Thames, from the sources of the Rhine to the shores of the Channel, from the Seine to the Scheldt the missionary work of the 'Scot' was extended, nor did it hesitate to brave the dangers of stormy and icy seas in bearing the message of the Gospel to the F  roe Isles and even to distant Iceland." From his low island of "barren gneiss rock," among the windswept Hebrides, Columba sent forth his dauntless bands to carry the Gospel farther into Caledonia "than Agricola had ever carried the Roman eagles." Brude, "Lord of Inverness and the Isles," was soon converted. A little group of monks set forth for the North. "And if they reach the Orcadian Isles, do thou," besought Columba of his royal convert, "shield them from harm." Aidan penetrated Northumbrian forests to Lindisfarne. Columbanus crossed the North Sea to become the Apostle of Burgundy, the Vosges and the Juras. St. Gall climbed the icy summits of the Alps, while "the spirits of flood and fell fled wailing before him over Lake Constance." St. Killian fell in the forests of Thuringia. Trudpert was martyred in the Black Forest, Virgilius in Carinthia. St. Cataldus explored the rocky fastnesses of the Apennines to Tarentum. Fursa labored in the fens and marshes of Flanders. Fridolin made his way up the Rhine. "Strange indeed," continues Maclear, "to heathen Suevoian or Alemanni must these Celtic missionaries have appeared, traveling generally in companies of twelve, their outfit a short pastoral staff, a wallet for food, with a leathern bottle for water or milk and a case of service books."

Among these Irish monks, Dicuil ranks highest as a geographer and "for his time a scientist of unusual merit." Writing from his northern convent in 825, he pauses in his manuscript, "*De Mensura Orbis Terrae*," to describe the discovery of "Thule" by his brother monks. About thirty years before, in the year of Christ 795, a party of his countrymen, in search of solitude, visited "Thule," remaining from February to August. Dicuil then describes the solsticial phenomena of a high latitude: the midnight sun of summer, adding his inferences as to an Arctic winter. He tells of the "open sea around Thule," together with the "wall of ice" encountered a day's sail farther north. He then adds that earlier expeditions had been made by his countrymen in the same direction: to his personal knowledge, Scottish hermits had frequented such solitudes for nearly 100 years.<sup>29</sup> We know that when the Northmen, under Floke, reached

<sup>28</sup> Geo. F. Maclear, D. D., London College, "*Dict. Chr. Antiquities*." Also Bede: "*Ecc. Hist.*," Bks. iii., iv., v.

<sup>29</sup> "*De Mensura Orb. Ter.*," vii., 11-13, quoted by Beazley, Vol. I., p. 227.

Iceland about 874, they found numerous relics attesting Irish Christian occupancy: bells, wooden crosses and books in Gaelic characters. They even allude explicitly to settlements on the southern coast, while Icelandic chronicles name Kirk-iubui as the residence of the "papae," who "deserted the Island later from aversion to the pagan colonists."<sup>80</sup> Dicuil has also much to tell us of other parts of the world as gathered from classic and Christian itineraries, closing with an account of the presents sent to Charlemagne from the East as already related. We turn now to the pioneer work done by Anglo-Saxon monks, of which Beazley speaks as "a counterpart of Celtic work, begun by Gregory the Great, which widened the geographical horizon and carried with it an expansion of the civilized world." In 690 A. D. Willibrod and his companions began their work in Frisia, then a vast tract of low-lying land between the Rhine and the Elbe, much of which was overflowed in the great inundation of 1227 A. D.<sup>81</sup> and is now covered by the Zuyder Zee.

Of his long wanderings through Friesland and Denmark, of his landing at Heligoland and breaking the awful silence demanded by its tutelary god with the Invocation of the Blessed Trinity, many of us have read. Later he was joined by Boniface, destined to become both the apostle and explorer of Germany, since he was directed by the Pope to give a geographical description of the countries he visited,<sup>82</sup> which included Thuringia, Hesse, Franconia, Passau, Bavaria—and, in short, all the provinces between Utrecht and the Rhetian Alps—farther, indeed, for he won his crown of martyrdom on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. Among the many disciples of Boniface, one of the most picturesque figures is that of the young Sturmi, the child-oblate, traveling later, axe in hand, through the forests of Bavaria, exploring the upper courses of the River Fulda, to found at last the great monastery of that name as an outpost of civilization for Teutonic tribes. Yet scarcely a century later, it seemed as if all this work of exploration and conversion had been wrought in vain! From their rocky fiords, the Vikings and Sea-dragons of the North came forth to be the terror of Europe. Upon lands recently won to the faith they swooped down, harrying, pillaging, burning, leaving behind a trail of fire and blood, till from every coast town in Europe went up the prayer, "From the wrath of the Norseman, deliver us, O Lord!" Yet these fierce sons of Thor and Odin were in their turn to acknowledge the power of the Cross and become the "foremost champions and most daring expanders of Christendom." The Norseman was a born

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<sup>80</sup> "Landnama," Book 10, iv., cii., quoted by Lardner.

<sup>81</sup> Köppen: "World in the Middle Ages," p. 166, n.

<sup>82</sup> Lardner, Vol. I., p. 227.

explorer and colonizer. As a servant of the Cross, his overflowing energy was to send a new thrill of life through Europe. Already his discoveries in the North had won fresh lands for the Church to convert. As pilgrim and Crusader, he was to carry her banner to the limit of Eastern advance. In 787 the Vikings first landed in England, in 874 they began to colonize Iceland, in 877 they first "sighted" Greenland," while in 862 the Viking kingdom of Novgorod had been founded by Ruric, in Russia.<sup>33</sup> The pioneers of the Church followed hard upon their steps. Between 981 and 1000 A. D., both Iceland and Greenland had become Catholic, while in 1121, Bishop Eric of Greenland sailed from Eric's Fiörd to convert the settlers of that mysterious Vinland, which formed the farthest Western outpost of the Northman. But more than a century earlier, the work of Scandinavian conversion had begun, and had been placed by the Church under the charge of the See of Hamburg-Bremen.

In the archives of that church still exist letters-patent from Louis le Debonnaire (834 A. D.), and a Bull of Gregory IV. (835 A. D.), conferring on the Church of Hamburg, among other privileges, that of converting the heathen in Iceland and Greenland.<sup>34</sup> Hamburg was the see of the intrepid Ansgar, the great Apostle of the North, who left his Benedictine home at Corvey to spend the remainder of his life in continual journeyings through Jutland, Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula. From his time onward, "everywhere old boundaries were being broken down by the slow, steady progress of Christianity along the North German plain and in the woods, hills and heaths of Scandinavia." It is from the pages of Adam of Bremen,<sup>35</sup> himself both explorer and chronicler, that we learn much of the history of this progress. Having traveled through Saxony, Thuringia and Denmark, Adam spent some time at the latter court at the invitation of its King, Svend Estridson, famous for his knowledge of Northern lands. Three books of Adam's valuable record are occupied with the history of the see of which he was a canon. The fourth is devoted to a geographical description of the "Islands of the North." The Scandinavian peninsula was at that time accounted an island, Adam himself being the first to throw doubt upon that "classic" conception. To him we owe the first definite mention (outside of Icelandic saga) of the discovery of Vinland, as well as much valuable information regarding the Baltic Sea, the interior of Jutland and Sweden, partly drawn from

<sup>33</sup> Beazley: "Henry the Nav.," ch. II.

<sup>34</sup> Lardner: Vol. I., pp. 218-224, also "Anschar," in "Cath. Ency." Beazley: Vol. II., p. 616 n.

<sup>35</sup> "Gesta Ham. Ecclesiae," quoted by Beazley, Vol. II., ch. 8. See also Adalbert: "Cath. Ency." "Adam of Bremen," in "Cath. Ency."

earlier records of St. Ansgar; and of Western Russia, which was still an unknown land.

Adam had exceptional opportunities for geographical information, since his great patron, Adalbert, Prince-Bishop of Bremen, had made his episcopal capital a "Rome or Athens of the North." Here distinguished travelers from all parts of the world might be met and the "latest news heard from Rome, Compostella and Jerusalem, on the one hand, of Iceland, Norway, Greenland and the Baltic coast on the other, even catching a faint hint, at times, of the new-found lands in the far Northwest." From other sources we learn that the first missionary to Iceland was Thorwald Kodranson, "the Wanderer," accompanied by a Saxon Bishop named Friedrich, by whom he had been baptized in the course of his travels.<sup>26</sup> The first Papal mention of Icelandic conversion seems to be by Leo IX. in 1053. In 1055, Islief, Bishop of Iceland, was made a suffragan of Bremen. In both Iceland and Greenland Christianity was formally introduced by Olaf Tryggvesson, the warlike convert King of Norway. Greenland received its Bishops regularly from Europe and paid an annual Peter's Pence of 2,600 pounds of walrus teeth till the year 1418, when the colony disappeared from history. (A vessel from Europe is said to have brought the Black Death to their shores.)<sup>27</sup>

About the year 890 two Norwegian nobles, Othere and Wulfstan, took refuge at the court of Alfred the Great. Knowing the King's interest in geographical matters, and that he was collecting material for a new description of Europe, they offered themselves for his service. Alfred had sent out various captains to "explore as much of the world as was practical," and gladly accepted their offer. Othere, who dwelt in Halgoland, was sent north, Wulfstan south. The result of their combined voyages was to put their lord, King Alfred, in possession of a complete *Periplus* of the coasts of Norway and Lapland, round the White Sea and the Gulf of Riga to the land of the Samoyeds on the one hand and of the Baltic, Wendland, the Vistula, Poulina-land or Poland, Gardirika (Novgorod), the Don and Estland (Russia), on the other. Othere told his lord how he had borne three days north from Halgoland with the wide sea to right and left, "as far as the whale hunters ever go." Of the mouth of a great river (the Dwina), and of an inhabited land beyond—the modern Perm and Archangel; of his traffic with the Finns and the men of Biarmaland (Archangel), while Wulfstan recounted his seven days' cruise from Sleswick to the Vistula with his adventures beyond, in Wendland and Estland.

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<sup>26</sup> "Landnama Bok," p. 199, quoted by T. Nicoll: "Iceland, Greenland and the Faroes."

<sup>27</sup> Lardner: Vol. I., p. 218.

All this the King incorporated in his "Orosius," for his description of Europe was based on that of the Spanish monk and geographer of the fifth century. He added also the details of German topography, drawn from the writings of St. Boniface, which furnish us with the best extant account of the Germany of the ninth century. But Alfred did not rest here. He had visited Rome as a child, and longed to repeat the pilgrimage. Royal duties preventing, he had from the time of his great victory over the Danes, established a yearly pilgrimage to the threshold of the Apostles and vowed alms to the Christians of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew in India. These he sent by the hands of Sighelm and Athelstan,<sup>38</sup> the latter a West Saxon, the former a Northman or Dane; presents of spices, silks, gums and Eastern shawls being sent by the Malabar Christians in return, as William of Malmesbury recounts. By the beginning of the eleventh century, the fair-haired, blue-eyed, huge-limbed sea rover from the North had begun to be a conspicuous figure among the Christian pilgrims to the East.

First among them we may note the Icelfander, Thorwald Kodranson, Harald Hardrada and Sigurd Jorsala-fari, "the Jerusalem farer." The life of Harald reads like one long romance, and Christian though he were, he was none the less a typical sea king. He had fought with wild beasts at Byzantium, he had bathed in the Jordan and cleared the Syrian roads of robbers. He had stormed eighty castles in Africa, succored the Icelfanders in famine and lived as a prince in Northumberland and Russia. By his own boast, he had sailed all around Europe and hoped for time to seek new lands and so perfect a life of unmatched adventure by one of unmatched discovery.<sup>39</sup> Sigurd, the Jerusalem farer, visited the Holy City, rather as a crusader than a pilgrim. In the autumn of 1107, he sailed from Norway, landed first at England, then made his way to Spain to assist the Christians against the Moors, was greeted as kinsman by Duke Roger of Sicily, son of Robert Guiscard. Landing at last at Joppa, he assisted King Baldwin in several battles against the infidel, and received from the patriarch of Jerusalem a fragment of the true Cross. Among humbler Norse pilgrims we may name Sighvat, the Skald, St. Olaf's friend and favorite singer; Alfin Haraldson, grandson of Canute the Great; Svein Nordbaggi, Bishop of Roskilde; Lagman Gudröðson, King of Man and the Isles, to which list we may add Eric the Good, King of Denmark.<sup>40</sup>

The time, however, was now past when individual pilgrimage, or Itinerary, could offer any fresh contribution to geography. The era

<sup>38</sup> William of Malmesbury, Bk. II., quoted by Beazley.

<sup>39</sup> Harold Hardrada's "Sagach." vi.-xii., quoted by Beazley, Vol. II., p. 107.

<sup>40</sup> Riant: "Expeditions des Scandinaves en Terre Sainte."

of the Crusades had arrived, themselves a vast pilgrimage. As such, they were to exert a potent influence on geographical progress, not so much by any direct achievement as by the general quickening and broadening of thought, the expansion of mental vision they induced, with the awakening of a new spirit of scientific enterprise. The Crusades did, however, have two direct results bearing on geography. They reopened to the West the great trade routes of Asia, and they greatly stimulated maritime trade by securing "that indispensable command of the sea by which alone Syrian ports could be reduced." Meantime a series of events had startled the Christian world. In 1010 occurred the destruction of the Holy Sepulchre by the Caliph Hakim, followed in 1065 by the resignation of the temporal power of the Caliphs into the hands of the Seljuk Turks. These latter speedily began a systematic attack upon the Byzantine Empire, winning back to their control the whole of Asia Minor. Other conquests followed, till Christendom rose as one body and at the Council of Clermont the cry rang forth that God willed a Holy War for the recapture of Jerusalem. In the following summer, the great host set forth, and in three short years, despite loss, suffering and the sins and shortcomings of the Crusaders themselves, the great object was achieved and the Cross planted on the walls of Sion. And now again the West poured itself into the East, as it had not done since the fourth century. "The missionaries, merchants and travelers who followed the crusading armies to the Euphrates and crept along the caravan routes to Ceylon and the China Sea, added Central and Farther Asia, 'Thesauri, Arabum et divitis Indiae,' to the knowledge of Christendom."<sup>41</sup> One of the first to aid in this aftermath of travel and discovery was the English Saewulf, "a merchant who was in the habit of confessing to Bishop Wulfstan of Worcester,"<sup>42</sup> and who finally became a monk of Malmesbury Abbey, in accordance with a prophecy made by the good Bishop many years before.

Unlike earlier travelers, Saewulf made his pilgrimage to the Holy Land largely by sea. For thirteen weeks he "dwelt on the waves." His route lay by Monopoli in Apulia, Corfu, Corinth, Athens, Rhodes and thence to Myra in Lycia, landing at last at Jaffa. His narrative includes a list of the chief pilgrim ports of Europe and the Levant, with many details as to the Ionian Islands, the whole record showing a great recent increase of European influence in the South Mediterranean. A Russian pilgrim, Daniel of Kiev, now gives us an interesting insight into the degree of communion still existing between the Eastern and Western Churches at his era (1106-7), as well as

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<sup>41</sup> Beazley: "Henry the Navigator," p. 19.

<sup>42</sup> William Malmesbury, quoted by T. Wright, "Blog. Brit. Lit.," p. 38.

of an eastern route to Syria, "through a country inhabited by people the most unwashed of all the men whom God has made." Adelard of Bath, from a purely literary tour, brings home "rich spoil of precious manuscript." Individual record, however, gives us little grasp of the movement as a whole, its special virtue lying in the meeting and intermingling of different nationalities, who thus learned from one another. Adelard was a monk interested in philosophy and mathematics rather than geography. But he had studied Arabic and learned much indirectly from Arab travelers and geographers, then the great authorities in the East. The introduction at this time of a knowledge of Arabic geography into Christian circles led to a revival of interest in classic geographical theories, and was pregnant with great results. The Norman Duke, Roger of Sicily, secured the services of Edrisi, surnamed the "Arabic Ptolemy," as his court geographer. Spanish prelates, a century earlier, had learned to profit by Moslem science, one of the first evidences of which may be seen in the translation of an Arab (geographical) almanac by Bishop Harib of Cordova in 961,<sup>43</sup> a second in the erection of the Toledo Observatory by Alphonso VI., "served by Jews and Moslems," in which geographical tables and dictionaries were prepared and geographical instruments constructed. At Oxford the geographical interest excited was so great that Giraldus Cambrensis<sup>44</sup> was compelled to read his tract in public three days running, the first to the poor, the second to clerks, while the third day was open to general auditors.

Bishop Emon, of Gröningen, supplemented his chronicle of a crusade by a detailed account of all the countries through which the Crusaders passed. New maps were made and a spirit of maritime adventure aroused. Here, however, Arabic pseudo-science, with its tales of an encircling Sea of Darkness<sup>45</sup> and treacherous vortices in mid-ocean, to say nothing of the danger of being turned black on crossing the equator, was a handicap on Christian enterprise. A new danger, meantime, was threatening Christendom. As the power of Islam waned, that of the Mongol Tartars increased. Christian feeling was divided between horror of the atrocities committed by them in Eastern Europe and a hope, excited by their opposition to Islam, of their conversion to Christianity. Hope prevailed and at the Council of Lyons, in 1245, it was decided to send an embassy to the great Khan. Two missionary bands were dispatched by Pope Innocent IV.: one to follow a Southern route through Syria, Mesopotamia and Persia; the second a more northerly one, through

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<sup>43</sup> "Henry the Nav.," pp. 21-22.

<sup>44</sup> Lardner: Vol. I., pp. 227-228.

<sup>45</sup> Beazley: Vol. I., p. 394.

Poland, Russia and what we should call Turkestan. The former was composed of the Franciscan friars, Ascelin, Simon de St. Quentin, Alexandre and Albert. The latter was placed under the charge of John de Plano Carpini, a Minorite of Perugia, and several companions. St. Vincent de Beauvais has preserved for us a brief abstract of the earlier journey. But the narrative of Carpini covers the ground so much more fully as to make reference to it unnecessary. The embassy was one of great hardship and danger. The Tartars were popularly believed to emanate from "deepest Tartarus," and their deeds justified the belief. During the earlier stages of his journey, Carpini received much aid from various princes of Eastern Europe, Bohemia, Poland and Russia. By the help of Vasiliko or Basil, of Cracow, he was brought on his way through Red Russia to Kiev, and thence along the Dnieper and the Don, past the Cossacks and Kalmuk Nomades, to the "Horde," or camp, of Batu, general of Okkodai, son of Ghenghiz-Khan, on the Volga. By him the envoys were forwarded with Tartar guides across the Ural, and Kirghiz Steppe, past the Sea of Aral and the endless mountain-plains of Mongolia, to the court of the Great Khan at Karakorum, about 100 miles south of Lake Baikal. Here the Christian strangers found themselves, a humble group, among "a crowd of 4,000 envoys from every part of Asia," representatives of the forty nations, which, according to Carpini, had submitted to the sway of the self-styled "Son of heaven and ruler of the whole earth." The suffering of their journey had been intense. Even in the Ukraine, cold and hunger were their portion, deep snow and biting wind, all of which evils increased as they pressed on, and were the ultimate cause of Carpini's death not long after his return. Added to the rigors of the journey were the terrible evidences of Tartar ferocity which met them on every side. Often their way lay through sacked and ruined cities or the "wilderness, without house or tent, was marked only by the human skulls and bones scattered upon the ground." Added to these horrors was the "maddening importunity and insolence of the Nomades," who at every fresh encounter demanded new gifts. In 1247 Carpini returned to the Papal Court with but little success as to his religious mission, but bearing back the first genuine account of Tartary, in its wildest sense, from the Dnieper to China, which mediæval Europe had received. His "Book of the Tartars"<sup>46</sup> begins the first reliable map of Farther Asia, in which the features of the "vast tract between the Carpathian mountains and the Desert of Gobi are accurately described." To these geographical details is added a vivid picture of the lights and

<sup>46</sup> Lardner: Vol. I., Bk. III., ch. III. Paris Geo. Soc., Vol. IV. "*Recueil de Voyages et de Memoires*," quoted by Beazley.

shadows of Mongol life. The barbaric splendor of the "Syra Orda," or "Golden Horde," the tent-palace of the Great Khan, is faithfully portrayed. Nor do the cruelty and revolting practices of the Mongol blind the Franciscan envoy to certain good qualities. Often in the course of his narrative we are reminded of the picture drawn by Cardinal Newman when writing of this people in his historic sketches. The mission of Carpini was followed by two separate embassies sent out by St. Louis of France, the most important of which was entrusted to William de Rubruguis, a Franciscan friar, as his predecessors had been.

Reports had reached the King that Sartach, a Tartar Prince, who commanded the western horde on the banks of the Volga, and his mother had accepted Christianity and asked for baptism. It must be remembered that these Tartar chiefs had often European if not Christian mothers, the harem of the Khan being supplied with the most beautiful slave-girls procurable from Circassia, Armenia, or Persia, while Cardinal Newman attributes the rapid change noted in physiognomy and character among their nobles to the large infusion of Aryan blood. Both Carpini and Rubruguis had been astonished at the large number of Christians to be found at the court of the Grand Khan. Not only captives or envoys, but members of native tribes. While these were largely the descendants of early Nestorians and Jacobites, yet Church records told also of Catholic Missions which had been extended far into Central Asia at the very time when the religious travel of the West was beginning with the journey of the Bordeaux pilgrim.<sup>47</sup> The reports given by the friar ambassadors, then, naturally sufficed both to raise great hopes of Tartar conversion and to turn the attention of Europe once more to the identification of that mysterious Christian potentate, Prester John, a belief in whose existence so long haunted Europe, yet proved so difficult definitely to determine. While the embassies of St. Louis seem to have received evasive replies from the Great Khan on religious matters, neither appear to have experienced the same degree of suffering as Carpini. Both give valuable confirmation of the latter's geographical record, a confirmation especially valuable in the case of early travelers, where the nomenclature of places is quite unknown, or caught only by ear. While Rubruguis was still absent, Niccolo Polo and Matteo Polo, uncles of the world-renowned traveler, Marco Polo, were trading in the districts of Southern Russia, then under the control of the western horde. Soon after, following caravans to Bokhara, they were drawn on to the court of the great Kublai Khan, then established near the Chinese frontier. A knowledge of this vast extension of Eastern Asia, under the name

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<sup>47</sup> See "Cath. Ency.," "Abyssinia, Nestorians, Jacobites, Persia, China."

of Cathay had been the second great contribution to geography which the mission of the friars had brought home to astonished Europe.

After an absence of seventeen years in China and Tartary, the elder Polos returned, bearing presents and a letter from the Khan to Pope Clement IV., offering a welcome and maintenance to 100 distinguished Latins, if such teachers could be provided, to explain the Christian faith to himself and to his people. Or, to quote verbatim the quaint narrative of Marco Polo, as edited by Colonel Yule, "He (the great Khan) inquired about the Pope and the Church and all that is done at Rome and all the customs of the Latins, and the two brothers (Marco's uncles) told him the truth in all its particulars, with order and good sense and this they were well able to do, as they knew the Tartar language well. After this the Prince caused letters from himself to the Pope to be indited in the Tartar tongue, and committed them to the two brothers and charged them with what he wished them to say to the Pope. Now the contents of the letter were to this purport: he begged the Pope to send as many as a hundred persons of our Christian faith, intelligent men, acquainted with the seven arts, well qualified to enter into controversy and to prove to idolators and other kinds of folk that the law of Christ was best and that all other religions were false and naught, and if they would prove this, then he, the Khan, and all under him would become Christians and the Church's liegemen. Finally, he charged his envoys to bring back to him some oil of the lamp which burns on the Sepulchre of Our Lord at Jerusalem. When the Prince had charged them with this commission, he caused to be given to them a tablet of gold on which was inscribed that the three ambassadors should be supplied with everything needful in all the countries through which they passed."<sup>48</sup> On their return, the two Polos found Pope Clement dead. The interregnum was one of the longest in history and, weary with waiting, the brothers at length set out, "Messer Niccola" taking with him also his son, the famous "Marco," then a lad of fifteen. Shortly after their departure, the Papal Legate at Acre was elected Pope, under the name of Gregory X., and supplied them with two Dominican friars, to act as his representatives to the Khan. But such was the troubled state of the East at this time that these latter finally lost heart and returned. Yule believes that Kublai Khan, whatever his private convictions, felt the need of religious aid in softening the rude manners of his people and was honestly anxious to make trial of European Christianity.<sup>49</sup>

Although for the moment the "great opportunity was lost," yet

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<sup>48</sup> Yule's "Marco Polo:" Prologue, p. 12-15.

<sup>49</sup> Yule's Introduction to "Marco Polo," p. 16.

later two embassies were sent, one in 1278, the second in 1291, just a year before the final return of the Polos. Although accorded kind treatment and a certain liberty in teaching, neither of these delegations could win from the Khan any definite acceptance of Christianity. We may not dwell farther on the travels of the Polos, for though Marco has been justly termed the "creator of modern Asiatic geography," his reputation increasing rather than declining with time, since even at the present day "there are parts of inland China, of which no traveler has shown so intimate acquaintance"—yet, with the exception of their one embassy to the Pope, the Polos were in no sense religious travelers. Those who wish to know what mediæval geography really owes them should not fail to read the fascinating pages of Colonel Yule's "Marco Polo." The extent of the Far East being once made known to Europe, a crowd of missionaries soon pressed forward towards the mysterious Cathay, where Kublai Khan had built his "vast and noble capital at Cambaluc," literally "Khan Balig"—"Imperial City," the modern Pekin. Among the first to brave the dangers of the journey were John de Monte Corvino, who brought the Papal message the earlier friars had failed to carry. Friar Oderic, of Portenau, who "passed through every country in Asia from the shore of the Black Sea to extremities of China," and then, returning, in 1330, dictated his narrative to William de Salana at Padua, Marignolli, the Papal Legate; Jordanus of Capua and others, who remained to labor permanently in the East. We have now reached the high-water mark of mediæval land travel, the extension of Christianity after the era of the Polos and their followers being mainly the "paths of the sea."

With the era of land travel the mission of the mediæval pilgrim and explorer supposedly ends. With that of maritime discovery he is rarely associated. Here, then, we will leave him, yet not without noting one great figure which meets us at the entrance of that new maritime era which was to usher in the dawn of modern discovery with its whispers of a New World. It is the figure of the Portuguese Prince, Henry the Navigator, the powerful stimulus of whose genius led to the exploration of the coast of Africa by Portuguese seamen, with the final rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Diaz, and the building up of Portugal into a great maritime power. Henry of Portugal was preëminently a religious explorer. A military monk, grand master of the Order of Christ at Thomar, a recluse from court life, bound by the vows of religion, he consecrated his maritime skill and passion for discovery wholly to God, "to serve Him as His knight for the welfare of Christendom and the salvation of souls." Men remember, as they should, his exploits, secondly only, perhaps, in their effects to those of Columbus, and

acclaim the vast colonial possessions they secured for Portugal, but his character as a Christian knight, his longing to carry the banner of the Cross into heathen lands, is all but forgotten. Yet as the knight of Christ his people knew and loved him. He died at Sagres, his own town, where he had equipped his famous naval observatory. As the body lay in state in its rough hair shirt in the Church of St. Mary, his men "made great mourning." "He was large of frame," writes his biographer, Azurara, and strong of limb as any; his complexion, fair by nature, by constant toil and exposure had become quite dark. He was so generous by nature that no other uncrowned Prince in Europe had so noble a household, so large and splendid a school for the young nobles of the country. Only to himself was he severe. His days were spent in work, and it would not be believed how often he passed the night without sleep so that by his untiring industry he conquered the impossibilities of other men. Wise, thoughtful, of wonderful knowledge and calm bearing, courteous in language and manner, constant in adversity, humble in prosperity, he gloried in warfare against the infidel and in keeping peace with all Christians, and so he was loved by all, for he loved all, never injuring any, nor failing in due respect toward any, however humble. No foul or unbecoming word was ever heard to issue from his lips. To Holy Church he was most obedient: all holy things he revered; nearly one half the year was passed by him in fasting and the hands of the poor never went out empty from his presence. His heart knew no fear but the fear of sin." Have we not here, in the portrait of this mediæval pioneer of modern navigators, the patter of a "very perfect Christian knight?" Just before his death the King, with touching anxiety lest any part of the Prince's achievement should be lost, had sent the charts of his successive discoveries, as they had been "jotted down," to Fra Mauro, to incorporate in the great "Mappa Mundi," on which he had been toiling for years in his convent of the Camaldoli, near Venice.

The map still exists, one of the last of those "monkish charts," on which great obloquy has been thrown, and which are only now beginning to attract the courteous and intelligent interest of modern cosmographers. As we examine its immense disk, crammed with detail in every part, "of careful and accurate workmanship," we feel we are looking upon a picture of the Old World (with its fragment of the new) which was trodden by the foot of Catholic pilgrim and missionary explorer who, in their measure and degree, helped to make these things known to us. The hour of geographical dawn is now past, the gray mists are melting into the clearer light of day. Could we follow the call of the Catholic missionary into this fuller

light and journey through India with a St. Francis Xavier or cross the broad Atlantic with the sons of St. Francis or St. Ignatius, we would have a glorious record to pen! But our tale is of pioneers only. Here, then, we leave our pilgrims of the dawn, knowing that

“To some 'tis given to sow, to some to reap;  
Another paves the path his fellows tread.”

E. VON RYCKEN WILSON.

FREDERICK SPEE: PRIEST, POET AND CASUIST.<sup>1</sup>

(1591-1635.)

THE German Empire at the close of the sixteenth and the opening of the seventeenth century presents one of the most melancholy and mournful scenes of national life in the annals of early modern history.<sup>2</sup> Rancor, enmity and internecine strife were rampant from end to end. Thomas Carlyle has vividly described these conditions: "The German Empire," he writes in his history of Frederick II., "was at this time all a continent of sour, thick smoke, already breaking out into dull-red flashes here and there—symptoms of the universal conflagration of a Thirty Years' War, which followed." The secularization of Catholic bishoprics and monasteries by Protestant princes, the coalition of German Calvinists with their co-religionists in England, France and Holland, and the fast declining authority of the Emperor were patent symptoms of forebodings of the great Thirty Years' War. Weakened within by religious and political differences, the German Empire became a prey to the inroads of foreign powers. Protestantism must bear the blame for many of the evils that belong to this period. The Lutheran doctrine of private interpretation had naturally given rise to a legion of contradictory theories, vindicating even in doctrinal matters the Latin adage, "*Quot capita tot sententiae*." Mr. Lecky, who certainly shows no inclination to favor the Catholic Church, has indicted the Protestant Reformation in words more bold than any Catholic writer has uttered. "What shall we say," he asks pertinently, "of men who in the name of religious liberty deluged their land with blood, trampled on the very first principles of patriotism, calling in strangers to their assistance and openly rejoicing in the disasters of their country, and who, when they at last attained their object, immediately established a religious tyranny as absolute as that which they had subverted?"<sup>3</sup>

Contemporaneous with these ominous conditions of state were other evils far more grave for the people—spiritual maladies, such as infidelity, immorality and superstition. The Reformation alone was not the cause of all these woes. The later or radical German Humanism, not content to imitate the elegance and beauty of ancient literature and art, copied also the pagan vices of the Greeks and Romans. So infatuated did they become of Greece and Rome that they antagonized everything that was not in full accord with the views and style of their pagan masters. These modern iconoclasts

<sup>1</sup> "Friedrich Spee," von J. Diel, S. J., umgearbeitet von B. Duhr, S. J., 1901.

<sup>2</sup> A perusal of Janssen's "History of the German People" will show the gloomy condition of Germany at this period.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted in "The Invitation Heeded," by James Kent Stone, p. 101.

sneered at and abused scholasticism, mocked Church discipline and doctrine, ridiculed and vilified the Pope and ecclesiastical authorities; in fine, by their coarse lampoons and crude caricatures they endeavored to throw overboard the Catholic Church. They enkindled at the same time a desire for "the heathen gods of Greece" and awakened in thousands of minds the sensuous philosophy of pleasure-seeking Imperial Rome. There rose up under this radical school of humanists a renaissance of pagan immorality.

These evils of later humanism, while they penetrated into practically every class of society, enervating the faith of numerous clergy and laity, did not affect all or even the largest part of the German population. The forces of the Catholic Church were at work to preserve and reclaim her children from error. "At the moment when triumphant heresy had surrounded and appeared about to crush the Church," writes Baron Hübner in his "Life of Pope Sixtus V.," "an army of saints and holy men arose almost miraculously from all ranks of society and from all countries, and bearing the banner of the Cross, drove the powers of heresy and paganism before them like chaff."<sup>4</sup>

One of these holy men was Frederick Spee, born at Kaiserswerth, Germany, not far below Cologne, on the Rhine. Kaiserswerth, belonging to the archbishopric of Cologne, had witnessed the evil effects of heresy and schism. In the year 1582 the Archbishop of Cologne, Gebhard Truchsess, openly avowed himself a heretic and the following year he solemnized his marriage with the Countess Agnes of Mansfeld. He was excommunicated by the Holy See in 1583 and Duke Ernest of Bavaria was appointed to the vacant (*de jure*) see. Encouraged by the favor of Queen Elizabeth and the King of Denmark and supplied with troops by the Protestant estates, Gebhard rebelled against the new administration. But happily he was defeated in the succeeding year. The conditions of the archdiocese, political, moral and religious, were not, however, improved at once. Archbishop Ernest was a weak and immoral character, wanting in that "lofty moral purity which is above all essential in a Bishop." Yet his loyalty to the Holy See was a lever by which his archbishopric was reformed from Rome. Under the guidance of the Papal Nuncio to Cologne, missionary priests and Jesuits worked admirably hand in hand, restoring faith and morality among the clergy and laity. It was during this period of restoration that Frederick Spee was born. His early life is a closed book to us, but its pages must contain many an incident of early piety and virtue. When he was twelve years old his prudent parents sent him to the Jesuit college at Cologne, where he applied himself diligently.

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<sup>4</sup> Translated and abridged from the German by James F. Mellne.

Shortly after completing his course at Cologne he entered the Society of Jesus, at the age of nineteen. In a letter written six years later to Father Mutius Viteleschi, general of the society, he tells us the motive that prompted him to enroll with the Jesuits. "From my early childhood," he explains, describing his desire to become a missionary, "a secret fire consumed me, which, in spite of all attempts to smother it, breaks forth again and again. India has wounded my heart. In my boyish games this thought occupied my mind; my parents sought in vain to divert me from it. This consideration, and almost this alone, has led me into this society."

The Jesuit novitiate of the Rhenish province was situated at this time in the city of Treves. There the spirit of Frederick was tested during two years by a life of contemplation that was interrupted only by manual labor. Within the shade of solitude and close to the source of inspiration, the young candidate fostered that great love of God and the Cross which manifested itself throughout his entire career. He himself says of that period: "From the beginning of my conversion my only desire was to suffer out of love for the Crucified. I thought of nothing else."

Frederick spent the following three years in the study of philosophy at Würzburg, after which, according to the Jesuit custom, he interrupted his own studies to teach in several of the famous colleges of the society, which were enjoying a wide popularity throughout the Empire. In 1616 he took charge of the third class of the high school at Spires and the following year was sent to Worms to teach the class of humanities. From this latter post he addressed to his superior the letter quoted above, in which he expressed his desire to labor in the Jesuit missions of India. Frederick Spee was one of those who shared the enthusiasm for the foreign missions which ran high among the German Jesuits of the seventeenth century. The reports that were coming in from the missionaries of America and India, the stirring accounts of priests and the need of more laborers for these distant harvest fields enkindled the apostolic spirit among all the priests, scholastics and Brothers of the society, who were eager that the Church's acquisitions in the New World might compensate for her losses in the Old. Frederick, with many others, submitted his name for the missions, but another station was awaiting him in Germany. In the autumn of 1618 he was transferred to Mayence, to take charge of the class of rhetoric at the great Jesuit college of that city. This assignment indicated the high esteem in which Frederick was held by his superiors, for this post was ordinarily reserved to the older priests of the order.

The young scholastic had now spent four years in teaching at the various colleges and was well prepared by 1620 to take up the study of theology at the University of Mayence. His zeal, however, was

not content with study alone, so he began to write small treatises by which he hoped to extend his influence for good over a larger number of people. But on the advice of the general of the order, he postponed their publication until such time as he should have more leisure for this work. Three years of theology passed quickly at Mayence and in the autumn of 1622 Frederick reached the goal of his longings and labors, the holy priesthood. In "Virtue's Golden Book," an ascetical work written about ten years later, he expresses his sentiments on the priesthood in the most touching words. "O wonder of wonders!" he exclaims, "I know not, my Lord and my God, how I shall proclaim Thy goodness for having prepared this grace for me from all eternity. Blessed is the hour in which Thou hast called me, a sinner most unworthy, to the dignity of the priesthood, by which I can offer Thee lifelong praise."

After his ordination, Father Spee completed his fourth year of theology, as the Jesuit custom required. But his tertianship, which should have followed in order, was postponed and he was sent to the University of Paderborn as professor of philosophy. During his first year at Paderborn he taught logic; at the opening of the next school term he advanced with his pupils to physics, that part of philosophy which embraced in the curriculum of that time cosmology and astronomy,<sup>5</sup> and the following year he taught metaphysics. But his duties as professor never diminished his zeal for souls, for during this time he was engaged also in pastoral work. In 1624, in addition to his classes, he was assigned to the Church of St. Pancratius as catechist. His apostolic zeal is further seen in his correspondence, which reveals a heart thirsting for the salvation of souls. One letter, dated July 4, 1624, which he addressed to a Protestant nobleman,<sup>6</sup> is a striking example. He writes: "In all reverence I call to witness our crucified Lord Jesus Christ, the scrutinizer of the hearts of all men, the future Judge of the living and the dead, that I seek nothing in this world but your soul's salvation. To obtain this object I will do everything in my power. I am prepared to be at your service, whether it be in sickness or in health. No night (for I cannot come during the day because of my school work) will be too dark, no weather too inclement, no rain too heavy, no cold too bitter; gladly shall I crawl at night upon hands and knees to your side, even though I should know an easier way to gain your soul for my Saviour and Creator and a less arduous plan to bring you back from your wanderings into the true fold of Christ."

In 1625 General Tilly, the purest and noblest figure in the Thirty Years' War, visited the Jesuits at Paderborn. The object of this visit was very probably the general's concern for the spiritual wel-

<sup>5</sup> "Jesuit Education," by Robert Swickerath, S. J., p. 181.

<sup>6</sup> "Confer Stimmen aus Maria Laach," vol. 6, p. 178 ff.

fare of his army, which was composed of German, Spanish and Italian soldiers, who had to be ministered to in their respective languages. Intending to fit himself for this work, Father Spee had hoped to make his tertianship in Italy, but his wishes did not coincide with the will of his superiors. When the pest of 1626 raged in Paderborn and the Jesuit professors and scholastics were sent to other colleges of the province, Father Spee was ordered to Spire for his year of tertianship. At its conclusion, he was appointed pastor at Wesel, but he remained there only a short time, going to Cologne the subsequent spring. Two letters<sup>7</sup> that he wrote at this time to three maiden sisters of Stein reveal the spirit of a St. Ignatius. Though these women were not Catholics, they had given Father Spee a night's lodging on one of his missionary tours, and upon his departure from their house they had requested him to send them news from Cologne. True to his promise, Father Spee penned them an epistle from Cologne, in which he related to them a parable. In answer to their request for an explanation he then addressed to them an edifying exposition of some length, which so forcibly impressed these women that they were converted to the Church from Calvinism.

While Father Spee's ardent desire to become a foreign missionary was never gratified, he spent one interesting year as missionary in Germany. The scene of these labors was the district and city of Peine, which lies in the north of Germany, about six hours' journey from the city of Hildesheim. The district, which had belonged to the Bishops of Hildesheim since the year 1260, passed into secular hands, and from an elective was transformed into an hereditary principality under the first Lutheran Bishop of Hildesheim, Frederick of Holstein (1551-1556). Protestantism was introduced into the territory as the recognized religion under Frederick's heir, Duke Adolph of Holstein. It was only after long continued negotiations and lawsuits that in 1603 the Catholic Archbishop of Cologne, who was at the same time Bishop of Hildesheim, was able to induce the Duke of Holstein to surrender the district upon the advancement of a sum of money, raised among the clergy of Hildesheim, and a promise that in accordance with the Augsburg Confession no religious changes would be attempted in Peine. To this latter condition Ferdinand, the succeeding Archbishop of Cologne, did not consider himself in conscience bound. He seized upon the first opportunity, offered by Tilly's victories of 1628, of putting into effect the "jus reformandi" (the so-called right of princes to impose their creed on their subjects), which was the guiding principle of both Protes-

<sup>7</sup> For the text of these letters confer "*Stimmen aus Maria Laach*," vol. 6, p. 268 ff. Both of these letters and the preceding one quoted were found in the literary papers of the Protestant theologian Leibnitz. Father Diel, S. J., thinks Leibnitz was preparing to write a life of Father Spee.

tant and Catholic princes at this period. In a letter of June 1, the Archbishop of Cologne asked the provincial of the German Jesuits for a few priests. Father Spee was selected for this mission.

In November of the same year, 1628, Father Frederick and a lay Brother, Theodatus Dynand, entered Peine. The two Jesuits took up their lodgings in a house that adjoined the town hall. Their necessities were supplied partly by the college of Hildesheim and partly by the city of Peine. His weekly allowance of \$6, which he received from the prince, Father Spee regularly distributed among the poor. The two Jesuits began their missionary labors in the villages which immediately surrounded the city of Peine. The peasants of these parts received them kindly, their only fear being that they should have to "pay more" for baptisms and marriages than heretofore. The good Father Spee calmed their anxieties. After the example of St. Paul, St. Patrick and the host of Catholic missionaries, he refused to take a penny even of their free-will offerings. He told them "he would perform all spiritual ministrations for them without fee." These words added great force to his preaching. With fiery eloquence this disciple of St. Ignatius declared to the people the truths of the Catholic religion; he showed them by deed and word that he lived, labored and suffered for their true interests. Within a short time he had won a place in their hearts. Even Protestant preachers were numbered among his converts, and one of them, the "mad" Tyle, as he was called, became a devoted and useful friend. God granted abundant increase to the work of Father Spee: twenty-six villages won back to the Church was the fruit of his labor. These successes in the outlying districts were an encouragement to begin at once within the city of Peine. There he made but slow progress for a time; the opposition against him was fierce. Like St. Paul at Antioch of Pisidia, he was most strongly opposed by women, whom the leaders of the Protestant faction stirred up against him, but he soon won them over by his Lenten sermons. The men among the Protestants were frightened into a change of heart by a measure of the civil authorities, decreeing that none but Catholics were to be admitted to the city council. This unjust discrimination had evil results for Father Spee. The odium of this action turned upon him; a spirit of hatred and revenge set in, and though innocent of any participation in these decrees, it was not long before he had to suffer for the severity of his prince.

On Misericordiæ Sunday, the second Sunday after Easter, April 29, 1629, he was surprised by an attack of his enemies. While he was driving through a stretch of forest on his way to Woltorp, where he was going to say Mass, he was met by a hostile rider, who intended to take revenge upon him. Father Spee perceived

that no escape was open to him by returning, so he recommended his soul to the protection of the Blessed Virgin and St. Ignatius, dug the spurs into his horse and turned off into the shelter of the woodland, keeping his way as well as he could towards the city of Wolterp. A shot broke the morning stillness. Father Spee's horse fell to the ground. But the intrepid priest brought the animal to its feet, spurred it on and made his way into the open field, with his enemy close a-heel. He no longer had the protection of the forest, and his foe, taking advantage of this change of circumstances, inflicted several severe sword blows upon his victim. Father Spee held firm to his horse and galloped into the city, tired and blood-stained, but free of his pursuer. Blood was flowing from six wounds upon his head and shoulders and he was suffering acutely as he ascended the pulpit to preach, much to the astonishment of his flock. When he read to them the Sunday's Gospel, in which is related that beautiful parable of the Good Shepherd, their feelings of pity and grief burst into sobs. Still he continues. Love urges him onward. He begins to preach on the text of the Gospel. But his strength fails him and he falls back exhausted. This living example he had given them of the Good Shepherd, who was willing to lay down His life for His sheep, was the most effective sermon that he could have preached.

Father Spee lay ill for several months. In fact, he never fully recovered from the effects of his wounds. The necrology of the Jesuit college of Treves testifies that he suffered from violent headaches and dizzy spells during his entire life. Often in later years did the good priest exult in the scars which remained with him from that memorable day—his stigmata of the crucified Saviour, he called them.

News of this event spread throughout the neighboring country, where Father Spee had gained a reputation as a great missionary. The prior of the Benedictine convent of Corvey, in Westphalia, who was a relative of Father Spee, upon hearing the news, invited him to recuperate his strength in the quiet of the monastery and in the healthful regions of the Weser. The invitation was accepted, but the Jesuit refused to make his vacation a holiday of idleness. The venerable monastery of Corvey, whose foundation dates back to the ninth century and includes a St. Ansgar among its first members, had suffered in the religious deterioration that followed the Reformation; many evils had crept into the life of the monks, so that many possessed no more than the habit of religious. The heart of Father Spee was deeply touched at this condition. He sought, therefore, the permission of the prior to conduct an eight-day retreat according to the exercises of St. Ignatius, and having obtained it, he found that all but a few monks were willing to place themselves

under his direction. The exercises were concluded with a general confession, and the monastery, like many others of post-Tridentine times, "fructified anew."

From Corvey, Father Spee was ordered by his superiors to repair to the nearby village of Falkenhagen to regain his full strength in the freshness of its mountain air and its woodlands. But here also his love and zeal for souls rose paramount to his desire for bodily health. The territory in which he found himself was a blighted land, robbed by the heresiarchs of its ancient monastery, the centre of its religious life and the support of its social activities. In his walks from village to village, Father Spee sought out the sick, instructed the ignorant, consoled the needy and dispensed to all words of comfort and compassion.

After he had recovered from his illness, his superiors sent him to Paderborn as professor of moral theology. From that time on till his death, 1629 to 1635, he taught this difficult branch of theology, first at Paderborn, then at Cologne and finally during the last two years of his life at Treves. Within these six or seven years his experience as teacher, confessor and preacher were to bear fruit in the labors of his pen. The natural exuberance of his imagination and the innate ardor of his soul attracted him to poetry. His verse, though not perfect in form, is remarkable for a freshness of thought and expression that stands out in pleasant relief against the humanistic pieces, in which there was "no spark of creative power, no substance of truth, no depth of thought or vivacity of treatment." Father Swickerath, S. J., pays him this excellent tribute: "One of the finest German writers of the seventeenth century was the Jesuit Spee. The sweetness, power and literary merits of his collection of exquisite poems, entitled 'Dare-Nightingale,' and of his prose work, 'Virtue's Golden Book,' are admired by critics of the most different schools, Protestants as well as Catholics."<sup>8</sup> His charm is his ever-recurring theme of thanksgiving and praise, redolent with the spirit of the Benedicite. In "Dare-Nightingale" Father Spee represents the tragedy of Christianity. The world is the stage; all creatures are the dramatis personæ; the hero is God's Only Begotten Son, who to all appearances suffers defeat at the Crucifixion, but who, with the cry, "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" ascends as a conqueror into heaven to prepare for mankind an eternal possession.

Many of Father Spee's compositions were church hymns, which he most probably based on the old Catholic hymns that were in use

<sup>8</sup> "Jesuit Education," p. 130.

<sup>9</sup> Melancthon, one of Luther's friends and followers, admits that there was congregational singing in the vernacular in Germany before the Reformation: "Though in some places the practice was more prevalent than in others, yet in all (German) churches the people sang some German songs, so that the practice cannot be called new."

before the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation.<sup>9</sup> His writings show an acquaintance likewise with the Gefman mystic preachers and writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Especially in "Virtue's Golden Book" do we find echoes in thought and style of the two great mystics, John Tauler and Blessed Henry Suso, of three centuries previous.

It was during the year 1631, while Father Spee was professor of moral theology at Cologne, that he finished "Virtue's Golden Book," his beautiful ascetical treatise on the three theological virtues. Within a small scope and under a pleasing form, this learned Jesuit discusses the science of asceticism. No less a personage than the celebrated Protestant theologian, Leibnitz, was an admirer of this book. He made it his vademecum. In his preface to the French translation, Leibnitz says: "Father Spee's book on the Christian virtues is in my mind one of the most solid and striking books of devotion that I have ever read." In a eulogy on the Rev. Frederick Spee, S. J., of May, 1677, the correspondent of Bossuet<sup>10</sup> writes: "His German work, 'Virtue's Golden Book,' seems to me to be a truly divine book (*liber plane divinus*), and I would like to see it in the hands of every Christian. There are many writers of mystical theology, but I do not know of one who has penned so profound a book of devotion. . . . I am captivated every time I read his treatise on the nature and effects of divine love. I do not know of any popular writer who has so appropriately handled this all-important matter."

Among the moralists of his time and immediately after, Father Spee stood in high repute. His lectures on moral theology were kept for some time in manuscript, but unfortunately they are now lost. Their substance, however, is embodied in the famous work of another Jesuit, Father H. Busembaum,<sup>11</sup> who wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century. Father Busembaum's "*Medulla Theologiae Moralis*" is a classic and is followed as a guide by two eminent moralists, St. Alphonsus and Ballerini, the former editing the *Medulla* with some annotations and additions as his first work. In the preface of his book, 1645, Father Busembaum writes: "I have followed the opinions of only the most approved authors, eminent among whom (*principes laudatissimi hujus scientiae*) are Father Nunning and Father Frederick Spee, both of the Society of Jesus." Thus the moralists and confessors of to-day are reaping the fruit of Father Spee's labors and learning.

<sup>10</sup> Towards the close of the seventeenth century Leibnitz entered into correspondence with Bossuet on a project for healing the breach caused by the Lutheran disruption. But Leibnitz did not preserve throughout the discussion sincerity and good faith. (Confer Balmes, "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared," p. 61.)

<sup>11</sup> See the article in the Catholic Encyclopedia, "Busembaum."

But the book which proved to be the greatest benefit to his age was his "*Cautio Criminalis*," an attack against the baneful persecution of witches then in vogue. Witchcraft, which is as ancient as the earliest books of the Sacred Scriptures and as universal as the history of nations, took on the proportions of a panic towards the close of the fifteenth century. This alarming evil continued to spread after the outbreak of the Reformation, affecting Protestant and Catholic districts about equally. Among the numerous causes that contributed to its spread was the persecution of witches. The judicial use of torture, while it had been begun in Germany under the Inquisition in the fourteenth century, was not universally enforced till the end of the fifteenth and during the course of the sixteenth century.<sup>12</sup> During the crisis of this epidemic of persecution, there appeared at Rinteln in 1631 the "*Cautio Criminalis*." Father Spee's authorship was not revealed for some time, for his protest was so strong and his principles so at variance with the prevailing customs that he was obliged to write the book anonymously. It was well that he did, for, as Leibnitz says, "it caused a great sensation among those who put witches to death without their knowing whence it came." One of Father Spee's biographers has paid the "*Cautio*" the following beautiful tribute. He calls it "the memorial of the victory of reason and humanity over hallucination and brutality, the monument that he raised for himself and around which stands a grateful people, including those even who consider his faith as folly and his garb a scandal." The book was originally written in Latin. Father Spee never had the courage to render the work into German, but the philosopher, Leibnitz, tells us that it was subsequently translated into several languages. Two fragmentary translations still exist in English.<sup>13</sup> The "*Cautio Criminalis*" is the consummation of Spee's literary endeavors; it represents the sum total of his FIVE—SPEE . . . . . literary talent, the catholicity of his charity and the invincible force of his intellectual energy.

The mint and the thyme give out their perfumes only when bruised. Thus in the life of Father Spee, at the very time he was preparing the "*Cautio Criminalis*" his noble soul was being bruised by humiliation and suffering. Strangely as it may seem, these sufferings were caused by fellow religious of his own community.

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<sup>12</sup> "History of the German People," by J. Janssen, vol. 16, p. 176.

<sup>13</sup> (a) In an article contributed to the "*American Catholic Quarterly*," July, 1902, Robert Swickerath, S. J., translates portions of some of the 51 dubia (doubts) as summarized in the German work "*Friedrich Spee*," by Diel-Duhr. (b) A partial translation of Father Spee's fifty-first dubium is contained in "Translations and Reprints from the Original Sources of European History," vol. 3, published by the Department of History of the University of Pennsylvania.

Thus he learned, like St. Francis Regis before him, that those trials and persecutions are heaviest which are set in motion against one by persons whom one can combat only with prayer. Reports were dispatched to the general of the Jesuits, in which Father Spee was charged with certain odd notions on the constitution of the order. In view of these imputations, Father Spee was deprived of his professorship at Paderborn in the midst of the school year of 1630-1631. The charges were investigated, found to be false and to the credit of the order the reputation of the injured priest was restored by reinstatement as professor at the University of Cologne. That such disorders should exist among religious need not cause surprise to one who understands human nature. Religious live a community life, where occasionally characters and temperaments of opposite cast come into contact. That there should be some friction at times is only natural. Especially sharply marked characters, such as Father Spee was, are liable to be misunderstood by such as pay too much attention to trivialities, lacking that broad-mindedness and subtlety of soul which is necessary for social intercourse.

In 1633 Father Spee came to Treves, where he found the city in a great political crisis. Prince Philipp Christopher had just delivered Treves to France and had appointed Cardinal Richelieu his coadjutor with the right of succession. But at length the imperial army under Count Rittberg, numbering 1,200 men, tired of the yoke of a foreign oppressor, attacked the French at Treves during the night of March 25-26, 1635. The French were defeated with heavy losses. During the heat of the battle, Father Spee ministered to the spiritual and corporal wants of the wounded and dying. Not long after the smoke of battle had risen from the city, it was stricken by a ravaging pest, in which Father Spee again distinguished himself for his self-sacrifice. In caring for the sick of the city, he finally succumbed to the fever, becoming, as it were, the victim of his service. The wish that he had expressed in "Virtue's Golden Book" was fulfilled: "My Spouse, my God, the joy of my heart and my love, the ardor of my affections, the flame of my desires, the sweet fire of my soul, when, when, oh when, shall I appear before Thy face?"

G. D. S.

Cleveland, O.

### **Book Reviews.**

**"A Book About the English Bible,"** by Josiah H. Penniman, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. 12mo., pp. 444. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"The purpose of this volume is to give a brief account of the English Bible, its immediate sources and their contents; their literary background and surroundings; the forms and characteristics of the constituent books and their relation to each other. To the chapters in which these subjects have been taken up there have been added several others containing a short history of the translation of the Bible into English from Saxon times to our own day. Attention is also called to the difference between the commonly used English versions as regards contents and translation and to the reasons for the difference."

The volume grew out of a series of lectures delivered to students of the University of Pennsylvania on the subject. The author's declaration in the opening chapter concerning the Bible is the best recommendation which his book can have. He says: "The greatest book is the Bible, and the reason for the place assigned to it is that it contains interpretations of human life, actual and ideal, which reveal man to himself, in his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and his defeats, his aspirations and his possibilities, his relations to other men, and, comprehending and enveloping all, his relations to God. Men may differ about what the Bible is, but the fact remains that for centuries millions of men of all grades of intelligence and learning have believed what the Bible speaks to them as no other book has ever spoken, and that what it says comes with an authority derived from God Himself. The primary spiritual problem of man is his relations to God. Men, everywhere, recognize the existence of an intelligent power outside and higher than themselves that controls and regulates the universe. The individual who doubts or denies the existence of God is exceptional, and his opinions are at variance with human belief and experience. The Bible, concerned as it is in its component parts with the revelation of God to man and the relation of man to God, has held the attention of men because it is true to the truths of life and satisfying to the yearnings of the human spirit. Men have found it so, and there is an abiding faith that men will continue to find it so."

This is a splendid declaration of orthodoxy and no one who approaches the Sacred Book in such a reverent spirit could fail to produce a work on the subject worthy of the highest commendation. But the author brings more than reverence to his task. He brings love, education, energy, discernment and fairness. He carefully

avoids controversy or anything that might arouse suspicion of a controversial spirit. He shows himself at all times a sincere seeker after truth, and he goes far afield in search of it. His book draws rather than repels. So many books on the Bible are so dry as to attract and hold only scholars or technical students. This is due, no doubt, to some extent, to the nature of the work. Dr. Penniman has gotten away from it, because his book is not intended for the learned only, but for every one who is able to read and think.

The author's language and style add much to the value of his book. His language is pure English with a total absence of pedantry, and his style easy, attractive and dignified. The book will appeal to a wide circle of readers, who will be very much helped by it to a better knowledge of the book of books, and greater love for it.

The author should be heartily congratulated and commended.

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"Convent Life: The Meaning of a Religious Vocation." By Martin J. Scott, S. J., author of "God and Myself," etc. 12mo., pp. 315. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

[In the previous number of the "Quarterly" we began a synopsis of Father Scott's excellent work on "Convent Life." We now offer a combination of that synopsis. We had reached the question of vocation.]

Before adopting the religious life, a person should have a vocation or call from God.

And how does this call come? Does God appear to the individual as He did to Saul on the way to Damascus? Or does His voice ring out as it did when it summoned the Apostles to leave all and follow Him? God has various ways of calling His beloved unto Him and His service. To some, indeed, He has appeared as evidently as in the case of the Apostles. Some of the great saints and founders of religious orders, men and women, destined to exceptional service and suffering, have seen the Lord and heard His voice, but ordinarily it is not so.

The call to the religious life, or to be a Sister, comes in various ways. In some cases it is distinct and overpowering. In others, it is gentle, like a whispering breeze, and must be carefully listened to in order to be discerned. Some hear the call from childhood and only wait the day that will enable them to obey it. Others get the summons suddenly, almost against their anticipations, but it comes so clearly that they hardly have a doubt about it. Some are quietly and gently drawn, others overpoweringly, and still others hesitatingly. With these last, the attraction is there, but the repulsion also. They desire to make the sacrifice and yet tremble at the cost. The life appeals to their nobler nature, its sacrifices appall their weak humanity. Balanced thus between yes and no, the will eventually yields to grace, and often these vocations are the most meritorious and serviceable.

Emotional persons, as a rule, should not think of convent life. There is very little room for sentiment in the life of a Sister. It is hard, steady, monotonous work, but work made precious and sublime by the love of Christ, for whom it is done. I do not mean to say that sentiment plays no part in religious life. It does, and a very great part, but always dominated by strength of character and solid motives. The kind of sentiment that should be discouraged is that which is found in very temperamental persons. It is a form of nervousness. A nervous person should not consider a religious career—without consulting an experienced physician.

We see, therefore, that those who enter the convent are they who desire to lead a life of sacrifice and service for the love of Christ. Moreover, they have the qualifications, mental and physical, for the life, and they feel called to it.

Environment sometimes occasions obstacles to a vocation. A girl may have a very strong desire and determination to become a Sister, but she is so situated that she cannot carry it out. While things are that way she has no choice. If God wants her, He will in His own way make it feasible for her to answer the call. A girl's first duty is to her parents. If they really need her, her place is with them. Sometimes an elder sister must care for younger children. Her duty is to be a mother to them. No matter what the convent attraction may be, her vocation at the time is to look after her brothers and sisters. How many noble girls struggle on in silence and devotion under such circumstances and at last, when the way is clear, take the step which was uppermost in their minds. It requires real heroism to persevere that way. Those who have been schooled thus frequently prove to be of incalculable help to others later on.

You see, therefore, that there is no haste nor superficiality about a religious profession. But, spite of all examination and instruction and solicitude, it may happen that a subject may, after a time, find that the life is not the one she considered it to be and that she is not suitable for it. In that case, with all kindness and consideration, she is informed that she has no vocation. She is advised to be very candid, and not to continue the life out of regard for what friends or relatives may think.

If after the period of the novitiate she finds the life suitable and the order finds her desirable, she is admitted into the convent proper. It will thus be seen that it is harder to get into the convent than to get out of it. Outside the Church, misinformed persons sometimes believe that the convent is a trap to catch innocent victims. Let them try to be caught in the trap. That will be the best refutation of their statements. We occasionally hear of escaped Sisters in big headlines or by a loud scandal preacher. Those escaped

Sisters, you will find, found it easier to leave the convent than they would find it to get back again. In fact, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put them behind convent walls.

Not every one in the convent is a saint, but there are more saints within convent walls than in the same space anywhere else on earth. Although all may not be saints, it is not the fault of the convent nor the order. The religious life is a state of perfection. It supplies abundantly all that tends to holiness. But sanctity is a personal matter. Neither monastery nor cowl makes the monk, but the life and imitation of Jesus Christ.

Convent life is not a romance, the stage nun and the novel nun notwithstanding. Service and sacrifice, that is the standard. "If thou wilt be My disciple, deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me." No romance there. Looked at from a distance, the Sister is very romantic. But there is not much romance in rising at dawn and working hard, unseen of others mostly, until night, and then the same thing over again the next day, the next week, the next year, and so on to the end. Very little romance, that. But it is done for Jesus Christ. That transforms it, that really makes it romance, for the soul that loves. Without personal love for Jesus Christ, the convent life would be prison. With the love of Jesus in the heart, it is paradise.

The nun has a small room, if she has a room at all. Sometimes she has only a bed, alcoved in a large dormitory filled with other beds, alcoved like her own. But as most of the day is spent in common with the other Sisters, in what is called community life, the bed and the room do not matter, except, of course, that one's privacy is sacrificed. For some, that is a cross to bear, one of the many. Then they all dress alike, eat alike, recreate alike. That is hard on most people, at least for a time. Individuality is sacrificed—another cross. Some find that the hardest. Nothing is so congenial to us as our own likes and dislikes. But all that is given up by this community life. You are one of many, not one apart as you were before entering. Then a bell rings you out of bed, calls you to prayer, summons you to meals and orders you to work. You may not feel like getting up, praying, eating or working, but the bell rings, and you rise, pray, eat, work. Cross number three. You are no longer your own master. But you bear in mind that He who was Lord and Master became obedient for you. So you are glad to say to Christ, your Beloved: "This, my Jesus, I offer to Thee for love of Thee." And you feel happy that you can give Him something that costs you a lot. For anything worth while costs. Cheap gifts may be all right for ordinary persons, but not for your love, Christ.

Then again there is your company. Perhaps you will like your companions, perhaps you will not. There is no choice. Outside, if you did not like a person or a group, you could keep away. Not so in the convent. For better or for worse you take those around you. Cross number four, and a big one. By entering a convent, you do not change your nature. Some persons are likable, others are not. Some are likable to some and not to others. In the convent, likable or unlikable, it is all the same; there you are and there you have to make the most of it.

But then you reflect that, after all, the companions of Jesus were not so very likable. Judas was not much to love. Some of the others were not the best of company to the refined Jesus. "But He bore all that for me, and I can do something similar for Him," the good nun says. And that makes her happy. A bit of romance, if you like.

You may like certain work and consider you have a special aptitude for it. Your superiors may judge otherwise. Or it may be that they need you for some kind of duty which you can, indeed, perform, but which you naturally dislike. You may be assigned to that very duty. However, the words of Christ come to you: "If thou wilt be My disciple, deny thyself." Realizing that self-denial is a sort of sacrificial knife, you bear the wound it inflicts cheerfully, reflecting that Christ was wounded all over for you.

But the hardest trial that may come to one in the convent is to be misunderstood. And that may happen. It is hard to be misunderstood by your companions, but bearable, if your superior understands you. But suppose your superior does not understand you? That, indeed, is rare, but it has happened. That is perhaps the greatest cross of all. God sometimes allows it, even to the best religious. Suffering makes us dear to Him, and one of His greatest sufferings was that He was misunderstood. The nun who experiences that anguish has a good share of the Cross of Christ, and a big place in the Heart of Christ.

But are not nuns awfully nice persons, and most delightful and charitable and contented? Oh, yes. How then, can anything not pleasant occur with such companionship? It is human nature. Very nice people and very charitable people often have very different points of view. Differences of temperament, education and environment may cause one to be quite at variance with another. In your own home, how frequently do you find differences and difficulties between various members of the family. And yet they all love one another and are considered to be good and kindly. "But it should be different with nuns," you say, "they are all so holy and considerate." Well, the convent is one big family, and among so

many, living intimately together, there are bound to be incompatibilities.

And now I am coming to the heart of the matter, and indeed to the basis of convent life. If everything were ideal in the convent life, it would be paradise. The nun would have her heaven here instead of hereafter. But the religious life is service and sacrifice. These two do not go well together with heavenly bliss. They lead to it. They are the ladder to the kingdom of heaven, but a ladder that must be climbed step by step, and often with weariness and pain. But heaven is at the top. That cheers. That sustains.

Life is a warfare. Scripture insists on that. But so many fight and bleed and lose. The religious indeed must fight and bleed, but she wins. That is her great incentive, her great peace. Victory is sure. She is no doubtful campaign. Christ is her Leader and her Lord. With Him and for Him she goes on to certain triumph.

On a certain occasion I was congratulating some novices in a religious community on their cheerfulness. One of them replied: "And why should we not be cheerful, for are we not at the gate of heaven?" The gate of heaven truly. By a single step, they have, as it were, accomplished life's journey and are at its terminal. True, they have to wait for years for the gate to open, but they are securely over the dangerous road of life.

The convent is the haven of life's ocean. There the pious soul is sheltered from the storms that toss and destroy the vessels on the deep. That security for virtue, that help to piety, that wise guidance which the convent gives, is for certain souls a foretaste of heaven. It is that hundredfold promised by our Lord, and the prelude to the life everlasting which awaits them beyond the gates.

Contentment is the most valuable thing in life. So precious is it that without it all things else count for nothing. And contentment is the portion of the bride of Christ. Not that she will not have her trials and struggles. They are part of her career of service and sacrifice. But they are so many roses of love which she delights to place on the altar of Jesus Christ.

To those outside the faith the life of a nun is a mystery. Deprived of everything that others set value on, she is nevertheless more content than the richest among men. Oh, if they could only see what she sees, and hear what she hears! There would be no mystery about her life then.

And what is it she sees? She looks beyond the gates and beholds her true home, heaven. She sees there all that is worth living for. She realizes that no matter what the cost, it is as nothing in comparison with what it procures. For in that life beyond is the full enjoyment of intensest love, love so great that all earthly love is but a faint

shadow in comparison. There all her love for father and mother and dear ones will be gratified a hundredfold.

But above all, the veil which now hides her Beloved will be removed, and she shall look upon Him face to face. Before His loveliness all other beauty vanishes, all other love is absorbed. And while she looks on Him, entranced by His beauty and captivated by His love, she realizes that, much as she loves Him, He loves her more. On earth she yielded to his pleading: "Child, give Me thy heart." In heaven, she shall hear His reply from His own lips: "Behold My Heart, which loves you with an infinite love."

Convent life presents to women the sublimest way of following Christ. Not that Christ may not be closely followed in every state and condition of life, but convent life, by its very nature, conduces to the closest companionship with Him. Extraordinary souls may rise to the greatest height of sanctity in any career or state of life, but in the convent even the ordinary soul is so helped by the vows, rules and good example that piety becomes easy and sanctity is reached by many.

It is almost an assurance of eternal salvation to enter the convent. Living as the rules ordain gives virtually a guarantee of salvation. The facilities, therefore, for one's own everlasting welfare are very great. Unless one deliberately neglects the opportunity afforded by the life, salvation seems assured.

The Red Cross is very prominent nowadays. Thank God for that. For the Red Cross stands for service to the stricken. Many people think that the Red Cross is a late institution, that it is something discovered or developed in recent years. Some associate it with the modern trend of humanity-religion. They believe that it is a product of the nineteenth century culture, a culture due to breaking away from the old Church.

The Red Cross is distinctly a Catholic institution. The Red Cross is the outcome of Catholic belief and practice. The Order of Red Cross was founded by a Catholic priest, blessed and confirmed by a Pope, and did such wonderful work that centuries ago it was known and admired throughout Europe.

Such an impression did it make that when recent organizations of relief desired a symbol for their work, they took the Red Cross, that Red Cross which Pope Sixtus V. blessed on the habit of St. Camillus of Lellis when he confirmed his order in the year 1586. A red cross on the breast and on the shoulder was the mark by which St. Camillus and his order were distinguished. They took that symbol to show that they were ready to give their services to the sick and plague-stricken, even if it cost their lives.

There are some good people who believe that the uplift and betterment of the lower classes is a modern virtue. They fancy that it is the outcome of a broader Christianity. The brotherhood of man is, in their eyes, a discovery of recent times. Of course, these people will be surprised to learn that the brotherhood of man began with Jesus Christ.

The work of the nuns is as broad and all-embracing as the two great commandments of the law, and therefore their labors include all the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. We have not space to consider the whole subject at length, nor to dwell on their principal work in our day—teaching in Christian schools. That work alone justifies the religious life and will furnish the brightest jewel in the crown of the religious.

Another shock to them will be to learn that social service began with the Apostles, in consequence of the lessons they learned from the Master. Hardly had the Church of Christ begun its mission when a social service order was established. The Apostles, seeing the need of the poorer brethren, appointed certain devout women to minister unto them. These were called deaconesses. They were the first body of women in the history of the world who engaged in what we call slum work.

There are many persons who think that slumming is a very modern invention, the result of our improved humanity. They point to slum workers as an argument for the superiority of the recent religion of humanity over that of the old Church. Well, when the Church was let alone, there were no slums. The monks looked to that. But in the beginning, before the old Church got fairly started, there were slums, and also slum workers. The deaconesses mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles were the first to take up work in the slums.

Jesus Christ was the first rescue worker of humanity. He rescued Magdalen from the streets. He snatched the penitent thief from the precipice. And what He rescued He was not ashamed of. He made Magdalen a companion of His Mother. He came for sinners. "As I live, saith the Lord, I will not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live."

There are certain sinners to-day who are outcasts. Society claims that the social evil, as it calls it, is necessary. But the poor frail creatures who are necessary for the social evil it brands and discards. A woman has her youth and beauty but once. If she sacrifices to the social evil, it is gone, and no future is before her but a darksome and loathsome existence.

The wages of sin is death. That we know. Every sinner will testify to it. But God is a God of mercy. It is above all His

works. A humble and contrite heart He will not reject. Society rejects the fallen woman. God does not. His Church does not. As He reclaimed Magdalen, so His Church to-day reclaims countless Magdalens. He was the first Good Shepherd. He left the ninety and nine to go in search of the one that strayed. His Church does the same.

Sometimes you hear people say: "We understand why a person should become a Sister in an order that cares for the sick or the aged or the orphan, but why do they need to become Sisters to teach?" Such persons consider that teaching is an ordinary profession, well filled by lay people, and not at all necessitating the sacrifice required by a Sisterhood.

They rightly associate a nun's career with sacrifice and heroism and they do not see anything about teaching that calls for such exalted and extraordinary virtue. Teaching they consider to be one of the ordinary professions, and as such should be left to ordinary people of the world.

Teaching may be an ordinary profession. It may also be a very extraordinary profession. It depends on what you teach. If you teach just worldly things, no matter how well, teaching is an ordinary profession. But if you teach along with worldly branches the things that make for eternal life, teaching is not an ordinary profession. Teaching then becomes an apostolate. It assumes the dignity of a mission.

Jesus Christ was a teacher. He was The Teacher. Teaching was mainly His mission. In His day there were many teachers, some ordinary, some celebrated. They were merely teachers. But He was a teacher who taught the things of the soul, of the future life, of God. That made His teaching a mission. He was the first Christian missionary. He was the first Christian Apostle. The Sister who teaches after the manner He taught is an Apostle. If she teaches in His way and the things He taught, she is a true missionary.

The teaching Sisterhoods teach what Christ taught. The teaching Sisterhoods have the same purpose that Christ had. The teaching Sisterhoods exercise an apostolate similar to Christ's.

Of all agencies employed by the Church of God to carry on the work of Jesus Christ none is more essential than teaching. Abolish the religious school and soon there would be little need of our churches—they would be empty. The children of to-day are men of to-morrow, and if to-day they receive no religious instruction, to-morrow they will attend no religious service. And well do the enemies of religion realize that. In every attack on the Church the hardest blow has been struck at the Christian school. Irreligion

knows that if it has the child it has the man. And so does the Church.

Hence the great effort of the Church to provide Christian schools for the young. It is no easy thing for a struggling pastor to maintain a school. But he knows that his church will suffer if he does not. The school often entails more care and effort on the pastor's part than the church. But he knows its importance. At all costs and at every sacrifice he maintains the school. Experience has taught the necessity of this. Hence we see, even in a struggling parish, the parochial school. Parents, too, realize the need of the Catholic school and they cheerfully make the sacrifices necessary for it.

This solicitude for the faith of the child is a Catholic instinct. All the schools of Europe grew up around the Church. For long centuries there were no schools except those attached to the monasteries and churches. It was the Church that kept education alive in those epochs when Goth and Vandal and Hun devastated Europe. Everything was laid waste. Towns and cities were wiped out. Civilization itself was often threatened. It was kept alive in the church schools. All education in Europe was Catholic for centuries. All the great universities were Catholic foundations. Oxford and Cambridge and Paris and Salamanca and Rome were Catholic establishments.

Then came the great upheaval which divided Europe into two camps. God raised up a great teaching order to stem the tide of naturalism. The Church, with the wisdom of God, perceived that the maintenance of the supernatural religion of Jesus Christ depended on the education of youth. That became the battle line. To it rushed volunteers from every walk of life. Devoted men and women consecrated their lives to the same task that Jesus Christ engaged in when, as the Teacher in Israel, He instructed many unto eternal life.

Teaching, which was always a characteristic of the Church's life, now became a special mission. A mission it is as truly as that to foreign countries, to pagans and savages. For it aims primarily at the souls of men. Man is not merely mortal; he is also immortal. His education must fit him, not only for his mortal career, but above all for his immortal.

And that is the mission of the teaching orders. While neglecting nothing that equips the young for the duties and opportunities of this life, they moreover prepare them for their eternal destiny. They inculcate what our Lord insisted on: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." Without omitting anything that the

needs of life require they provide the helps and the means which lead to success in the life beyond.

Religion is not a thing with a separate existence. It does not live by itself, apart. It does not stand alone. It is woven into the very texture of life. Otherwise it is but a name. The man of any religious creed is moulded by that creed, if it is real. Religion, I mean the true Religion, helps us to live the way God wants us to live. And He wants us to live in such a way that we may share His blessedness hereafter. That is the meaning of religion—a path to God.

The Church is the means established by Our Divine Lord to continue the work He began during His mortal career. An important part of that work was prayer and atonement. Besides preaching and teaching and healing and consoling, He suffered and He prayed.

So likewise His Church, although so busily engaged in ministering to the people for their welfare and sanctification, is not unmindful of prayer and atonement. Rather because she is so deeply and truly engaged in the welfare of her people does she give herself to prayer and atonement.

This is seen in her liturgy, in her feasts and fasts, her seasons of prayer and of penance. But as besides the prayer and suffering which accompanied the ministry of Jesus, He often withdrew apart and spent long seasons in prayer and atonement, so does the Church, His representative on earth, devote herself by means of her cloistered orders to these sacred practices.

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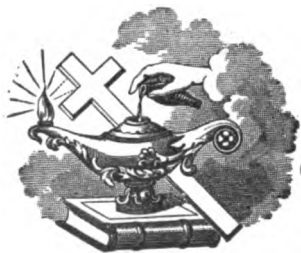
OCTOBER, 1919

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THE

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REVIEW.

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat  
invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem.  
S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.



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(Extract from Salutory, July, 1890.)

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## THE SAINT OF PATRIOTISM.

THEY were dark and dolorous days for the Church and France when Jeanne d'Arc, the poor shepherd girl of Domremy, a small village amid the hills and forests of Lorraine, lived her brief life, so tragically extinguished in the flames that mounted upwards from the pyre in the market place at Rouen. They were the days of the Great Schism when three Popes disputed the lawful possession of the tiara; a dispute only ended by the deposition of John XXIII. and Peter de Luna (Benedict XIII.) on July 26, 1417, and the elevation of Otto Colonna to the Papal throne as Martin V. By a strange anomaly, it was a schism without schismatics; for none of the faithful of the various obediences had any doubts as to the sacred character and prerogatives of the Papacy. It was not for them—nor were they required—to determine who was or was not canonically elected; and there were holy souls, even saints, under the immediate jurisdiction of each of the claimants. It involved no questions of dogma, morals, or rites. It bred, of course, scandals and confusion. The Hussite heresy that ravaged Bohemia was much worse; and in the ecclesiastical order there were many deplorable laxities.

But, evil as the days were, there were many earnest men and women bent on redeeming the time; for in all its long and chequered history, not even in its darkest days, did the Church fail to give evidence of that regenerative and recuperative force inherent within it,

which enables it to recover its normal moral health and vigour. Gerard Groot had established at Deventer in Holland the Brethren and Sisters of the Common Life, who were to renew in the fifteenth century the faith and fervour of the Apostolic age, as Francis of Assisi and his gente poverella had done in the thirteenth; while the Augustinian Canons Regular at Windasheim, and the Canonesses, were diffusing throughout Holland and the countries bordering on the Rhine the spirit that animated that school of saints. One of the Brothers, Thomas Haemerken, of Kempen, a small town in the diocese of Cologne—known ever since as Thomas á Kempis—was writing his inimitable "Imitation," the all-but-inspired pages of which have preserved for all time the solid teaching, the wisdom and the philosophy, at once practical and profound, of that school; a booklet, small in size but great in its worth, which Leibnitz regarded as "one of the most excellent treatises ever composed" and Fontenella as "the most perfect work that has come from the hand of man." While canonists were disputing about the Papal succession; while heretics were striving to rend the Church's seamless garment; while States and cities were warring with one and other; while Burgundians and Armagnacs were fighting and freebooters, free lances and robber hordes swarmed over the highways and rendering traveling hazardous, this little book, a masterpiece of ascetical theology, was written by a comparatively unknown religious in a small priory in an obscure corner of a remote province.

In the same age and at the same time, Nicolette Boellet, the carpenter's daughter of Corbie—canonized as Saint Coletta—was reforming the three Orders of St. Francis under divine guidance; leading cloistered men and women back to the strict observance of their Rule. It is more than presumable that she and the Heroine of Orleans—both chosen instruments of Providence—met; for, on November 9, 1429, when Joan of Arc was engaged in a campaign that included the beleaguering of Saint Pierre-le-Moutier and La Charité-sur-Loire, she passed through Moulins, a neighboring town, when Colette was there in a convent of Poor Clares which she had founded.

France was a prey to civil war, arising out of the rivalry between the factions of the Armagnacs and Burgundians. The streets of Paris were reddened with the blood of the former, massacred in 1418. Along with civil war came foreign invasion. England, profiting by French divisions, as she has profited by divisions in other countries, was pursuing that expansionist policy which, a century or so later, was to find development in laying the foundation of its Colonial dependencies. The battle of Agincourt had been fought and won. In

1419 it captured Rouen. Pursuing its career of conquests, it aimed at the subjugation of the whole of France, the sovereignty of which was given in perpetuity to Henry V.—who ambitioned the conquest of Italy, the gateway of the East, after the annexation of France—and his heirs by the treaty of Troyes (May 21, 1420). The queen of France, Isabeau of Bavaria, disinherited her son to crown her daughter Margaret, given in marriage to the English King by that treaty.

It was not France, as we now know it; for powerful princes like the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany held sway over a large portion, and were only nominal vassals of the King of France. The country did not sanction the shameful surrender of its rights; and when the mad King Charles VI. was entombed at Saint Denis (November 10, 1422) and the French herald proclaimed Henry VI. "by the grace of God, King of France and England," some loyal and patriotic French Knights unfurled the royal banner at Berry and proclaimed Charles VII. The former, an infant of ten months, was a grandson, by his mother, of Charles VI. In his name his uncles governed the dual monarchy; the Duke of Bedford, France, and the Duke of Gloucester, England. The King proclaimed at Berry, a lad of nineteen, was the sole surviving son of Charles VI. His regal authority was only recognized in Touraine, Orleans, Berry, the Bourbonnais, Auvergne, Languedoc, Dauphiné and the country round Lyons. He was a weakling in every sense of the word, morally and physically and lived in constant dread of a violent death; for assassination was a weapon not unfrequently employed for dynastic or political purposes. The ferocious John the Fearless of Burgundy boasted of the murder of his cousin, the Duke of Orleans.

Two defeats inaugurated the reign of Charles VII. and destroyed all hopes of northern France. They called him derisively "the King of Bourges." But despite his weakness, he was a French prince; the English monarch was an intruding foreigner and his French "subjects" chafed against the hard yoke of England. The Duc d'Alençon, a prisoner of war in the hands of the English, refused to recover his liberty by subscribing to the stipulations of the Treaty of Troyes. Of all the country north of the Loire the English and their allies, the Burgundians were complete masters; while the provinces to the south only nominally adhered to the House of Valois. Charles VII., who was hated by his mother, was more a wandering fugitive than a real King, and was contemplating flight into Spain.

The Dauphin, as he was called, had almost given up the struggle, after making futile appeals for help to the King of Scotland, whose infant daughter was betrothed to his son Louis, afterwards Louis

XI., and to Naples. In despair he shut himself in a castle at Chinon. The cause of France seemed lost unless unforeseen aid came to his succour. The English arms met with no serious opposition after 1429; no French army kept the field; the King's authority was flouted; the Duke of Burgundy openly sided with the English and the Dukes of Brittany and Lorraine were wavering.

But all is not lost that is in danger. His marriage to Marie of Anjou had attached to his cause that powerful family, and, through it, the valiant house of Lorraine, whose brave princes, always French at heart, had fought at Crécy, Nicopolis and Agincourt, wherever France had to fight its foes. The Count de Foix, governor of Languedoc, felt bound in conscience to recognize Charles VII. as his legitimate sovereign. The Constable's sword given to Count Arthur de Richemont, had reconciled the Duke of Brittany, (John VI.) with France, and brought to the King's service seasoned and skillful soldiers. Castile lent the ships with which the Norman Braquemont had beaten an English fleet in 1419, and these ships had sailed to Scotland for the five or six thousand soldiers who had conquered the English at Beaugé. The towns revolted against their domination. La Ferté-Bernard in 1422 sustained a four months' siege and only surrendered to Salisbury in the last extremity. In 1427 the English, advancing towards the Loire, besieged Montargis, but after three months' resistance by its brave garrison, were forced to raise the siege. In the year following Bedford, resolving on a vigorous effort, after taking several towns and with reinforcements from the garrisons in Normandy, laid siege to Orleans, (October 12, 1428.)

It was a critical epoch for France. Orleans was the gateway to Berry, the Bourbonnais and Poitou; once taken, the "King of Bourges" would become simply the King of Languedoc and the Dauphiné. The situation became graver from day to day, and yet Charles VII. did not throw off his habitual indolence, preferring pleasure to patriotism. The nobility were no better. The Count of Clermont had caused the defeat at Rouvray, shamefully abandoning the besieged city with the two hundred men under his command. The French admiral, the Chancellor of France, the Archbishop of Reims, and the Bishop of Orleans would have done the same had not the pleadings of the people restrained them. Patriotism found its last refuge then, as in other countries in critical times, among the masses. The besieged were beginning to despair. They appealed to the Duke of Bedford, stating that their city was the appanage of the Duke Charles of Orleans, a prisoner in England since the battle of Agincourt, and that, as he had adhered to the treaty of Troyes, there was no ground

for depriving him of it. The English made no reply to this appeal to their generosity. The suppliants then turned to the Duke of Burgundy, begging him to take the city under his protection. Philip the Good, the successor of John Fearless, very willingly acceded to the proposal which he hastened to transmit to Bedford. The English regent sharply answered, that he did not understand beating the bushes in order that another might take the young birds.

It is proverbially said that when things come to the worst they mend. The humiliation of France by the English invaders had reached that point. But as oppression provokes resistance and resistance calls forth what is bravest and best in a people, the invasion revived and exalted the sentiment of nationality. "Before that," observes a French writer, "one was a citizen of his city, nothing more; in presence of the Englishman he felt he was a Frenchman. No one, in the previous century, troubled himself about Calais, besieged by Edward III. All France was interested in the fate of Orleans. It was a sentiment unknown to the middle ages and destined to play a noble part in modern society; it was patriotism which was being born. The dreadful miseries they had endured, in place of killing had quickened it. These miseries were due to many causes; the people only recognized one—the English; all the sufferings they had undergone they attributed to the English; all the accumulated resentments they fostered were centred on the English; to drive out the English was the thought ever present to their minds, and, in default of the help of man, they counted upon God. This opinion gradually traversed France from one end to the other, that the kingdom, betrayed, given over to strangers by a woman, by a queen, by the unworthy Isabeau of Bavaria, was to be saved, delivered by a daughter of the people, by a virgin. That heroic daughter of the people, that maiden-liberatrix, was Jeanne d'Arc."<sup>1</sup>

The war for the subjugation of France to a hated foreign power had lasted nearly a hundred years. Possessed of Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Touraine, Maine, Anjou and Champagne, it seemed easy for England to acquire the remainder of France. It held Paris, the Parliament of which legislated or formulated decrees in the name of the English king. Nothing stood between it and the gratification of its ambition but Orleans, France's last stronghold.

Then a Deliverer arose, one destined to liberate France and to restore the kingdom of Clovis and St. Louis IX. to its former rank and prestige as one of the foremost of Christian nations. It was not a great sovereign, a great statesman, or a great warrior, but a

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<sup>1</sup> Victor Duruy, "*Hist. de France*," Vol. I., pp. 474-475.

young country girl from the small village or hamlet of Domremy, in the valley of the Meuse, of peasant parentage, the daughter of Jacques d'Arc, or Darc, and Isabelle Rommée, born on the feast of the Epiphany, 1412. But this village maiden was to conquer and humiliate the English; to pay them back in their own coin; to humiliate them even more than they had humiliated France by their half-conquest; to be, in the words of Count Louis de Carne, "the only being in humanity and history, but for whom France would have ceased to reckon among nations." Pious with the simple, trustful, unquestioning faith of the unlettered—perhaps the best faith after all—who could neither read nor write, but was devout, guileless, obedient, helpful, charitable; who was so compassionate as to spare from her scanty store wherewithal to succour the needy; pure as an angel and loving to pour out her soul in prayers as simple as they were sincere, praying at home, or in the fields, or before the modest altar in the village church, the good Curé called her "the best child in the parish." Joyous with the joyfulness that comes from a pure heart unstained with sin, she played and danced with her playmates, to whom she was known as Jeanette or Jenny, under what was known as the fairy tree; hanging chaplets of our Lady of Domremy on its spreading branches. "If angels ever conversed with mortals," said Archbishop Ireland in the eloquent panegyric he preached at the celebration in the cathedral of Orleans in 1899, "Joan was fit to see and hear them." The supernatural environed her from the beginning to the end. Merlin the warlock had prophesied that a wonderful maid should come from the region of the oak wood for the healing of nations; and during the reign of the mad king, Charles VI., a woman, Marie of Avignon, came to him from the south, who, like Pilate's wife, had suffered many things in a dream, telling how in her visions of the night she had beheld armies and armour, but knew that this portended nothing for her, but for a maid yet unborn who should come to restore France. This was noised abroad far and wide and had its effect upon an imaginative and emotional people, whom it made hopeful and expectant. The oak wood was identified with the Bois Chesnu on the Marches of Lorraine, a forest near Domremy, about half a league from the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc. It was said that France, ruined by a woman, would be saved by a maid from the Marches of Lorraine. Whatever credence may be given to these mystical or misty foreshadowings, there is no doubt about the hand of God being distinctly visible in what eventuated.

It was on a summer's day in her father's garden, when she was only thirteen, that she first heard those mysterious "voices," which summoned her to the execution of an arduous task that might have

dismayed the strongest and most adventurous man. They filled her with "great fear." They sounded again in her ears in the wood. Afterwards St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret in the midst of a bright light announced to her that she was marked out for a special mission by heaven; and so familiar did her intercourse with them become, that she regarded them as her daily companions. This mission was to compel the English to raise the siege of Orleans, to drive them out of France, and to lead the Dauphin to Reims to be there anointed king according to the antique rite and crowned. These visions continued for four years, during which she never spoke to any one about them. At first she naturally drew back, protesting that she was but a poor maiden who could neither read nor write nor command in war. She was told to communicate with Sir Robert de Baudricourt, captain of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, who would give her an escort to conduct her to the king, then at Chinon. She opened her mind first to her uncle, Durand Lacart, whom she implored to speak to Baudricourt. Her father dreamed that he had seen her leave her home, accompanied by men-at-arms, and declared that if he thought such a thing possible he would drown her with his own hands.<sup>2</sup> They did everything to keep her at home; they tried to get her married; she was handsome and suitors sought her hand, but in vain, for she had made a vow of virginity.

Her "voices" became urgent, imperative. Once her resolution to obey the heavenly mandate was taken, she never faltered or wavered. When the news was broken to De Baudricourt, he burst into laughter; his first thought was to have her exorcised; but he ultimately favoured the project. At length Jean de Metz, who told how he was overcome and won over to her by her appealing earnestness and faith, and Bertrand de Poulengy led her by night to Chinon, fearing the Burgundians. In obedience to her "voices" she abandoned female for male attire; destined never again to see the valley of the Meuse. When present at Court, this village maiden was as self-possessed and as graceful in manner as the most high-born countess; surprising statesmen and men skilled in warfare with her plans for the deliverance of Orleans and the liberation of France. Charles was at first reluctant to receive her, and, when he did, hid himself purposely among a number of courtiers. But she walked direct to him and paid him homage. To test her, he said he was not the king. "Ah, gentle Dauphin," she said, "my name is Joan the Maid. The King of Heaven has sent to you, by me, that you will be crowned and consecrated in the city of Reims, and that you will be Lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France." The doubting monarch

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<sup>2</sup> He afterwards forgave her and was reconciled to her leaving home.

still regarded her coldly, until his doubts were dispelled by her telling him in a low voice what was known only to him. He had been uncertain about his own legitimacy and in secret prayed God to make known to him if he was really of the blood royal and, if so, to preserve his crown, or, if not, that he might be able to escape into Spain or Scotland. She said: "I come to tell you, on the part of my Lord, that you are true heir of France and son of the King and I will lead you to Reims to be consecrated." Before accepting her help he sent her to Poitiers to be examined by ecclesiastics to ascertain if the supernatural in her case was to be attributed to a divine or diabolical source: the result of a three weeks' searching examination was in her favour, and the King was assured that he might lawfully avail of her services.

There is no more extraordinary feat of arms recorded in history than that of which she was the guiding intelligence and central figure. When it was objected that if God willed to deliver France, He could do it without soldiers. "Ah! mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "men-at-arms will fight and God will give them victory!" How her words were fulfilled; how she mounted her black war horse, sword in hand—the rusty sword with three crosses on the blade buried near the altar in the church of St. Catherine at Fierbois, whence, by her directions, it was disinterred—and with her banner, made according to the instructions of her heavenly visitants, emblazoned with images of the Saviour and His Virgin-Mother, the holy names Jesus and Mary, and the golden lilies of France; how this young maiden of seventeen, as the Duke d'Alençon said, "bore her harness as knightly as if she had done no other thing in all her life;" how her first act was to banish from the camp all women of evil life, how she drove vice, abashed, from her presence, in which men were ashamed to be base; how she brought under her control the rude warriors of those rough freebooting days and made the soldiers go to confession and Communion before engaging in battle; how she told Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, that she brought the best succour that had ever been given to any city, since it was the succour of the King of Heaven, that it came not from her but was sent "at the prayers of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne;" how, after an eight months' siege, she relieved Orleans (April 12, 1429) compelling Talbot and Suffolk to break up their camp and retire northwards: how she never struck with the sword, though she was ever foremost in the fray; how she was wounded by an arrow which she plucked out and flung aside, though she screamed at the sharp and sudden pain it caused; how she had a great altar erected in the plain before the city and a Mass of thanksgiving for their deliverance celebrated in the sight of all

the people; how she captured Jargeau, in which the Earl of Suffolk had thrown his men, and then Patay and Troyes, and, on July 16, 1429, entered Reims, where Charles VII. was crowned by the Archbishop and anointed with the sacred oil Saint Remigius or Remy was traditionally believed to have brought from heaven, nine centuries before that, for the coronation of Clovis, the first Christian King of France—all that and more has been chronicled and fills the proudest page in the history of France and of French chivalry.

During the function in the cathedral of Reims she shed copious tears. Were they tears of joy at the accomplishment of her work or tears of sadness at the thought of what she was doomed to undergo? Alain Bouchard stated that in 1488 he heard from two aged men of Compiègne, who had themselves been present, that a few days before her capture, the Maid was hearing Mass in the church of St. Jacques. After receiving Holy Communion and spending some time in thanksgiving, she turned to the congregation and, leaning against a pillar, uttered this prediction: "My good friends, my dear little children, I am sold and betrayed. Soon I shall be given up to death. Pray to God for me, for I can no longer serve the King and the Kingdom of France."<sup>3</sup>

Less courageous than the Maid and moved by human prudence, the Archbishop of Reims, Regnault de Chartres, and others counselled effecting a reconciliation between Henry VI. and Charles VII. But Joan, who had written to the English King, "Body for body, you will be driven out of France," opposed this, urging them to strike quickly at Paris. Charles, who was weary of war, wavered, but at length reluctantly consented. An army was placed at her disposal; but just as victory seemed sure, she was ordered to desist. The Duke of Burgundy was allowed to pass through the French lines into Paris, ostensibly to treat for peace, but in reality, as the event proved, to place himself under Bedford's orders and to hold Paris as lieutenant of the Regent and ally of the English.

If the liberatrix had retired, as well she might, after the anointing at Reims, in the splendour of her triumphs, her exploits would have been relegated to the domain of fable, as unworthy of any credence; they would have been pointed to as a monument of the credulity of former ages.<sup>4</sup> After the ceremony, she said to the Archbishop of Reims: "Behold a good people; nor have I known or seen any people rejoice so much at the return of so noble a King. Would I could be so happy, when I finish my days, to be buried in this land!" "O Joan," said the Archbishop, "in what place have

<sup>3</sup> "Grandes annales de Bretagne" and "Miroir de Femmes Vertueuses," quoted by T. Douglas Murray, *op. cit.*

<sup>4</sup> Ayrolles, "La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc."

you a hope of dying?" "Where it pleases God," she answered simply, "for of the place or day I know no more than you. And would that it pleased God, my Creator, that I should now depart, laying aside my arms and return to serve my father and mother in keeping their sheep, with my sisters and brothers who would much rejoice to see me."

But the end was not yet. Her triumph was not complete. She was not to have the happiness she desired in this world but in the next. She was sent to drive the last of the English out of France, she told the Archbishop. Paris, then in the hands of the English, was besieged by the French. It is said that the French soldiers did not like being led by a woman, and when, during the siege, an assault, undertaken contrary to her advice, was repelled, and she told them if it was renewed they would win the city, they put her, then wounded, forcibly upon her horse and sent her back to the camp, while a retreat was sounded. Then they cast the entire responsibility of the failure upon her. But she fought again. When the Burgundians laid siege to the town of Compiègne on the Oise, she headed a sally against the besiegers. Her followers retiring, she was left alone, and was unhorsed, wounded and taken prisoner by the Bastard of Vendôme, a knight in the service of John of Luxembourg, who sold the Maid to the Duke of Bedford for ten thousand crowns, computed to be equivalent to £20,000 of present British currency. While she was in custody of the Burgundians, who treated her humanely, fearing to fall into the hands of the English, she sprang from the top of a high tower at the castle of Beaufort, but was carried back insensible. Once in the enemy's power, her doom was sealed. More than one was self-interested in her capture. John of Luxembourg, to secure possession of Ligny and Saint Pol, to the prejudice of his eldest brother, needed the aid of the Duke of Burgundy; and the latter, who was appropriating Brabant, Brussels and Louvain, despite the superior rights of his aunt Margaret, needed the English alliance. England was disposed to connive at anything, provided Joan of Arc was given up to them. Cauchon, its chief instrument of vengeance—when Flavy, the governor of Compiègne, after Joan's night ride to relieve it, closed the gates and drawbridge against her and she was made prisoner—went to the Burgundian camp and paid the mediæval Judas the blood money, the price of her who had been betrayed, claiming his victim in the name of the Regent Bedford, who called her "a limb of the Fiend." According to the feudal jurisprudence of France the King, as chief suzerain, was entitled to have the prisoners, as vassals, delivered up to him, upon paying to the captor the value of their ransom, according to a graduated

scale. The highest ransom was ten thousand crowns. As Henry VI. of England was also titular King of France in virtue of the treaty of Troyes, a formal demand for the surrender of Joan was made in his name according to this law, and to make sure of securing their prey the English paid the full ransom. In addition an annuity for life was promised to the knight who actually took her. "My King has bought her dear and holds her dear," said the Earl of Warwick. "He wishes that on no account she should die a natural death or otherwise than by the hands of justice and that she be burned."<sup>5</sup> The Bishop of Beauvais ambitioned the Archbishopric of Rouen, then vacant, and hoped to gain it by his complaisance, playing up to England.

The last scene in the tragedy, to which her capture and sale was the prologue, was enacted at Rouen, whither she was brought in chains and put into a cell, where she was pinioned to the wall by iron fetters on her hands and feet; three hundred men-at-arms guarding her by day and night. She was spared no ignominy, no cruelty that vindictive malignity could inflict. Thrown into prison, she was manacled, mocked, threatened, insulted and assaulted. When her womanly feelings were outraged by the vile dishonouring names she was called by some brutal English soldiers, she burst into tears. Everything was done to intimidate and terrorize her. When the Earl of Stafford visited her during her imprisonment, pretending he was about to ransom her, she said: "Ah! mon Dieu, you are mocking me. You have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. I know well that the English have resolved upon my death, thinking that after my death, they will win the Kingdom of France. But I tell them that even were they a hundred thousand soldiers more than they are, they shall never have this Kingdom."

There is nothing more piteous or pathetic in human annals than the appealing picture, drawn by contemporaries and eye-witnesses, of this gentle country maiden on the verge of womanhood confronting her pitiless judges at her "trial," a mockery of justice. Her judges, assisted by fifty-one assessors, assembled in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace of Rouen. The proceedings were invested with all the pride, pomp and circumstance of a great state trial. This poor illiterate girl stood alone before astute men of keen intellects, learned in canon and civil law and skilled in dialectics, who strove to entrap

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<sup>5</sup> "Quia pro nulla rex volebat quod sua morte naturali moreretur, rex enim eam habebat caram, et cara emerat, nec volebat quod obiret nisi cum justitia, et quod esset combusta." These words were spoken to, and testified by the physician, De Camera, who was summoned by the Earl of Warwick to attend her when she became exceedingly ill during the course of the trial.

her in her speech. But God gave her "a mouth and wisdom" to confound her accusers. "You put down everything that appears to tell against me, and take no note of what is in my favour," she interposed pitifully. There was no one to plead for her, and she pleaded in vain for herself. Justice was denied her. She got no chance of clearing herself of any charge, and there was no formal indictment specifying what she was put upon her trial for. They picked out of her answers such fragments as were supposed to compromise her and these they elaborated into twelve articles which were submitted to the University of Paris and were adjudged by that sapient body as "blasphemous and heretical." That university then posed as the compeer of the Holy See: her judges make mention of it in their official record as "our Mother the University of Paris," "that light of all the sciences, that extirpator of all errors." She had asked that ecclesiastics on the side of France as well as of England should adjudicate and that she might be permitted to hear Mass, but both requests were refused. A preliminary commission had been sent into Lorraine to gather information about her early life, but as the result of their inquiries was favourable to her, it was suppressed. They put the university in the place of the Church, as if the Holy See had no existence or pre-eminent prerogatives, and called upon her to submit to its decisions, as if it represented the whole Church Militant. Maitre Pierre Maurice, Canon of the Church of Rouen, said: "Obey the Church, consent to its judgment; know well that if you do not, if you persevere in your errors, your soul will be condemned to eternal punishment, and for your body I fear much that it will come to perdition."<sup>6</sup> She replied: "I will answer you. As to my submission to the Church, I have answered the clergy on this point. I have answered them also on the subject of all the things I have said and done. Let them be sent to Rome, to our Holy Father the Pope, to whom, after God, I refer me as to my words and deeds. I did them by God's order; I charge no one with them, neither my King nor any one else. If there be any fault found in them, the blame is on me and no one else." Asked if she would revoke her words and deeds, disapproved by the clergy, she repeated: "I refer me to God and to our Holy Father the Pope." She was told that this answer would not suffice; that it was not possible to refer to the Pope at such a distance; and that the ordinaries were judges in their own dioceses. This shut out all hope. They stood between her and the only earthly being who could right her and be relied upon to deliver a just judgment. She looked around and there was none to com-

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<sup>6</sup> Anima vestra damnabitur supplicio perpetuo crucianda, et de corpore plurimum dubito ne in perditionem veniat.

fort her. She was completely at their mercy; like a sparrow caught in the snare of the fowler, soon to be led like a lamb to the slaughter. On the morrow of the Pentecost of 1431 she was formally condemned and led out to receive the doom of the sorceress and the apostate.

To frighten her into submission, every preparation was made to give immediate effect to what resulted from her condemnation. The scaffold was got ready. A double-topped pyramid of stone was erected in retreating courses forming steps. Out of this rose the stake. At the base stood the crimson-clad executioner and his assistants, while soldiers, fully armed, formed a cordon around it. A vast crowd assembled, a level plain of human heads extending far on every side, and every house-top covered with people. There was no noise, no stir, the *Sieur de Conte*, who was present, relates; he says it was as if the world was dead. The impressiveness of this silence and solemnity was deepened by a leaden twilight, for the sky was hidden by a pall of low-hanging storm-clouds.

She had been lying chained and imprisoned for months and her feet had lost their power of motion; but, weak as she was, they made her walk. Worn to the bone and exhausted, she dragged herself along in the midst of the oppressive summer heat after leaving her damp dungeon. *Loyseleur* tried all the arts of persuasion to get her to recant, but she reiterated her appeal to God and the Pope. *Erard* showed her the written formula which had been prepared beforehand and urged her to abjure. She did not know the meaning of the word until it was explained to her. She said: "I appeal to the Church Universal whether I ought to abjure or not." He replied: "You shall abjure instantly or instantly be burned." She had closed her eyes and allowed her chin to fall; but now she glanced up for the first time, and saw the stake and the mass of red coals. She gasped and staggered up out of her seat, muttered something incoherently, and gazed upon the people like one dazed. Priests crowded about her, imploring her to sign. "Ah!" she said, "you do it well to seduce me." *Cauchon* read the death sentence. *Joan's* strength was spent. She stood looking about her in a bewildered way. Then slowly she sank to her knees, bowed her head, and said: "I submit." *Massieu* read the abjuration and she repeated it after him mechanically and unconsciously and, *De Conte* adds, "smiling." Then, in place of a paper of six lines was substituted one of many pages, to which she put her mark; but the secretary of the English King, guiding her hand, made her sign her name "*Jehanne*." She had thus, by a ruse, been got to sign a document in which she renounced male attire and was made to declare herself a sorceress, a dealer

with demons, a blasphemer of God and His angels, a lover of blood, a promoter of sedition, cruel, wicked and commissioned by Satan. She never rightly knew what she had done, until she was told of it afterwards. She closed this painful scene with these words: "I would rather do my penance all at once. Let me die. I cannot endure captivity any longer."

The Earl of Warwick and other Englishmen were waiting in the castle for the news. As soon as Cauchon saw them, he shouted laughingly: "Make your minds easy. It is all over with her." The document she signed, far from saving, ruined her. She had fallen into a trap set for her by that crafty man who had extorted her "abjuration" for that purpose.

Sentenced to perpetual imprisonment on bread and water as "salutary penance," she was given up again to the English jailers by the Bishop of Beauvais, although legally she should have been relegated to an ecclesiastical not a civil prison. According to Massieu, her female dress, which she had reassumed, was taken away from her while she was asleep. The English soldiers, who guarded her, refused to give it back to her, offering her, in its stead, the male dress she had previously worn, which they emptied from a sack. She refused to wear it, reminding them that it was forbidden. At last, finding them deaf to her remonstrances, she was obliged to arise and attire herself in the prohibited garments. Dominican friars declared that she had been assaulted by an English lord, as she told them, and that she, therefore, considered it necessary to return to the protection of her male costume, first suggested to her by Jean de Metz and De Poulengey. At Poitiers she had said she adopted it as the most suitable to her work and the company she must share.

For this she was re-arraigned and condemned as a relapsed heretic, she who had declared that, after ridding France of its enemies, she would "chastise the Hussites." She then repented and recalled her abjuration. When the Bishop of Beauvais and some officials visited her in prison, she declared openly that she had sinned in denying her revelations and re-asserted that her voices were from God. "God," she said, "has sent me word by St. Catherine and St. Mary of the great pity it is—this present act. I have sinned, to abjure and recant in order to save my life. I have damned myself to save my life. If I said that God had not sent me, I should damn myself; for it is true that God has sent me. My voices have said to me since last Thursday, 'Thou hast done a great evil in declaring that what thou hast done was wrong.' All I said and revoked, I said for fear of the fire." She was asked: "Do you believe that your voices are St.

<sup>7</sup> The Latin record says: "Ante finem sententiæ, Johanna, timens ignem, dixit se velle obedire Ecclesiæ."

Catherine and St. Mary?" "Yes," she replied, "I believe it and that they come from God."

The court which condemned her presumed to separate her from the unity of the Church, from its body, and to abandon her to the secular power—a power then and there controlled by England—was not a court of the Holy Office or Inquisition nor a statutable court of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, on whose decision, certified by the Bishop, the sheriff was bound to act, but a composite tribunal. Beauvais, as has been said, claimed and exercised jurisdiction, *proprio motu*, as ordinary. If she was a prisoner of the Holy Office she would have been entitled to have counsel assigned to plead her cause, but this would have rendered her death, upon which they had resolved, uncertain.

"The tribunal which condemned Joan," says Father Ayrolles,<sup>8</sup> "enjoyed immense authority. It was the University of Paris. The proud corporation not only posed as a rival of the Papacy, but wanted to be its inspirer and regulator. Now, in the drama at Rouen, everything was done in the name of the University of Paris. Luxembourg and Philip of Burgundy only gave up their prisoner at the reiterated summons of the university. The university complained of the slow procedure in judging the captive; it proposed to conduct (*instruire*) the case; the most eminent of its members dictated the questions at Rouen; to its judgment was deferred the pretended confession of the accused. The judgment of the executioners rests only on the qualifications and doctrinal opinion of the University of Paris. The University of Paris was constantly kept informed (*mise en avant*) of the lying account of the scenes at Rouen, with which the Court of England inundated the Courts of Europe." Besides, things on the Continent were going from bad to worse for the English, who were the driving force behind the university. Compiègne was delivered. an expedition against Dauphiné had failed; Xaintrailles, Bous-sac Vendôme, and Barbasan beat the Burgundians and their allies in Champagne and Picardy. As there were then more blows to be received than booty to be captured, English reinforcements were not in a hurry to cross the Channel.

The detailed and authentic accounts of the martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans which have come down to us are tear-compelling in their pathos and cannot be read unmoved by any one in whom there is a spark of human feeling. No time was lost in doing this dark deed of shame and dishonour, which has gained for its perpetrators an

<sup>8</sup> "La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc. Documents nouveaux. Par Jean Baptiste Joseph Ayrolles de Compagnie de Jesus." Paris: 1890.

immortality of infamy and for their victim an everlasting remembrance in the minds of all who revere holiness, heroism and patriotism. On Tuesday the Bishop of Beauvais summoned the judges; on Wednesday she was burned at the stake. They were probably afraid that Rome might intervene at the last moment. When the friar, Martin l'Advenu, came to prepare her for death, he found her seated in her cell with her hands in her lap, her head bowed, in deep thought, and with a very sad face. It was nine o'clock in the morning when he announced to her that she was to die. A faint shudder and trembling passed through her wasted frame. "When will it be?" she asked, as the muffled notes of a tolling bell were heard. "Now, the time is at hand," he said. Again she shuddered. "It is so soon! Oh! it is so soon!" she pleaded; adding, "What death is it?" "By fire,"<sup>9</sup> was the answer. "Oh! I knew it, I knew it," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, and, winding her hands in her hair, began to writhe and sob; turning first to one and then to another, looking into their eyes beseechingly, as if she would seek some faint ray of hope therein. "Oh! cruel, cruel to treat me so," she said, "and must my body, that has never been defiled, be consumed to-day and burnt to ashes! Ah! sooner would I that my head was cut off seven times than suffer this woeful death. I had the promise of the Church's prison when I submitted; and if I had been put there and not left here in the hands of my enemies, this miserable fate had not befallen me. Oh! I appeal to God, the great Judge, against the injustice which has been done me." After this outburst of grief and wailing, she became calmer, made her confession humbly, and received Holy Communion.

Again dressed as a woman they put her in a cart. De Conte says that in the cart she looked girlishly fair and sweet and saintly in her long white robe; and when a gush of sunlight flooded her, as she emerged from the gloom of the prison and was for a moment framed in the arch of the sombre gate, the vast multitude of poor folk murmured, "A vision! a vision!" and sank on their knees, praying; many of the women weeping. Thousands, in fact, knelt. But there were

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<sup>9</sup> Burning at the stake as the punishment of proved heresy was originated by Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, and was incorporated in the criminal law of Europe. An ecclesiastical tribunal was, of course, the only competent authority to decide what was or was not heresy, and when the decision was adverse, the lay power claimed and executed the jurisdiction which then devolved to it under this law. Christians of all denominations recognized it. Calvin had Michael Servetus burned, and Protestant as well as Catholic executioners lit the Smithfield fires in London. As an extenuation of the action of the lay state it should in fairness be noted that heresy in the Middle Ages was not unfrequently linked with movements which gravely threatened the stability of the state, the disturbance of social order, and led to crime. In any case it was an atrocity repugnant alike to the dictates of humanity and the spirit of the Gospel, and has, happily, been long since expunged from the criminal code.

some that did not; they were the English soldiers. By and by a frantic man in priestly garb came wailing and lamenting and tore through the dense crowd and the barriers of soldiers, and flinging himself on his knees alongside the cart, putting up his hands in supplication, cried out, "Oh! forgive, forgive!" It was Loyseleur, one of those who had persuaded her to abjure. And Joan forgave him. Up to that time she had never quite despaired. While there is life there is hope. Though she said: "These English will have me put to death," she had a lingering hope that it might not come to that; that at the judgment or during her imprisonment there might be some commotion and possible rescue. Her voices had promised her deliverance from her enemies, but in what way she knew not. They said it would be through a great victory, telling her: "Take all patiently; neither be solicitous concerning thy death, for thou shalt come finally into the Kingdom of Paradise." When in the cart, the trembling girl, guarded by eight hundred English soldiers, fully armed, passed through the crowds, she wept and lamented her cruel fate; but accused neither the king nor her saints; only exclaiming: "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

Three platforms had been erected in the old market place. Upon one were seated the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and the three other prelates; upon another the preacher, the judges and official functionaries; and finally the victim, made ready for the sacrifice. Apart was the scaffold, piled high with wood, traversed in every direction with hollow spaces for the creation of air currents, the better to ensure that the whole mass would be consumed. Nothing was spared to inspire terror. The stake was placed at a prodigious elevation, so that the unhappy victim, bound fast to it, could see the flames and the surging smoke from the burning pyre slowly creeping upwards, her agony being thus prolonged. Nothing was done to shorten her sufferings by hastening her death, to give to the flames a dead body; they wished that she should be really burned *alive*. On the summit of this mountain of wood, dominating the market place and the cordon of armed soldiers, she could be seen by everybody, a sad spectacle for the eyes of the curious crowd to gaze upon; some moved by pity but powerless to relieve her, others moved by hatred and racial jealousy and eager to satiate their revenge by her death. Her enemies hoped, perhaps, that as her last moments drew near, yielding to another momentary weakness, she might utter something that they could construe into a disavowal. But her mind was occupied with other thoughts. Before Nicholas Midi, one of the "lights" of the University of Paris, had concluded his homily about the Church cutting off "a rotten member" for its healing, ending

with the formula, "Joan, go in peace, the Church can no longer defend you," and the Bishop of Beauvais finished his exhortation to "contrition," she was already on her knees, invoking God, the Blessed Virgin, St. Michael and St. Catherine, forgiving everyone and asking forgiveness, saying to the assistants, "Pray for me!" particularly petitioning each of the priests to say Mass for her soul; and all that in such a devout, humble and touching way that none could repress their emotions. Even Cauchon<sup>10</sup> and the Cardinal of Winchester<sup>11</sup> burst into tears, the Bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the English bystanders wept.

The Bishop of Beauvais, however, drying his eyes, read the condemnation in which he excommunicated her and finally handed her over to the secular power. Thus bereft of human help and putting all her confidence in God, she asked for a crucifix. An Englishman made one of two pieces of stick and handed it to her; she received it none the less devoutly, kissed it, and put it under her garments and next to her skin. Wishing to have a proper crucifix, they brought her one from the parish of Saint Sauveur, which she embraced. The English thought it was lasting too long, it being about noon. The soldiers grumbled and their captains said: "How is this, priests, are you going to have us dine here?" Then, losing patience, and without waiting any longer for the orders of the *bailli*, who alone had authority to send her to death, they sent two sergeants to drag her away from the priests to the executioner to whom they said: "Do your office." Horrified at this roughness of the soldiers, several of those present, including some of the judges, fled, so as not to witness anything further.

Pale and trembling she again exclaimed: "O Rouen, thou wilt then be my last dwelling place!" When she reached the top of the pile, seeing beneath her the great city and the motionless and silent crowd, she could not refrain from saying: "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, I am much afraid thou wilt have to suffer for my death!" When bound to the stake, with a mitre on her head on which were inscribed the words, "heretic, relapsed, apostate and idolatress," the executioner set fire to the faggots at the base. She saw it from her elevated post and gave utterance to a cry. The last act of her life was to beseech the Dominican friar, who remained with her with the flames mounted

<sup>10</sup> Pierre Cauchon, member of a bourgeois family of Reims recently ennobled, acquired political influence through his university honors, was rector of the University of Paris and tenacious of its privileges, and counsellor of the King of England. He was made Bishop of Beauvais through the intermediary of Philip the Good, hoped to become Archbishop of Rouen by his complaisance in the case of La Pucelle, but failed. He was translated to the Bishopric of Lisieux and died suddenly on October 18, 1442.

<sup>11</sup> Henry Beaufort, granduncle of Henry VI. The Cardinal who, according to Shakespeare, "died and made no sign."

upward, to take care of himself and leave her to God; more concerned for his safety than for her own existence, now past recall. Cauchon came to the foot of the burning pile, confronting his victim, to try and draw some word from her. What she said proves that she had not expressly retracted anything. "Bishop," she said meekly, "I am dying on your account. If you had sent me to the prisons of the Church, this would not have occurred." Cauchon had hoped that, seeing herself abandoned by her sovereign, she would accuse him;<sup>12</sup> on the contrary, she defended him, though he was unworthy of such a defense, having made no effort, by exchange of prisoners, ransom or otherwise, to release her. "My king had nothing to do with what good or ill I may have done," she said; "it was not he who counseled me." At the moment when the fire touched her, she screamed and asked for holy water. Terror seized her, but quickly recovering herself, she invoked God, His angels and saints, of whom she said, "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me!" Eye-witnesses have borne testimony to this; the Dominican who went up to the stake with her, whom she made descend, who spoke to her from below it, who listened to her and who held up the crucifix to her; and the Augustinian friar, Isambart de la Pierre. Twenty years afterwards these two friars deposed: "We heard her in the fire invoke her saints, her archangel; she repeated the Saviour's name. Finally, letting her head fall, she uttered a great cry 'Jesus!'"

This, then, was the "great victory" foretold by her voices, the victory of self-immolation which was to win for her the martyr's palm; this the "deliverance," the release of her pure spirit from the prison of the body, that it might take its flight heavenwards to join the saints in Paradise; to leave the weeping and wailing crowd beneath the scaffold to enter into the joy of the Lord among the rejoicing *turba magna* above, the great multitude whom no man could number visioned to the Evangelist at Patmos.

The sight drew tears even from her enemies, who had been led to regard her as a witch, a sorceress. Michelet says ten thousand men wept. "What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness," asks De Quincey, "that drove the fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold as his tribute of abhorrence, who did so, after fulfilling his vow, suddenly to turn away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood?"

<sup>12</sup> Cauchon entertained feelings of resentment against Charles VII. The House of Lancaster profited by this and his ambition to secure promotion through their influence.

What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon for his share in the tragedy?" Surely that dove was a fitting emblem of one of the purest souls that ever inhabited a human body. Others said that they read in the flames the word, "Jesus"—the last word her lips uttered. That very night the executioner went to confession to Father Isambart, hardly hoping that God would pardon him. The English king's secretary said out loud as he returned: "We are lost! We have burned a saint!"

Guizot says that it is from this period we are to date the downfall of feudalism and the awakening of the national spirit in France. "Joan of Arc," he says, "sprang from the people. It was by the sentiments, creed and passions of the people that she was inspired and sustained. She was looked upon with distrust, scorn, and even enmity by the people of the court and the chiefs of the army, but she had the soldiers and the people at her side. It was the peasants of Lorraine who, under her, would succour the burghers of Orleans. Then began the formation of French nationality. Up to the reign of the Valois, it was the feudal character which dominated in France; the French nation, French mind, French patriotism did not exist. With the Valois commenced France properly so-called."<sup>13</sup> She opened the way for Louis XI., that astute if unscrupulous and cruel monarch, to break the power of the great feudal nobles who exercised sovereign authority, although nominally vassals, and for the great Cardinal and statesman, Armand de Richelieu to consolidate and exalt the monarchy. "The position of Joan of Arc is unique in history," says Cardinal Moran. "Neither profane nor sacred history presents to us a heroine cast in the same mould."<sup>14</sup> Another writer of a different school of thought gives expression to the same view. "To arrive at a just estimate of a renowned man's character," he says, "we must judge it by the standards of his time, not ours. Judged by the standards of one century, the noblest characters of an earlier one lost much of their lustre. By the standards of to-day—there is probably no illustrious man of four or five centuries ago whose character could meet the test at all points. The character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension as to the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is still flawless, it is still ideally perfect, it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment, a loftier one than has been reached by any other mere mortal."<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>13</sup> "Hist. de France."

<sup>14</sup> Occasional Papers.

<sup>15</sup> Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc by the Sieur Louis de Conte (her page and secretary), freely translated out of the ancient French into

Yet she was long misjudged, misrepresented, and maligned. The greatest master of language that English literature can boast of did not hesitate to prostitute his genius to defame the Maid of Orleans. In one of his historical dramas,<sup>16</sup> Shakespeare calls her "sorceress," "ugly witch," "fell banning hag," "enchantress," "miscreant," "strumpet" (pourtraying her as a self-confessed wanton) and "foul accursed minister of hell;" thus voicing or pandering to the passions and prejudices of his epoch. English writers have long since learned to estimate her at her true worth. De Quincey, who from his earliest youth ever believed in this "pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl, who gave up all for her country—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in a sense more obvious," who maintained, in opposition to Michelet, that she did not recant either with her lips or in her heart, says: "La Pucelle d'Orleans, the victorious enemy of England, has been destined to receive her deepest commemoration from the magnanimous justice of Englishmen."<sup>17</sup>

Justice was not done her until long after her death. The chronicler Monstrelet, almost her contemporary, put forth a false view of the Maid, whose personality was under a cloud; people being left in doubt as to whether she was a fanatic or a political tool, or a combination of both. Jean Graverent, the Dominican Grand Inquisitor of France, though absent from the "trial," preached against her in the church of Saint Martin des Champs. Her chief detractor in modern times was Voltaire, who left nothing unsaid in order to asperse her character; but vilification from such a source carried with it its own refutation. "No one succoured France so timely and so happily as the Maid," says Pasquier, "and no woman's memory has been so disfigured."<sup>18</sup> For more than two centuries after her death she was generally regarded as an impostor.

But her defenders far outnumber her detractors. The wise, the worldly-wise, were again caught in their own craftiness; her accusers became the accused; her judges, culprits, arraigned at the bar of history and condemned. Her English enemies thought if they could secure her conviction and execution, they would wipe out the disgrace of their defeat by a woman; pose as defenders of the faith against heresy and sorcery; and that the Maid once removed, nothing would stand between them and the complete conquest of France.

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modern English from the original unpublished manuscript in the National Archives of France by Jean François Alden. By Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). London: Chatto and Windus, 1907. De Conte, who was her page and secretary, an eye-witness of all the events of her life which he relates, addressed his narrative, written in 1492, when he was 82, to his great great grandnephews.

<sup>16</sup> See "Henry VI." *passim*.

<sup>17</sup> "Works of Thomas De Quincey." Edition of 1863, Vol. III.

<sup>18</sup> "Recherches sur la France." Book II.

Cauchon had nominated her judges—bought with English gold—a packed jury, compose of adherents of the English interest, empanelled in the castle of Rouen, the seat of Bedford's government. They had to cover their proceedings with the semblance of legality. She had been already examined and acquitted by an ecclesiastical tribunal over which the Archbishop of Reims—the Bishop of Beauvais' metropolitan—presided, when the king sent her to Poitiers; so that it was like an appeal from a higher to a lower court, a thing unknown in legal procedure. Captured in one diocese as an ecclesiastical prisoner, she was tried in another; and no assent of the Chapter of Rouen could give jurisdiction in such a case. They could not, however, exclude canonists like Lohier, who, as members of a great international bar, were independent of any king or Bishop; and the notaries, being apostolic and imperial officers, were not amenable to the Bishop of Beauvais.<sup>19</sup> Every word spoken in court, every question and answer, was duly and faithfully put on record. This, in the event, was damaging to her judges.

In 1450 Charles VII. did some tardy justice to his champion and France's deliverer by empowering Guillaume Bouillé, rector of the University of Paris, to enquire into the circumstances of Joan's trial, condemnation and death, and to report the result of the investigation. Great lawyers gave their opinions and declared the trial void as having been bad in substance as well as in form. But nothing further was done. Later on Joan's family were ennobled under the name of Du Lys.

In 1452 Pope Nicholas V., on an appeal by the Maid's mother, Isabel d'Arc, ordered an enquiry, which duly took place, but was likewise without formal issue. It was reserved to Pope Calixtus III., in 1455, to take the first really important step towards her rehabilitation by ordering a revision of the proceedings at the trial, which resulted in an appellate court, composed of eminent churchmen and lawyers, declaring her condemnation, which they solemnly annulled, "wicked and unjust;" that in the twelve articles which her judges pretended to have extracted from her "confessions," or evidence, certain words had been altered in such a manner as to change the substance; that they were "falsely, calumniously and deceitfully ex-

<sup>19</sup> Domremy being in the diocese of Beauvais partly accounts for Cauchon claiming jurisdiction in her case. An incident in its history sheds an interesting and suggestive sidelight upon the temperament of the people in that part of the country. In 1443 they resisted the English and in 1472, the Burgundians under Charles the Bold. On that occasion the women of Beauvais, led by another Jeanne—Jeanne Forquet, surnamed Hachette—joined the garrison and fought with such extraordinary valor that the enemy was compelled to withdraw. To commemorate this achievement, there is, every year, a religious procession through the streets of Beauvais in which the women march first. The see, suppressed by the Concordat of 1801, was restored in 1822.

tracted" and were "contrary to the confession of the accused;" "pronounced, decreed and declared the said process and sentence full of cozenage, iniquity, inconsequences and errors in fact as well as in law;" and that they as well as the abjuration, execution and all that followed were "null, non-existent, without value or effect." It was a most searching enquiry, a large number of witnesses being examined.

"By this re-trial," says a recent writer, "posterity has been allowed to see the whole life of the village maiden of Domremy. The evidence given is unique in its minute and faithful narration of a great and noble life; as, indeed, that life is itself unique in all human history."<sup>20</sup> The delegates of Calixtus III. have not only given us the facts, they have preserved, framed the only explanations—the only ones admissible—theological explanations.<sup>21</sup>

Drawing near our own times, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, a renewed impetus to the effort to put Joan of Arc in her rightful position in the historical retrospect was given, when, about 1840, the *Société de l'Histoire de France* conceived the idea of making reparation for the forgetfulness into which the memory of the Maid of Orleans had been allowed to lapse. They confided to one of their members, Jules Quicherat, the task of publishing the two trials, that of her condemnation and of her rehabilitation, from the manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale. There are copies of a great portion of the original minutes, of the questions and answers at the first trial, which lasted four months, in French, quite sufficient to verify the general fidelity of the Latin version. Several copies of this record under the hands and seals of the notaries and the seal of the Bishop of Beauvais are still in existence. O'Hagan says there are few historical personages of an epoch but little removed from our own of whom there are materials to judge so abundant and trustworthy.<sup>22</sup>

Quicherat, who was director of the Ecole des Chartes, set to work and published successively from 1840 to 1849 five volumes under the title *Procès de Condamnation et de rahabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc*. The three first volumes are devoted to the double trials; in the two others are collected all the documents which Quicherat regarded as forming the sources of the history of the Maid. They are enriched with very valuable notes. To this epoch-making work he added an essay of his own, *Aperçus nouveaux*. Father Ayrolles, in whose

<sup>20</sup> Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France, being the story of her life, her achievements and death, as attested by oath and set forth in the Original Documents. Edited by T. Douglas Murray, Heinemann: 1902.

<sup>21</sup> Ayrolles, "La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc."

<sup>22</sup> "Joan of Arc." By John O'Hagan, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature (Ireland). Kegan Paul and Co., 1893.

valuable volumes<sup>22</sup> will be found the most exhaustive treatment of the subject, finds fault with Quicherat—who simply reproduced the documents in the original Latin and quaint, obsolete fifteenth century French—for suppressing, for the sake of condensation, the theological features of the case discussed in certain *memoires* by churchmen of great eminence who took an active part in the memorable events of their time, treatises indispensable to any one who studies the history of the Liberatrix. The learned Jesuit who gives the documents in modern French considers the Maid in her relation to the Church of her time, and as the inspired peasant girl. He had previously published *Jeanne d'Arc sur les autels et la regeneration de la France*, in which he brought forward the supernatural aspects of her life. "There will not be found in the annals of canonisation," he says, "a saint for whom the supreme honours that earth can give has been solicited with the ardour that pastors and people have shown in asking them for the Liberatrix." He is very severe on her unjust judges. "Few men," he declares, "have done more harm to the Church than the Paris doctors who condemned Joan and refused to yield to the cry uttered by the martyr from the summit of the scaffold in the cemetery of Saint Ouen when several times she exclaimed: 'For my words and deeds I appeal to our Holy Father the Pope!' The Papacy hearkened to that supreme appeal and caused the trial to be re-opened and secured to history one of the most beautiful of its pages after those of Holy Writ."

Quite a literature has grown and is still growing around the gracious figure and pathetic personality of the gentle French country girl who saved her country and gained immortal fame. Eloquent tongues have sounded her praises from pulpit and platform, and powerful pens in the hands of able writers have extolled her virtues and her valour; while sculptors and artists have portrayed her in enduring bronze or marble or featured her on canvas that "glows beyond even nature warm." Monsignor Dupanloup, the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, has panegyricised her. It was in discoursing to a French auditory of that gentle, angelic, heroic figure, unique and incomparable, to which no parallel can be found in history or poetry, who personified the two things nearest and dearest to his heart—faith and patriotism, the two forces that vitalise, energise and ennoble a people—that he rose to the highest level of his powers as an orator. "In the love of God," he said, "is concentrated and elevated every noble love. And among the noblest there is one that God has consecrated, that our Lord has felt, and with which the hearts of the saints have never ceased to beat—the love of country.

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<sup>22</sup> Op. cit.

Let us not think that those two loves are antagonistic, and that we must choose between the duties of a Christian and those of a Frenchman. No, no; religion points the way to heaven, but it does not make us forget the dear native land here. Religion is only the harmonious concord of duties; and the more a saint comprehends what he owes to God, the more also he comprehends what he owes to men. That is why it was the love of France along with the love of God-fired Joan of Arc. By her natural and supernatural qualities Joan of Arc is a flower of old France; daughter of the people—of that people of the fields, where, perhaps, the old national faith and virtues are best preserved—in her is concentrated true patriotism, unconquerable repulsion of the yoke of the foreigner, generous enthusiasm for the honour and independence of the fatherland—in a word, in the day of danger, heroic love of her country, her king, the native soil, and the French.” The severe candour of the historian is not lost sight of in the glowing phrases of the panegyrist, whose judgment upon the iniquitous mock-trial at Rouen is thus pithily summed up: “God permitted it; England ordered it; France allowed it; and a Bishop did it.” Archbishop Ireland proclaimed her “the patron saint of patriotism,” and “the most sweet, most beautiful, most sublime figure of womanhood” and her life’s history, “a theme for the loveliest idyll.” Tender as a Sister to the wounded, whether friends or foes; a warrior, but always the woman and the saint. Cardinal Moran says perhaps no brighter pages of eulogy of the Maid of Orleans are to be found than those embalmed in modern English literature. An English writer<sup>24</sup> says she “raised all womanhood in her person; one to whom succeeding generations of women have been able to point as an example of what the female sex at its best is capable in the lines of heroism, patriotism and self-devotion; an amazon without cruelty, a heroine who never lost her womanhood, a patriot who sought no self-advancement, a prophetess who proclaimed only the power of God. She showed France the way to liberty of body and soul, and she won it for her people through suffering, without which no real blessing is ever obtained. Joan suffered, but her country gained freedom. Her last cry was for her friend’s safety; her last word amid the flames was, ‘Jesus!’ Around what was left of her—a heap of ashes, the residue of a being—rose her monument. *Circumspice!* Look around and there is a free nation!” She was the embodiment of unselfishness. “When she had rescued the king from his vagabondage and set his crown upon his head,” writes Clemens (“Mark Twain”) “she was offered rewards

<sup>24</sup> “Footsteps of Jeanne d’Arc, a Pilgrimage.” By Mrs. Florence Caddy Hurst and Blackett, 1886.

and honours, but she refused them all and would take nothing. All she would take for herself, if the king would grant it, was leave to go back to her village home and tend her sheep again, and feel her mother's arms about her, and be her housemaid and helper. The selfishness of this unspoiled general of victorious armies, companion of princes, and idol of an applauding and grateful nation, reached but that far and no farther."<sup>25</sup>

While the enthralling story has riveted the attention of non-Catholic writers, it is somewhat of a puzzle to them. Rationalists and those of the naturalist school, have tried to ignore or explain away the supernatural element from which springs the *motif* of the whole theme; but it is like the tale of Cambyse, half told. "After all that can be done by the rationalising process," says T. Douglas Murray, "the mystery remains of an untutored and unlettered girl of eighteen years old not only imposing her will upon captains and courtiers, but showing a skill and judgment worthy, as General Dragomiroff says, of the greatest commanders, indeed of Napoleon himself . . . Joan's special merit was that she saw the possibility of a great French nation, self-centred, self-sufficient, and she so stamped this message on the French heart that its characters have never faded. . . . Joan's greatness is nowhere more manifest than in her willing loyalty to the Church and 'our lord the Pope,' while claiming for France absolute national independence. Herein she stands alone. Dante's two swords (wielded by Pope and Emperor) were lethal to national life. To the spiritual sword Joan bowed; but to no emperor or king other than the king of France could the loyalty of a French heart be due. . . . Into one short year her whole astounding public career is crowded. First, Patay, Troyes, Rheims, Paris, Compiègne; glory, exaltation, wreckage and captivity. But France was at the end of it, a conscious nation with an anointed king; and the work of deliverance was assured. In all that we know of the world's great ones, we can find no parallel for the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps only in Catholic France was such a heroine possible. Certainly Teutonic Protestantism has, as yet, given to the world none of the exalted types of radiant and holy women such as those that illuminate Latin Christianity. Whether as a saint or a nation-maker Joan's place in world history is assured."<sup>26</sup>

"The Roman Church alone," writes Father Ayrolles, "explains the marvels of this heavenly life, just as she alone has preserved the irrefutable evidence of it. Those whom she invests with her authority grandly accomplished their work."

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<sup>25</sup> Op. cit.

<sup>26</sup> Op. cit.

She was a true patriot—the purest and noblest type of unselfish and self-sacrificing patriotism in all the history of humanity. But for her, France would have ceased to exist as a Catholic nation. To her, to this Catholic heroine, it owed its deliverance not only from a foreign and detested yoke, but its adherence to the Catholic Church; for, if incorporated with and subjected to England, when that country, in the succeeding century, apostatised and adopted the heresy, “made in Germany,” as its State religion, it would have been penalised into Protestantism. To the reawakening of the national spirit, which she evoked, was it due that the English invaders, after marching from conquest to consequent, saw the tide of battle turned against them; saw city after city, and territory after territory snatched from their greedy grasp; saw Charles VII. crowned at Reims; saw Paris welcome back its sovereign; and the Duke of Burgundy return to his allegiance as a vassal of his overlord, the King of France. The Duke of Bedford, the English Regent, expired in the very house in which Joan of Arc had been imprisoned. In a few years the English were driven from every foothold in France, freed mainly through the instrumentality of a poor peasant girl from Lorraine, who, quitting the solitude and silence of her childhood homestead, amid the hills and forests, to fulfil her providential mission, was the only woman in the world’s history who held high military command and led an army to battle.

It was fitting that a Bishop of Orleans—a city upon which her valiant personality and one of her greatest achievements will always shed lustre—should have taken the initial steps in promotion of the cause of her beatification and canonisation. It was in response to an appeal addressed to the Holy See in 1869 by Monsignor Dupanloup that it was under the notice of the Roman authorities. On January 27, 1894, Leo XIII. issued a decree formally authorising its introduction. After passing through the usual stages she was beatified on April 11, 1909, by Pius X.; not, it may be noted, expressly as a martyr—though she was one in the literal sense of the word, having borne witness to the truth of what her “voices” had revealed to her and of her mission—but as a virgin who had practiced the theological virtues to the heroic degree. Further proved miracles having since been wrought through her intercession, her canonisation by the reigning Pontiff will put the crown upon her complete rehabilitation by enrolling her in the calendar of saints and raising her to the full honours of the Church’s altars.

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## THE DIVORCE OF HENRY VIII.

A CONTEMPORANEOUS DISCUSSION AT ONE OF THE CONTINENTAL  
UNIVERSITIES.

THE claim recently put forth in Great Britain by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Winston Churchill that, owing to the existing conditions brought about by the Great War, there was need of legislation to facilitate the securing of divorce with the privilege of remarriage, suggests the subject of the origin of divorce in modern England, when King Henry VIII. put away his wife, Catherine of Aragon, in order to marry Anne Boleyn. For this putting away was most assuredly a divorce, since all his efforts to prove his marriage null and void from the beginning were vain and fruitless.<sup>1</sup>

He, who was destined to become King Henry VIII. of England, was born in the year 1491, the second son of King Henry VII. and his wife, Elizabeth of York. His older brother, Arthur, the heir apparent, died in 1502, a few months after marriage with Catherine of Aragon, a union which had been considered extremely desirable from a political point of view. The same statesmen who had brought about the marriage of Catherine with Arthur, foiled in their plans by the early death of the latter, prevailed upon the young childless widow, who was then only in her seventeenth year, to remain in England for the purpose of marrying the new heir apparent, her brother-in-law, Henry. Accordingly, after some difficulty, a dispensation was secured from Pope Julius II. in 1504, but the marriage itself was postponed for political reasons, Henry's father even going so far as to have his young son sign a protest against the proposed marriage as a matter arranged without his consent.<sup>2</sup> And yet, in 1509, when his father died, leaving the young heir to assume the responsibilities of the kingship, it was not long—only nine weeks—after his accession that he persuaded himself of the advisability of an alliance with his widowed sister-in-law, the Spanish princess, although he was only eighteen, that is to say, five and one-half years her junior.

Although it is doubtful whether Henry's married life had ever been pure, he does not seem to have been guilty of notable profligacy in comparison with the other monarchs of his time.<sup>3</sup> It is only in

<sup>1</sup> The Episcopal Church in America, a counterpart of the Church founded by Henry VIII., curiously enough had before the general convention in October, 1919, a resolution prohibiting the remarriage of a divorced person.

<sup>2</sup> Herbert Thurston, "Henry VIII.," in "The Catholic Encyclopedia," Vol. VII. (New York, 1910), p. 222b.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 223a.

1527, however, that the idea of a divorce from Catherine became prominent in Henry's mind, probably suggested by a passionate infatuation for Anne Boleyn, who refused to yield to the monarch's blandishments unless as England's queen. The different means employed by Henry to secure the desired opportunity for a new marriage need not be described in detail here. After a fruitless appeal to Pope Clement VII., to whom a demand had been made for the declaration of the nullity of Henry's union with Catherine, and after the failure of the divorce proceedings before the papal commissioners, Wolsey and Campeggio, with the consequent downfall of Wolsey, it was suggested by Cranmer in the latter part of 1529 that the King should consult the universities of Europe upon the question of the nullity of his marriage, a suggestion which at once brought its author into favor.<sup>4</sup>

And so, although the universities which lay within the dominions of Charles V. were not generally consulted, the question came up for discussion at the University of Salamanca, where the celebrated Dominican, Franciscus de Victoria, held the chair of theology. He was a friar of no mean reputation. It was he who was hailed as "the restorer of scholastic theology;" it was he who taught Melchior Cano, Domingo Soto and other theologians conspicuous at the Council of Trent; it was he who first admitted into a classification of law international law in its modern acceptation, *ius inter gentes*;<sup>5</sup> it was he who was one of the most vigorous opponents of the three great errors of his predecessors in civil and canon law;<sup>6</sup> and it was he who stands out among the Spaniards and Portuguese as the defender of the proposition that the infidel Indians could not be despoiled of civil power or sovereignty simply because they were infidels.<sup>7</sup> It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if he, who had not feared to render frank judgments upon questions proposed by the sovereigns of Spain, did not hesitate to express a fearless and unbiased opinion upon the validity of the marriage of Henry VIII. This Victoria has admirably done in one<sup>8</sup> of his *Relectiones*. As copies of Victoria's works are rare and as his style is so interesting and naive, it may be pardonable to quote certain passages verbatim, especially the paragraphs with which he introduces his subject. This he does in the following skillful manner:

<sup>4</sup> Ibid., p. 223d.

<sup>5</sup> Ernest Nys: "Les origines du droit international" (Brussels, 1894), p. 11.

<sup>6</sup> A. Vanderpol: "Le Droit de guerre d'après les théologiens et les canonistes du moyen-âge" (Paris, 1911), pp. 151-189.

<sup>7</sup> Ernest Nys, op. cit., pp. 368-369.

<sup>8</sup> "De matrimonio," in his "Relectiones theologicae duodecim" (Salamanca, 1565), folios 200-230 (i. e., 61 pages). Unless otherwise noted, passages quoted in this article are from this relectio.

It is said that Hannibal, the Carthaginian, that consummate leader and best of generals, upon being asked to hear an old sophist discourse on military science, listened to him, and then remarked that he had seen many crazy old men, but none more ridiculous than him who, although he had never been present at a battle and had never seen a camp, yet undertook to give military precepts in the presence of Hannibal. And he, indeed, had a perfect right thus to hold up to ridicule the man's vanity, since he alone easily counterbalanced, even in the judgment of Mars himself, not only the military precepts of battles, but all the achievements and stratagems and pronouncements of all leaders and generals.

Now I am inclined to think that I am about to act somewhat more unseemly than that sophist, since I, being professedly a celibate, am to-day about to give a discourse on matrimony before you fathers and religious, who are all by use and kind and vow not only disinclined and strangers to nuptials, but even splendid examples of complete continence, or, so far as is compatible with that youthfulness of yours, most sure beginnings of complete continence with dispositions that will surpass all expectation and hope in that regard. But if I am not vindicated from that base charge either by the fact that the Apostle Paul gave so many precepts to married people, although himself, I believe, unmarried, or by the fact that very holy men and illustrious doctors have composed volumes on the subject, certainly I shall be excused by the fact that I was not entirely allowed by my friends and acquaintances to treat the subject which I had been intending to treat and which was not unworthy of my profession and perchance of your expectation.

For when, within the past few days, the case of the marriage of the most illustrious sovereigns and rulers of the English was brought to this University and for some days was discussed and aired in that most august senate of doctors and masters, some of my friends hastened to me by turns eager to have me discourse on this subject in my first *relectio*.<sup>9</sup> Because I could not well refuse them after I had received them, I must pay this debt to-day. And yet certainly so many difficulties presented themselves to me after I had undertaken this troublesome and serious case that I fear with no mean fear that, before I can reach the end of it, I shall lack time and assignment and your benevolent attention, which you are wont to bestow upon me. Therefore, howsoever the matter will turn out, it will be your part, no matter whether you will hear what you were not expecting or fail to hear what you were expecting, to consider well for my sake and either favor my attempts and desires (as you have hitherto done) or let them pass unnoticed.

The passage to be lectured and commented upon by me at present is in St. Matthew<sup>10</sup> and St. Mark<sup>11</sup> and is adduced by the Master of the Sentences:<sup>12</sup> "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." In explanation of this passage there will be three questions and parts. In the first, we must treat of the constitution of matrimony; in the second, of impediments, and in the third of dissolution.

After going very minutely into the nature and the twofold end of marriage (namely, the procreation and education of offspring and the mutual respect and obligation between husband and wife), together with all the intricate questions which arise in connection there-

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<sup>9</sup> Those subjects, which seemed to be the more difficult and more useful of all that had been discussed in the daily prelections of an entire year, were reconsidered in *relectiones* in the public assembly of learned men by the same doctor.

<sup>10</sup> Ch. 19, v. 6.

<sup>11</sup> Ch. 10, v. 9.

<sup>12</sup> I. e., Peter Lombard, "Sententiae," Book IV.

with, the necessary conditions and the impediments of marriage,<sup>13</sup> the discussion is finally brought down to the question, whether all the degrees of relationship forbidden in *Leviticus* are against the divine law and all unlawful according to canon law. In this connection, he says:

We must come down to the case and argument of the sovereigns of the English: briefly, that celebrated lady, Catherine, daughter of the sovereigns of Spain, married the first-born<sup>14</sup> of Henry King of the English, who died without issue. She then married Henry, now Most Serene King of the English, who, after many years, desirous of being freed from that marriage, alleges that that marriage was prohibited by divine and natural law and consequently that the Pope had not had the power to grant a dispensation for the wife of his deceased brother to marry him and the marriage was and had been void.

Having stated the case, therefore, Victoria lays down the fundamental proposition that the prohibition of some act by divine law does not prevent its being valid and binding, if done. Above all, he says,<sup>15</sup> I premise that it makes a vast difference whether some agreement or deed is prohibited by law or is void and null by law. Many things indeed are forbidden by human as well as divine law, which nevertheless bind, if done. Examples are so clear, there is no need of mentioning any. For instance, marriage to one party while engaged to another. Therefore, from the fact that some persons are forbidden by divine law from contracting marriage, it does not follow with sufficient proof that, if it is contracted, the marriage is null and void. This is supported by texts from the Old Testament.<sup>16</sup> Consequently, marriages prohibited by *Leviticus* cannot be proved not to be true marriages, even with the Old Law remaining in force after the coming of Christ.

Nevertheless, arguing from *Leviticus* is no argument that those persons within degrees prohibited then are prohibited after the establishment of the Law of the Gospel, because the Old Testament was abrogated and many divine precepts in it were nullified by the Gospels. Of course, moral precepts of the Old Testament did not cease to have force with the establishment of the New Testament, but all the precepts, which could cease, ceased. Wherefore moral precepts have no vigor from the Old Testament. Moreover, it is heretical to say that the Mosaic Law is current with the Evangelical Law. Therefore invalidity of a marriage within the degrees prohibited by *Leviticus* cannot be proved on this score.

The doubt as to what persons are prohibited from marriage by

<sup>13</sup> These questions cover thirty-five pages, totaling approximately 7,000 words.

<sup>14</sup> That is, Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII.

<sup>15</sup> From this point onward, the arguments and claims set forth are exclusively those of Victoria, whether quoted directly or stated indirectly.

<sup>16</sup> *Exodus*, ch. 34; *Leviticus*, ch. 21; *Deuteronomy*, ch. 21; *III. Kings*, ch. 11, etc.

divine law is not treated in the New Testament and the Old Testament is not sufficient for the present time. For only the moral precepts of the Old Law remain intact and unchanged in the New Law, and moral precepts admittedly are the same as precepts of the natural law. Consequently, the question whether the precept of *Leviticus* about degrees of relationship now holds is the same as whether that precept is of the natural law. But that anything be of the natural law is a matter ascertainable only by natural reason. Therefore the doubt mentioned above can be solved only by natural reason. Moreover, the Evangelical Law is called the law of liberty, especially because Christians are bound, after the Gospel, by the natural law alone in everything contained in the Old Testament. Wherefore, if any marriage is not condemned by natural law, such a marriage is by no means illegal among Christians. For there are no negative precepts in the Gospel except the precepts of the natural law. Nor will our disputation or investigation become weaker because we argue from natural reason, for it is not a mere human invention, but a gift from God Himself, the Creator of nature. Whence the prophet says that it is the light of the face of the Lord which hath been impressed upon us,<sup>17</sup> and St. Paul calls that which is ascertained by natural reason divine revelation. "For," he says,<sup>18</sup> "God hath manifested it unto them."

With these premises, it is declared as a fundamental proposition that not all the degrees forbidden in *Leviticus* are forbidden by natural law. This is proved from the fact that reason and necessity in morals and in all actions must be taken from the end. Now, both the ends of marriage, i. e., the procreation and education of offspring and the mutual duties and obedience, will be clearly safe and unobstructed, even if not all those persons in question are prohibited from marriage. For instance, the marriage of some one to his paternal or maternal aunt, which is prohibited by the law, does not hinder the ends of marriage. Moreover, it certainly would have occurred to some one of the philosophers, who wrote much concerning marriage, to state that marriages between relatives of this kind were illicit, if they were really against the natural law. On the contrary, history tells us that marriages of this sort were frequently celebrated among nations which did not know the law, without any blame, yet as the Apostle<sup>19</sup> says: "Nations which do not know the law do naturally what is of the law," i. e., what is in harmony with the natural law.

<sup>17</sup> A paraphrase of *Psalms* 4, v. 6; the term "prophet" is rather freely applied to the Psalmist.

<sup>18</sup> *Romans*, ch. 1, v. 19.

<sup>19</sup> *Romans*, ch. 2, v. 14.

A second argument in support of the proposition just laid down is to be derived from the fact that some persons, who are equally related as those prohibited in the law, are permitted to contract by the same law, and yet, from the point of view of the natural law, there is the same reason for both. For instance, the law prohibits the same woman from marrying two brothers, and yet does not prohibit the same man from marrying two sisters. Since therefore the reason seems to be the same, for there is the same affinity and relationship, if to marry two sisters is not prohibited by the law of nature, there is no reason why to marry two brothers should be prohibited.

The final argument in favor of the proposition is that before the written law some marriages are found even among the saints, which nevertheless are prohibited in the written law. But what is prohibited by natural law is no more licit before the law than in the law and after the law. Therefore not everything prohibited by law is prohibited by the law of nature.

In opposition to this conclusion, it is argued in the first place that some persons prohibited in *Leviticus* are prohibited by the natural law. For instance, the marriage of a father or mother with their children is prohibited by the natural law. This is manifest even from the fact that never was there a nation so barbarous or wild, which did not shrink from marriages of this kind; nay, even brutes and wild animals avoid such *concubitus*, as Aristotle says.<sup>20</sup> Likewise with regard to the marriage of some one with his stepmother. But no greater reasons are apparent with regard to some than the others. Therefore all are prohibited by natural law. Moreover, if all marriages are licit where the ends of marriage can be safe, it follows that none at all can be illegitimate. For education and procreation of offspring and mutual duties and obedience can be had among any persons not otherwise sterile. Therefore, since all marriages in this way would be legitimate, it is not sufficient that they be suitable for the ends of marriage.

Secondly, it is argued that that precept of *Leviticus* is not ceremonial, as is clear; nor judicial, since judicial are those things which compose justice among men—a thing which that precept does not have in view. Therefore, it is a moral precept and consequently of the natural law.

Finally, it is alleged that those marriages prohibited in that precept were illicit among nations even before the law, which seems to

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<sup>20</sup> "De animalibus," Book I.

be clear from a further passage in the same chapter of *Leviticus*. Therefore they are of the natural law, because nations would not be bound by another law.

In answering these last-mentioned arguments, it is shown at some length how incongruous it would be for a son to marry his mother, a daughter her father, a stepmother her stepson, and a stepfather his stepdaughter. Finally comes the case of the marriage of the King and Queen of England, concerning which "the question arises whether it is forbidden by the law of nature to marry the wife of a deceased brother." The solution of this question requires a few preliminary explanations.

For things may be referred to the natural law in three ways. First, some are always dishonorable (*inhonesta*) in themselves, such as namely cannot be licit in any case, e. g., perjury and adultery; just as econtra some are always and in themselves honorable (*honesta*) and consonant with reason, e. g., to worship God, reverence parents, etc. This natural law is called *necessary* or *immutable*.

Secondly, others are in themselves dishonorable indeed and prohibited by the natural law, but sometimes for grave reasons can be licitly done; just as econtra some are honorable indeed and consonant with reason and moral principles, being apart from all positive law and even prescribed by the natural law, but nevertheless have *not* a goodness which is *immutable* or *necessary*, receiving a change according to different circumstances and conditions of time, place and persons, e. g., to keep one's word, to pay one's debt, not to have many wives, etc.

Thirdly, others are not indeed prohibited by natural law, but are reckoned among minor goods, e. g., perhaps marriage with regard to celibacy.<sup>21</sup> The opposites of these are approved by natural law as better indeed, but not as necessary, absolutely speaking. Perhaps celibacy is preferred by natural law to matrimony, yet not in such a way that the one is of precept and the others prohibited. . . . Likewise poverty is better than riches, yet neither is of precept.

With these premises, it is declared that to marry the wife of a deceased brother is not of the first class of things prohibited by natural law, for by no natural reason, which seems necessary indeed, can it be proved that that is so *dishonorable* that in no case is it licitly to be done. Every one acknowledges that this is true, because it has sometimes been licit, as, e. g., in *Deuteronomy*,<sup>22</sup> where a man is commanded to marry the wife of his brother who had died without issue. For if this were an evil of the first class mentioned above, either God could not dispense, according to the saner opinion, just as also in the case of perjury, or certainly He could not do so *passim* and without grand necessity. Moreover, it is entirely absurd and not at all pious to say that God established a law contrary to primeval natural law.

<sup>21</sup> Cf. St. Paul, *I. Corinthians*, ch. 6, v. 12: "All things are licit to me, but not all are expedient."

<sup>22</sup> Ch. 25.

Perhaps all the degrees prohibited in *Leviticus*,<sup>23</sup> except the first degree, i. e., between ascendants and descendants, are prohibited by natural law in the second way mentioned above, i. e., absolutely and without the urgency of some grave and rationable cause. This is clear, because from such a marriage there always follows something, which, although it is not subversive of the end of matrimony, yet on the side of duty (*ex parte officii*) either obstructs the end or is against the natural reverence due to consanguineous relations, as that a nephew be master and head for his father's sister or mother's sister, to whom he owes the same honor as to his mother; it does not seem consonant with natural reason that a father's sister be subservient to her nephew and fear her nephew. And the same can be said about all the other degrees prohibited in the law. However, this incongruity (*incommoditas*) which would happen from matrimonial unions of this sort is not altogether so great but that it could be compensated for by some great good to follow from such a union or some grave evil to be avoided, as to establish peace in the State, to remove feuds among illustrious men, to make up for a noteworthy solitude and rarity of men in the world or in a province.

In this class, therefore, can be placed the marriage of a man with his deceased brother's wife. For it seems that from such a union a certain injustice is inflicted upon the first husband, since it has always been considered that a wife who married a second husband was ungrateful to her first husband. Whence Dido, in Vergil, says:

"Ille<sup>24</sup> meos primum qui me sibi iunxit amores

Abstulit, ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro,"<sup>25</sup>

and in the preceding line:

"Ante, pudor, quam te violem aut tua iura resolvam,"<sup>26</sup>

as if she were saying that she would be acting dishonorably and basely if she were to bury another husband upon her first husband. But it seems possibly more dishonorable and base if a brother, by marrying his brother's wife, is the author or partaker of this injustice and ingratitude, whatsoever it may be. Wherefore it seems of its nature unpraiseworthy and reprehensible, yet not in such a way that that which seems of itself not honorable could not be compensated for by some cause or other.

Perhaps this marriage of Henry with his sister-in-law

is not to be placed in the second class mentioned above, but in the third, i. e., not among the things evil by their nature, although possible to be good from circumstances, but among things less good. That is to say, although it is licit from the natural law alone to marry a brother's wife, it is not expedient, or in other words, it is better to abstain from such a marriage. In this manner certain degrees are interdicted by the Church from marriage, as marriage between cousins even in the fourth degree of consanguinity or affinity, for the essence of evil is not evident in such a union, although it is shown to be more expedient that such marriages be interdicted.

With this disposition of the question of whether such a marriage as Henry's is prohibited by the natural law, the argument is brought down to written law and the conclusion is reached that to marry the wife of a brother who died childless, as happened in the case of the English sovereigns, was never prohibited by divine law in the Old

<sup>23</sup> Ch. 18.

<sup>24</sup> That is, Sichaeus, Dido's first husband.

<sup>25</sup> *Æneid*, Book IV., lines 28-29.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, line 27.

Testament. In this connection, an apparent opposition of several Scriptural texts is cleared up, and finally the remark is made:

And so I have no doubt, nor has any one who treats and understands Sacred Scripture sanely, that nowhere does divine law prohibit a brother from marrying the wife of his brother who has died childless.

The last conclusion laid down, and this (as Victoria himself states) against a number of theologians, is that, apart from human law, without any dispensation of the Pope, a brother could marry the wife of a deceased brother, whether he died with issue or without. Now a marriage of this sort belongs in that class of things which are of the natural law in the third way described above, namely, those things which are indeed better, but whose contraries are not prohibited. For granted that it would be better not to marry than to marry, nevertheless it would not be illicit to marry, and granted that it would be of the second class mentioned above, nevertheless one could marry.

Now if a rationable cause underlay it, such as would make that which was evil its nature, licit in this particular case, nay, (and in this there is greater difficulty), even if no rationable cause underlay it, the marriage would be valid. Obviously so, for to say that a marriage is prohibited is not the same thing as to say that it is by law null or void. Whence, granted that it would be illicit by natural law, it does not follow that, if it is contracted, it does not bind. Just as likewise—a thing which seems identical—if one successively marries two sisters, it seems equally prohibited by natural law; and yet it is not to be doubted but that, apart from human law, the marriage would be binding. So St. Ambrose says to Paternus that it is illicit by natural law for a paternal uncle to marry his niece, and yet it cannot be doubted but that, apart from human law, if he had contracted, the marriage would have been binding, since even in the time of the Old Testament it would not have been prohibited. This is clear from the cases of Abraham and Sara and of Othoniel and Axa. Therefore it is not to be doubted but that even now, if any one were to marry, the marriage would be binding, as it is said, standing on the law of nature. And in this sense must be understood the statements of the saints to the effect that some degrees are forbidden by the natural law, which nevertheless are not found prohibited in human law, such as marriage between first cousins.

Confirmation of this is to be found in the fact that, when Innocent III. was consulted as to what should be done about the Livonians converted to the faith, who previously, according to the tenor of the law of Moses, had married the wives of their brothers who had died without issue, the Pope replied<sup>27</sup> that they should persevere in

<sup>27</sup> "Decretales Gregorii Papae IX., tit. *De Dirortis*, can. *finalis*.

the marriages which they had contracted. But it is manifest that, if such marriages were void by the natural law, the Pope could not have made those concessions or approved those marriages, especially since the law of Moses, not only among Christians, but among all mortals, is now altogether of no virtue and efficacy. Wherefore if such marriages are interdicted to us by the natural law, not even the written law or dispensation of Moses would relieve us from this interdiction. Whence clearly and without doubt comes the conclusion that such a marriage is not prohibited by natural law; or if it is, not in such a way that, if it is attempted, the deed would be void and not binding.

As a corollary to this it may be stated that all infidels contracting in degrees prohibited by the Church, if it is not clear that it is prohibited by the natural law, truly contract and the marriage is binding (*ratum*). So, if any one among infidels married the wife of his brother, who had died either with or without issue, it is not to be doubted but that such a marriage would be valid and those converted to the faith would not need the dispensation of the Pope; indeed by no authority whatsoever could they be separated, since marriages of this kind are interdicted only by human law, by which infidels are bound.

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Such was the opinion of the illustrious theologian of Salamanca upon a question very close to the hearts of all Spaniards of the time, seeing that upon its solution depended the fate of their Aragonese princess, Catherine. The Solution given by Victoria in favor of the validity of the marriage of Henry and Catherine, as expressed almost verbatim in the preceding paragraphs, stands out prominently against the result obtained, by lavish expenditure of bribes and the use of other means of pressure, from professors in the continental universities outside the dominions of Charles V.

The events that followed the appeal to the universities are almost too well known to need repetition. The rise of Cramner and his consecration as Archbishop of Canterbury, the resignation of Sir Thomas More as chancellor, the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn on January 25, 1533, the crowning of Anne on June 1, and the birth of the future Queen Elizabeth on September 7 of the same year, resulted in depriving Catherine of her lawful title of Queen and in treating her daughter Mary as a bastard.

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## THE ENTOMOLOGY OF THE POETS.

**T**HOUGH "bugs and worms and such small deer have been poet food for many a year," to paraphrase a Shakespearian couplet, yet, since *Insecta* is the largest class of animals known—entomologists are already familiar with a quarter of a million species—the wonder is that the poets' use of them is not greater. However, an anthology of such quotations shows that they have not failed to use many an insect—about one hundred different kinds in all, perhaps—for decorating a stanza, or embodying a moral, or pointing a jest, or as a subject worthy of praise.

The bee is their favorite, and particularly the domesticated honey-maker, which is usually implied in the simple term "bee," though "the wild bee with its buglet fine" (David M. Moir) and "the wild bees that beat the drums of summer" (John Galsworthy), may be a Bumblebee or a Carpenter Bee, or some other member of *Apidæ*. Southey mentions

"the solitary bee  
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,  
Flew there on restless wing,  
Seeking in vain one blossom where to fix."  
—Thalaba the Destroyer.

This might be construed to mean one of the *Andrenidæ*, or Solitary Bee family, although Southey probably meant a common honey-maker out foraging by itself. The insect has been variously described as "vagrant," "drowsy," "limber," "yellow-banded," "furry," "dusty as a miller," "bagpiping," "brindled," "marauding," "fervent," "dim-eyed curious," "pollen-dusted," "music-bee," "roving," "gold-belted," "amber-striped," "murmurous," "merry," "golden-cuirassed," "voluptuous," "irreverent, buccaneering," and of course, "busy." They are called "chemists, famed for geometric skill," "little alsmen of the spring-bowers," "small epicures, the blithest couriers on the winds of spring," "belted thieves bent upon honey plunder," "innocent thieves," "little priests that wed the flowers," "communists," "choristers," "little pagans busy all the sunny seven (days)," "peddlars," "publicans," "tax-gatherers," and Bryant correctly terms them "housewife bees." In one poem Madison Cawein calls the bee "a Bassarid in dusty pantaloons," and in another makes the "big-bodied fellow, with his braggart din, fairly brother to Falstaff." Poets have observed over and over its usefulness, its industry, its swarming habits, its abandonment of the flowers it has plundered. Its buzz has been called "a surly hymn," "a booming," "a sleepy tune," "a buglet fine," "a tiresome whine,"

"a business-like hum," "a heartsome melody," "an obstinate drone," "a dull monotone," "a blithe horn," "a homeward roundelay," "the simple baby-soul of singing," "a little aërial horn" and "a grumble." One of the best of the purely descriptive bee poems by Norman Gale, which hums like a hive with its v's and its z's:

"You voluble,  
Velvety,  
Vehement fellows;  
That play on your  
Flying and  
Musical cellos.  
Come out of my  
Foxgloves; come  
Out of my roses,  
You bees with the  
Plushy and  
Plausible noses."—(Bees)

In "King Henry V.," Act I., scene 2, Shakespeare describes at length the government of the hive, which teaches "the art of order to a peopled kingdom," but has the ruler a king instead of a queen.

"In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true  
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?"—Pope.

"Thy arts of building from the bee receive."—Pope

"But they say that bees,  
If any creeping life invade their hive,  
Too gross to be thrust out, will build him round  
And bind him in from harming of their combs."—Tennyson.

"The bees are types of souls that dwell  
With honey in a quiet cell."—Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

"Then the hurry and alarm,  
When the bee-hive casts its swarm."—John Keats.

The Bumble-bee takes a prominent place in poetry, because of the well-known stanzas by Emerson:

"Burly, dozing bumble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me,  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone,  
Zig-zag steerer, desert-cheerer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher,  
Seeing only what is fair."

Alfred Domett has hit on the apt expression, "the headlong bumble-

bee," Madison Cawein says it is "the drowsy rustle of Summer's skirts," Paul Hayne speaks of its "boom of insect thunder" and Shakespeare observes:

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail."

—Troilus and Cressida.

The Butterfly crowds the Bee close in the poets' favor, for its beauty, its carefree life, its origin, its symbolism, make it a most satisfactory subject. Norman Gale calls it a "miracle of motion," George MacDonald "a stray thought of God," Madison Cawein speaks of their "pansy pinions." Celia Thaxter compares them to "loosened flowers blown off by the wind in play." Other phrases are "the dandy butterfly," "lazy-winged," "giddy," "insect-aërials of the sun," "a stain of crimson," "butterflies like carpets," "mealy-winged," "yellow-winged swimmers," "living crocus beds," "beheaded pansies," "a floating flame," "child of the sun," "exquisite child of the air," "a sumptuous drifting fragment of the sky," "bachelor butterflies," and

"butterflies that bear  
Upon their blue wings such red embers round,  
They seem to scorch the blue air into holes  
Each flight they take."—Mrs. Browning.

"Because the membraned wings  
So wonderful, so wide,  
So sun-diffused, were things  
Like soul, and naught beside."—Robert Browning.

"The butterfly, mysterious trinket,  
Which means the Soul (though few would think it)."  
—Moore.

"The butterfly the ancient Grecians made  
The Soul's fair emblem, and its only name."—Coleridge.

"Flutter he, flutter he, high as he will,  
A butterfly is but a butterfly still."

—Hartley Coleridge.

"There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly;  
And yet your butterfly was a grub."—Shakespeare.

"for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer."

—Shakespeare.

"Why Nature made the butterflies,  
(Those dreams of wings that float and hover  
At noon the slumberous poppies over)  
Was something hidden from mine eyes,  
Till once, upon a rock's brown bosom,  
Bright as a thorny cactus-blossom,  
I saw a butterfly at rest."—Lowell.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Joseph Skipsey, Aloysius Call, William Alger, Lucy Larcom, Austin Dobson, Samuel Rogers, Bryant, Lowell, Mary E. Bradley and still others, have composed poems in honor of the insect, and it has been mentioned again and again by the best poets and the most ephemeral rhymers alike. To the entomologist, the word butterfly means any member of the order Lepidoptera, excepting the moths; the order consists of fifty thousand species, yet so far I have found only a very few in the pages of poetry:

"The purple Turnus stills his trembling wing  
To kiss thy golden brim."—H. Felix Cross.  
("To a California Poppy.")

"While two Red Admirals astonished gaze at them."  
—Norman Gale ("Michaelmas Daisies").

"Now 'mourning cloak' takes up her clew  
And dances through the sunny glades."  
—John Burroughs ("April").

"And spun a cradle-cone through which she pricks  
Her passage, and proves peacock-butterfly."—Browning.

"Brave butterfly, what wild ambition filled thy breast  
To leave thy orange-groves and fling on chilling breath  
Of Northern winds thy golden cross? What race unrest  
Hath driven thee here to bravely battle frost and death?"  
—Anon ("To the Giant Swallowtail").

"or become  
The Brimstone-wing, when time of year should suit."  
—Browning.

"butterflies\* of gold and brown  
Who turn from flowers that are more fine, more sweet,  
And crowding eagerly, sink fluttering down  
And hang like jewels flashing in the heat  
Upon thy splendid rounded purple breasts."  
—Helen Hunt Jackson ("Milkweed").  
(\*The Milkweed or Monarch Butterfly, doubtless).

"At noon the roads all flutter  
With yellow\* butterflies."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.  
(\*The roadside Butterfly).

Alfred Noyes, in his poem, "Butterflies," says they were once  
"fairies plumed with green rainbow-sheen," and being banished

"Now they roam these mortal dells  
Wondering where that happy glade is,  
Painted Ladies,  
Admirals and Tortoise-shells."

And in the next stanza he includes Fritillaries, "like fragments of  
the skies fringed with Autumn's richest hues." The following  
quotation no doubt refers to the familiar little members of the  
genus *Pieris*, of which there are several species:

"Tiny white butterflies (brides, children name them),  
Flicker and glimmer and turn in their flight."

—Mrs. Sangster.

The Moth, though not as popular as the Butterfly, has not been  
neglected, particular emphasis being placed on the infatuation of the  
insect for the flame. Thomas Carlyle has a poem on "The Tragedy  
of the Night-Moth," which alighted on his volume of Goethe:

"With awe she views the candle blazing;  
A universe of fire it seems  
To moth-savante with rapture gazing,  
Or fount whence life and motion streams."

There are "tender speckled moths here dancing seen," "owl-white  
moths with mealy wings," "wood-moths glimmering into life,"

"Moth's wings, like missals scrolled  
With capitals of gold  
That sombre covers fold,"

"long mantled moths that sleep at noon," "lordly moths of radiant  
dragon-dyes," and "great dusky moths slow flitting like soft,  
breeze-tossed snowflakes." Some of the families, genera or species  
the poets have collected are the following:

"And o'er the darkening heath and wold  
The large ghost-moth doth flit."

—Alexander Smith.

"there luxuriating in heat,  
With slow and gorgeous beat,  
White-winged currant-moths display  
Their spots of black and gold all day."

—Alfred Noyes.

"But move as rich as Emperor-moths."—Tennyson.

"And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,  
The Death's-head-moth was clinging."

—Thomas Hood.

"(a casement) diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes

As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings."—Keats.

"So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,  
And labors till it clouds itself all o'er."—Pope.

Pope has the Wife of Bath gaily proclaim "The wasting moth ne'er spoiled my best array," and Erasmus Darwin enjoins the Plume Moth as follows:

"Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumes unfurl,  
Blow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl."

Both the Moth and the Butterfly have not been forgotten in the larval stage:

"And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud."

—Shakespeare.

"Here's a hair-shirted Palmer hard by."

—Caroline Southey.

"The mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bearskin,  
King of all the caterpillars."—Longfellow.

"Fly" is a vague term, as popularly used, since it is applied to many a winged insect which entomologists refuse to class with the Diptera, or true flies. Often it implies the common housefly:

"While mid my page there idly stands,  
A sleepy fly, that rubs his hands."

—Thomas Hardy.

"What! here again! indomitable pest?

Ten times I've closed my heavy lids in vain  
This early morn to court an hour of sleep;  
For thou, tormentor, constantly dost keep

Thy whizzing tones resounding through my brain,  
Or lightest on my sensitive nose, and there  
Thou trimmest thy wings and shakest thy legs of hair."

—Thomas MacKellar ("To a Troublesome Fly").

Two discriminating observers, Whitman and Browning, have described the insect's entranced sun-dance:

"The setting summer sun shining in my open window, showing  
the swarm of flies, suspended, balancing in the air in the  
centre of the room, darting athwart, up and down, casting  
swift shadows in specks on the opposite wall, where  
the shine is."—Whitman.

"A broad yellow sunbeam was let fall  
From heaven to earth—a sudden drawbridge lay,  
Along which marched a myriad merry motes,  
Mocking the flies that crossed and recrossed  
In rival dance."—Browning.

Poets are more or less familiar with "the blue-bottle, reviving, buzzing down his native pane," "day-flies skimming o'er the stream," "quick-darting water-flies," bot-flies, gad-flies (which Shakespeare calls a "brize"), moth-flies and flesh-flies.

The references to the Dragon-fly, while not as numerous as one would expect—I have found about forty—are exceptionally beautiful in thought and expression. Tennyson, in "The Two Voices," describes the insect's transformation from the larval state:

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie.  
An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk; from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.  
He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;  
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew."

Others have seen "dragon-flies that go burning by," or "hang glittering on the reeds," "aërial things with little rainbows flickering on their wings," "winged spindles, gold and green, born of the morning mists and dew," "like coruscating rays of lapis-lazuli and chrysophrase," "azure dragonflies, silvered, chased and burnished," "of a brassy blue," "like a flash of purple fire," and such pictures as

"Blue burning, vaporous, to and fro  
The dragonflies like arrows go,

Or hang in moveless flight."—George MacDonald.

"Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky."

—D. G. Rossetti.

"The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,  
And tilts against the field  
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent,  
With steel-blue mail and shield."

—Longfellow ("Flower de Luce").

One genus of the dragon-fly order is mentioned by Moore, Browning and Meredith.

"The beautiful blue damsel-flies  
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems  
Like winged flowers or flying gems."—Moore.

“before him, aye aloof,  
Fluttered in the cool some azure damsel-fly  
Born of the simmering quiet, there to die.”

—Browning.

The Midges, Gnats and Mosquitoes would not let themselves be neglected, though the poet has not always found them disagreeable pests. It is the dance of the Midge that the poet has chiefly noted: “The midges dance aboon the burn,” “the midges in their evening dance,” “the midges myriad dance in silent eddying swift,” “midges that scarce in their mazes move,” “current-dancing midges,” and

“Meanwhile, there is dancing in yonder green bower  
A swarm of young midges. They dance high and low,  
’Tis a sweet little species that lives but one hour,  
And the eldest was born half an hour ago.”

—Robert, Lord Lytton.

In “The Blessed Damozel,” Rossetti uses the expression

“as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.”

By the term “gnat,” European poets usually mean the mosquito, while in America it is applied to small biting flies such as the buffalo gnat and the blackfly. “The persisting sharp horn of the gray gnat” (Owen Meredith, “Lucile”), is really the mosquito’s “small, sharp song,” or “hungry tones”:

“Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn  
Along the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies.”—Keats.  
“Fair insect, that with threadlike legs spread out  
And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing  
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail’st about  
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing.”

—Bryant (“To a Mosquito”).

“And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquito, sang his war-song.”

—Longfellow (“Hiawatha”).

“The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream  
When sweetest.”—Alfred Tennyson.

But “the gnats sagging along the air in strings of jet,” and the “speckled gnats stitching the clear dark air that films some nook,” noted by Alice Cary and A. B. Street, are no doubt the buffalo gnats or blackflies which can make life so miserable for one in the moist summer woods, when one must follow Norman Gale’s example and “pluck a dock-leaf for a fan and drive away the constant midge.”

Even such extremely unpoetical insects as the louse and the flea have not been overlooked. Shakespeare says of the former, "it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love," and Burns wrote, upon seeing one of the species on a lady's bonnet at church, the poem containing one of the most widely quoted couplets ever written:

"Oh, wad some power the gift to gie us  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Charles Kingsley takes a fling at Browning's use of any object, no matter how lowly, to illustrate an idea, in "The Invitation":

"Leave to Robert Browning  
Beggars, fleas and vines";

But Hartley Coleridge says:

"A poet's song can memorize a flea;  
The subtle fancy of deep-witted Donne  
The wee phlebotomist descanted on. . . .  
Pasquier, the gravest joker of the age,  
Berhymed *La Puce* in many a polished page,"

while Dr. Johnson is responsible for:

"Big fleas have little fleas  
Upon their backs to bite 'em;  
And little fleas have lesser fleas,  
And so ad infinitum."

The Glowworm and the Firefly have twinkled through scores of stanzas. Wordsworth, Cowper, Marvell, John Clare, William Sharp, George Arnold, Moore, Samuel Rogers and lesser lights have written poems to one or the other of these insects. Mrs. Browning terms the fireflies "lights of love," Hartley Coleridge writes of "the small, scarce-moving light of the glowworm that keeps her lone lamp burning for her mate," and other poets have seen "glowworms trimming their starry lamps" (Keats), the "Summer's wee night watchmen out, all vigilant and bright," "fireflies that gleam in sudden loops of light," "pale fireflies pulsing within the meadow-mist," "fireflies twinkling their fitful heat-lightnings," "lambent fireflies here and there lighting their jack-o'-lantern show," "thorn-rows alive with lamp-flies, swimming spots of fire and dew" (Browning), "like little lanterns borne by souls of birds and flowers seeking resurrection," "fireflies that suspire in short soft lapses of transported flame across the tinkling dark," "fireflies pulsing forth their rapid gleams," and glowworms that

"went out on the river's brim

Like lamps which a students forgets to trim."—Shelley.

Poets love to brighten their lines with the glowworm's soft light or the firefly's gay dance, and they have drawn many a beautiful lesson from the little flame:

"The little shining firefly in its flight,  
And the immortal star in its great course,  
Must both be guided."—Lord Byron.

"like a glowworm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light."—Shakespeare.

"Our hearts should all like fireflies be,  
And the flash of wit or poesy  
Break forth whenever we choose it."—Moore.  
"Tiny Salmoneus of the air,  
His mimic bolts the firefly threw.  
He thought, no doubt, 'those flashes grand,  
That light for leagues the shuddering sky,  
Are made, a fool could understand,  
By some superior kind of fly.'"—Lowell.

"A glowworm in the grass at night shed forth  
Its feeble light, but darkness deepened fast,  
The wee thing did its uttermost to banish night,  
And that forsooth was truest toil, indeed!  
Success in God's clear sight, though in man's wisdom  
Observed by things of sense, 'twas but defeat."

—Rev. C. C. Woods ("Optimus").

Then there is the Beetle, "panoplied in gems and gold," "with back like hammered brass," "with bronze lacquered shards spotted like a pack of cards," "in mail resplendent with metallic dyes, now golden-green in hue, now purple-black," "gleaming like precious jewels glimmering in the sod," "winding his small but sullen horn," "flinging his burr of sound against the hush," "flopping in the laborer's face," "wheedling his droning flight," or "ever droning near." The choicest of the quotations might be:

"When I was young, they said if you killed one  
Of those sunshiny beetles, that his friend  
(The Sun) would shine no more that day nor next."

—Browning.

"The sense of death is most in apprehension,  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies."—Shakespeare.

"Poor hobbling Beetle, needst not haste;  
Should Traveler Traveler thus alarm?  
Pursue thy journey through the waste,  
Not foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast,  
 'Small family'—that have not dined?  
 Lodged under pebble, there they fast,  
 Till head of house have raised the wind!"

—Thomas Carlyle.

The Ladybird is the favorite beetle of them all, with about a dozen quotations. Here are two, one based on the well-known child rhyme, and the other hinting that the rhyme is universally known:

"Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home—

The glowworm is lighting her lamp,  
 The dew's falling fast and your fine speckled wings  
 Will fly with the close-clinging damp."

—Caroline Southey.

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away, do,  
 Fly to the mountain and feed upon dew.  
 Feed upon dew, and sleep on a rug,  
 And then run away like a good little bug."

—Chinese Rhyme.

Other kinds of beetles stumbling through the pages of insect poetry are "black beetles rolling their ball on head and tail as if to save their lives," "shining, busy dross," "the Scarabes in emerald mailed, or spreading wide his funeral wings," "the water-beetle with great blind deaf face," "the ticking wood-worm," the "diamond-beetle darting a thousand dyes from his glassy horns and pearly eyes," and "chrysomela creeping in the sun." Thomas Moore describes "a shadowy throng of ghosts—blown along like cockchafers in high autumnal storms." The Death-Watch is another beetle the poets have seized upon, though for the gruesome legends regarding it rather than for any use or beauty:

"The death-watch tick'd behind the panell'd oak!"—Hood.

"When Fritz was born,  
 There was a death-watch ticking in the wall."—Arlo Bates.

"Those damp, black, dead  
 Nights in the Tower; dead—with the fear of death—  
 Too dead ev'n for a death-watch."—Tennyson.

("Queen Mary.")

ALADDIN—Is this thine only chant, ill-boding hermit,  
 Croaking from rotten clefts and mouldering walls,  
 Thy burden still of death and of decay?

DEATH-WATCH—Pi, pi, pi

No hope for thee.—Adam G. Oehlenschläger ("Aladdin").  
 The earwig has not been forgotten, although the references to it

are too brief to be called descriptive. Thomas Hood, in "The Haunted House," says "the keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood." Caroline Southey advises:

"Ladybird, ladybird! make a short shrift,  
Here's Lawyer Earwig to draw up your will."

And Pope declares that "The flatterer an earwig grows."

Next to the Bee, in sagacity and in industry, come the ant tribes that have "brimmed their garners with ripe grain," "scouring and thronging the velvet sward," "making their ado," "brimming their garners with ripe grain," and "whose millions would have end, but they lay up for need a timely store." Ben Johnson bids us

"Turn on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,  
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise,  
No stern command, no monitory voice  
Prescribes her duties or directs her choice;  
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away  
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day,  
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain  
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain."

Edwin Markham has a poem on "Little Brothers of the Ground," which begins:

"Little ants in leafy wood,  
Bound by gentle brotherhood,  
Ye are fraters in your hall,  
Gay and chainless, great and small;  
All are toilers in the field,  
All are sharers in the yield."

Browning observes that

"the hoard  
Of the sagacious ant shows garnered grain  
Ever most abundant when fields afford  
Least pasture."

Will Carlton describes them aptly when he writes of "trim housewife ants with rush uncertain," while King Lear's fool was not so foolish when he said: "We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in winter." Whittier has a poem on the legend of "King Solomon and the Ants." Longfellow, in his poem "To a Child," notes

"Along the garden walks,  
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace,  
And see at every turn how they efface

Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants."

And an unknown poet has recorded

"There the red soldier-ants lie, loll, and lean,  
While the black ones steadily build for their queen."

Both the sting of the wasp and its nest will be found in poetical lines: "the arrow that buzzed and stung him like a wasp"—a letter "wasp-nest gray"—"a little white town stuck like a bleached wasps' nest in the gap of the hills," and so on. T. B. Read, in *The New Pastoral*, gives a most realistic description of the insect:

"And the wasp  
Dropping his long legs, like a flying crane,  
Lights on the flower, and with his ready sting,  
Threats the intruder."

Madison Cawein mentions "the streaked wasps, worrying in and out, darting fretfully and slim" with "drone and drawl:" Robert Browning describes the "cric-cric" of the wasps eating the long coarse papers hung in the fig tree to keep the birds away from the fruit; William Sharp, in a poem on "the Wasp," says:

"Where the ripe pears droop heavily  
The yellow wasp hums loud and long,  
His hot and drowsy autumn song;  
A yellow flame he seems to be,  
When darting suddenly from on high,  
He lights where fallen peaches lie;  
Yellow and black, this tiny thing's  
A tiger-soul on elfin wings."

Thomas B. Read also observes "the yellow-jacket, small and full of spite, bedecked in livery of golden lace, which comes with the fretful arrogance of one who plays the master, though himself a slave." The hornet is called a gray artisan by Whittier, a mason of "peevish whine" by Madison Cawein; Maurice Thompson mentions *Vespa maculata* in one of his poems—"The white-faced hornet hurtles by"—and Charles Harper in a poem on "A Midsummer Noon in the Australian Forest," devotes several lines to what is probably some native species of the family:

"Only there's a drowsy humming  
From yon lagoon slow-coming,  
'Tis the dragon-hornet—See!  
All bedaubed resplendently

Yellow on a tawny ground—  
Each rich spot not square nor round,  
Rudely heart-shaped, as it were  
The blurred and hasty impress there  
Of a vermeil-cruled seal  
Dusted o'er with golden meal."

The marked peculiarity of the Ichneumon Fly, whose larvæ are for the most part internal parasites on the larvæ of other insects, and particularly devoted to caterpillars, is put into verse—more scientific than poetical, however—by Erasmus Darwin, in his long rhymed discourse on "The Origin of Society:"

"The wing'd Ichneumon for her embryo young  
Gores with sharp horn the caterpillar throng,  
The cruel larva mines its silky course,  
And tears the vitals of its fostering nurse."

When the English Sparrow was introduced into this country, it was expected that a general holocaust of all Insecta would speedily follow, and Bryant wrote a very enthusiastic welcome to the bird:

"The army-worm and the Hessian fly,  
And the dreaded canker worm shall die,  
And the thrip and the slug and the fruitmoth seek  
In vain to escape that busy beak,  
And fairer harvests shall crown the year,  
For the Old-World Sparrow at last is here."

But when the bird proved entirely worthless as an insect-eater, Isaac McClellan aptly complained in a long poem pleading for "The Death of the Last English Sparrow," declaring that

"These foreign invaders all scorn'd a fat slug,  
Scorn'd army-worm, Hessian-fly, forest-moth, bug."

The Cricket's audibleness endears it to the poets, and almost without exception the references to this insect deal with its music-making powers. Archibald Lampman finds in "that friendly, homely, haunting speech the perfect utterance of content and ease." Helen Maria Winslow declares that "the cricket's soft refrain with mellow accents tells the tale that August's here again." Celia Thaxter terms it "tremulous music that cleaves the drowsy air." To Madison Carvein it is "the peevish cricket with a creaking cry" and "the tireless cricket that keeps picking its rusty and monotonous lute."

"The cricket doles out a monotonous song

To the hours as they noiselessly saunter along."—H. J. Bright.

"The homely crickets gossip at my feet."—Archibald Lampman.

"The cricket chirps like a rare good fellow."—Celia Thaxter.

"The cricket tells straight on his simple thought,

Nay, 'tis the cricket's way of being still."—Sidney Lanier.

"The cricket chirps all day,

'Oh, fairest Summer, stay'."—George Arnold.

The song is variously described as "a tiny bell," "tinkling chips of sound," "chisel-fine and thin," "a cumulate cry," "a drowsy trill," "a dismal song," a "long, monotonous serenade," but Alfred B. Street comes the nearest to telling outright how the sound is made when he says "the cricket scrapes its riblike bars." There are several poems to the cricket; here are stanzas culled from two of them:

"Piper with the rusty quill,

Fifing on a windy hill,

In a dusty coat;

Saddened by the fading glow

Softer measures seem to flow

From thy russet throat.

Perched amid the withered grass,

Like a friar singing mass

O'er the bossoms dead,

Hauntingly, a note of woe

Echoes from thy tremolo

Mourning beauty fled."—Eli Shepherd.

"One, or a thousand voices—filling noon

With such an undersong and drowsy chant

As songs in ears that waken from a swoon

Single, then double beats, reiterant;

Far off, and near; one ceaseless, changeless tune.

—Edward R. Sill.

Browning, whose nature observations are always unique, has Saul play for David "the tune that makes the crickets elate till for boldness they fight one another," and Hamlin Garland writes of them with a farmer-boy's recollection of stacking time:

"While dropping crickets patter 'round me, shaken down

In flying showers from wind-tossed yellow grain."

The House Cricket is the favorite species of the tribe, with twenty-four quotations all to itself, eight complete poems, and praise from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Milton, Herrick, Leigh Hunt, W. C. Bennett, Goldsmith, Tennyson, Keats, Shakespeare, Byron, Cowper, James Hogg, and the minor poets. It is the symbol of domesticity, and homely comfort, and is beloved for its devotion to the fireside.

One poet quotes a legend to the effect that the cricket is a friend "that with the power of mystic sway doth bless the hearth where it loves to dwell." Herrick does not find country life unpleasant, if one's humble roof can yet "maintain a quire of singing crickets by the fire." Henry S. Cornwell exults:

"Without, November's tempests roar,  
The maniac wind assaults the door,  
But what care I how wild it be,  
So Fate sends comrade such as thee."

William Cowper calls it "Little inmate, full of mirth, always har-binger of good, paying for thy warm retreat with a song more soft and sweet," and promises "in return thou shalt receive such a strain as I can give." Hartley Coleridge assures this "merry whistler of the hearth" that he misses its "shrill monotony of mirth what time the grate is stuffed with arid moss." Leigh Hunt and John Keats each have a poem comparing the Grasshopper and the Cricket, in which occur these poetical gems:

"The poetry of earth is ceasing never;  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills."—Keats.

"And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Tick the glad silent moments as they pass."—Leigh Hunt.

After reading a few of these tributes to the House Cricket, one is ready to believe the folk-lore warning "to kill a cricket in the house will make the roof fall down on one's head." It ought to bring about such a catastrophe.

Three other kinds of crickets have been mentioned in the following lines:

"Pale *tree cricket* with his bell  
Ringing ceaselessly and well,  
Sounding silver to the brass  
Of his cousin in the grass."—Bliss Carmen.

"And in the grass-grown ruts—where stirs  
The harmless snake—*mole-crickets* sound  
Their fairy dulcimers."—Madison Cawein.

"The frail *leaf-cricket* in the weeds rings a faint fairy bell."

—Madison Cawein.

"I see thee quaintly  
 Beneath the leaf ; thy shell-shaped winglets faintly—  
 (As thin as spangle  
 Of cobweb rain)—held up at airy angle."—Madison Cawein.  
 —("The Leaf-Cricket.")

As for the Grasshopper, merry as the day is long and caring not a whit for the morrow, he is every bit as popular as the cricket, and praised as highly. The Greek poets were fond of writing tributes to various singing insects, and though it is now believed the musicians they praised were certain tree-crickets something like our *Katydid*, in translation the insects have been turned into grasshoppers. One of these odes, by the lyric poet Anacreon, has been translated by Moore, Cowley and Cowper. The ode declares the insect blest of all creation, the envy of the happiest kings, beloved of mankind, and happy to the end. A comparison of the various translations is interesting; here is the first half of each:

"O thou, of all creation blest,  
 Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest  
 Upon the wildwood's leafy tops,  
 To drink the dew that morning drops,  
 And chirp thy song with such a glee  
 That happiest kings may envy thee,  
 Whatever decks the velvet field,  
 Whate'er the circling seasons yield,  
 Whatever buds, whatever blows,  
 For thee it buds, for thee it grows.  
 Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,  
 To him they friendly notes are dear."—(Moore's tr.)

"Happy insect! what can be  
 In happiness compared to thee?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy morning's gentle wine,  
 Nature waits upon thee still  
 And thy verdant cup does fill;  
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,  
 Nature's self thy Ganymede.  
 Thou dost dance, and thou dost sing,  
 Happier than the happiest king!  
 All the fields which thou dost see,  
 All the plants belong to thee!  
 All that summer hours produce  
 Fertile made with early juice;

Man for thee doth sow and plough;  
Farmer he, and landlord thou!"—(Cowley's tr.)  
"Thee it satisfies to sing  
Sweetly the return of spring;  
Herald of the genial hours,  
Harming neither herbs nor flowers.  
Therefore man thy voice attends  
Gladly—thou and he are friends."—(Cowper's tr.)

Keats, Leigh Hunt, Rene Rapin, Richard Lovelace, Tennyson, Madison Cawein, Edith M. Thomas, Walter Hart and others have tuned their pens to praise the grasshopper, not so much in imitation of the ancient Greeks as because the insect merits such honors:

"The poetry of earth is never dead;  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.  
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury—he has never done  
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed."

—John Keats.

"Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass."

—Leigh Hunt.

"O thou, that on the grassy bed  
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,  
Declinest soft, and tun'st thy song,  
The dewy herbs and leaves among."—Rene Rapin.

"O thou, that swing'st upon the waving ear  
Of some well-filled oaten beard,  
Drunk every night with a delicious tear  
Drooped thee from heaven, where now thou'rt reared."

—Richard Lovelace.

"Voice of the summer wind,  
Joy of the summer plain,  
Life of the summer hours,  
A gallant cavalier,  
Sans peur et sans reproche,  
In sunlight and in shadow,  
The Bayard of the meadow."—Tennyson.

"What joy you take in making hotness hotter,  
 In emphasizing dullness with your buzz,  
 Making monotony more monotonous!  
 You tramp of insects, vagrant, and unheeding,  
 Improvident, who of the summer make  
 One long green mealtime, and for winter take  
 No care, aye singing or just merely feeding."

—Madison Cawein.

"Shuttle of the sunburnt grass,  
 Fifer in the dun cuirass,  
 Fife shrilly in the morn,  
 Shrilly still at eve unworn."—Edith M. Thomas.

"Ever wandering far from home,  
 Mindless of the days to come,  
 (Such as aged winter brings  
 Trembling on his icy wings)  
 Both alike at last we die,  
 Thou art starved, and so am I!"—Walter Harte.

It is noticeable that some of these poems have the same meter as the translations of Anacreon's ode, implying that the poet was inspired by his famous predecessor as well as the famous subject. Some of the descriptive phrases found in other poems are: "the vaulting grasshopper of glossy green," "the laureate of peace," "green little dervish dancing forever in Allah's smile of joy," "small bridegroom of June," "high-elbow'd grig," "contumacious" and

"The tender grasshopper. . .  
 That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,  
 Makes merry chirrupings in its grassy nest,  
 Inspired with dew to leap and sing."—Thomas Hood.

As for his music, it "drills the ears of silence," "files the stillness," "spins a small innumerable sound," "clacks loud in whirring peals," and

"All day long in the penny-roy'l,  
 The grasshoppers at their anvil's toil;  
 Thick click of their tireless hammers thrum,  
 And the wheezy belts of their bellows hum;  
 Tinkers who solder the silence and heat  
 To make the loneliness more complete."

—Madison Cawein.

Other musical insects met in poetical lines are the locust, the cicada and the katydid. They are treated much as the grasshopper, being praised for their light-heartedness and merry din, or condemned therefore, according to the mood of the poet. The locust is the

"pulse-beat of the summer day," a "tangible tune of heat," the "shrill-crying child of summer's heat."

"Art thou a rattle that Monotony,  
Summer's dull nurse, old sister of slow Time,  
Shakes for Day's peevish pleasure, who in glee  
Takes its discordant music for sweet rhyme?  
Or oboe that the Summer Noontide plays,  
Sitting with Ripeness 'neath the orchard-tree,  
Trying repeatedly the same shrill phrase,  
Until the musky peach with weariness  
Drops, and the hum of murmuring bees grows less?"

—Cawein.

Locust's music is a "drowsy song," "feeble song," "strident shrilling," "loud shrill drum," "melancholy hurdy-gurdy" and a trumpet, an oboe, a fife, a flute, a rattle, a cymbal—indeed, the insect seems a whole orchestra in itself. Some, too, remember the insect's devastating habits:

"I hear the rustling pattering of locusts, as they strike  
The grain and grass with the showers of their terrible clouds."

—Whitman.

"Onward they come, a dark continuous cloud  
Of congregated myriads numberless."—Southey.

The cicada, termed "shrill" by ten different poets, is not found as versatile as the locust, although he "rings his triangle with sudden jingling sound," "strikes his lyre," "beats madly on his tiny brass," "saws the empty air," "clitters," "carols," "clangs," "crackles," "clacks," and "whirs."

"O zithern-winged musician, whence it came  
I wonder, this insistent song of thine!"

—C. G. D. Roberts.

Mrs. Browning calls them "those insufferable cicale, sick and hoarse with rapture of the summer heat, that sing, like poets, till their hearts break."

"The shrill cicada, far and near,  
Piped on his high exultant third;  
Summer! Summer! He seems to say—  
Summer! He knows no other word,  
But trills on it the livelong day;  
The little hawker of the green,  
Who calls his wares through all the forest scene."

—Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

—(A Spring Afternoon, New Zealand.)

"The harvest-fly, with sudden jingling sound,  
Rings his triangle in the drowsy trees,  
He bids us note wan Summer drifting by,  
Her robe scarce stirring in the languid breeze."

—Belle A. Hitchcock.

Oliver Wendell Holmes probably did not set the fashion of quizzing Katydid in rhyme, as Philip Freneau also wrote a poem "To the Katydid:"

"In her suit of green arrayed,  
Hear her singing in the shade—  
Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!"—Freneau.

Walt Whitman is usually scientific as well as poetical, but he, too, errs in the use of "her," when it is the males alone that possess stridulating organs: "the katydid works her chromatic reed on the walnut-tree over the well," says Whitman, and Holmes teases:

"Thou art a female, Katydid!  
I know it by the trill  
That quivers through thy piercing note  
So petulant and shrill."

In my collection of twelve hundred and more quotations, gathered in the course of my reading, under the head of Insects, there are only about one hundred different kinds of insects mentioned. However, there are some few unique species to be encountered in the lines of a poem, such as:

"On stagnant pools, where we could watch  
The water scorpions wade,  
The caddis walk in shell-stuck thatch  
Beneath the alder's shade."—Anon.  
"If He who laid down land and sea  
Still feeds the shrimp and trains the bee,  
Follows the hawkmoth's devious chase,  
The lacefly's dainty fluttering glaze."—Emily Lawless.  
"Sweeping the frothfly from the fescue."—Tennyson.  
"Oared by the boatman's spider's pair of arms."—Browning.  
"The Toad told the Devil's-Coach-Horse,  
Who cocked up his tail at the news."—Owen Meredith.  
"That pest of the gardens, the little Turk,  
Who signs with the crescet his wicked work,  
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall."—Bryant.

But the poets have by no means taken full advantage of the supplies to be found in entomology. Here is a vast field for the nature-loving rhymester to explore, for there is many a little creature in the

insect world which, studied carefully while about its daily duties, could yield the poet fresh subject-matter. Not that his knowledge of insects need be scientific—only that his observation be keen and unbiased and his report sympathetic and artistic. For whenever the poet has seen beauty, or observed interesting individuals, or discovered apt parallels, in the insect world, his entomology has stood him in good stead and his stock-in-trade richly increased thereby.

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## NEWMAN'S CRITERIA OF HISTORICAL EVOLUTION.

THE object of this paper is not to dilate upon the well-known fact that Newman's conversion was effected chiefly by the doctrine of development described in his "Essay on Development," but rather to take that doctrine for granted and to inquire into the validity of Newman's interpretation of the phenomena of development. Newman's own words seem to invite us to probe into his account of development. For he says in the "Apologia pro Vita Sua": "I saw that the principle of development not only accounted for certain facts, but was in itself a remarkable philosophical phenomenon" (p. 198). Now a philosophical phenomenon ought to be examined critically and reasons given for its validity. There ought to be historical criteria to distinguish true from false historical developments just as there are in criteriology criteria to distinguish truth from error. Newman recognized perhaps better than we do the foregoing considerations and has laid down in the "Essay on Development" seven notes or criteria that help us to distinguish true developments from false.

The seven notes are: Preservation of Type; Continuity of Principles; Power of Assimilation; Logical Sequence; Anticipation of Its Future; Conservative Action on Its Past; Chronic Vigor. Certain opponents of Newman have dubbed these notes "apriori." On the contrary Newman's categories are almost biological and his entire account of the phenomena of development is *aposteriori*. That Newman's leanings on history were rigidly *aposteriori* can be gauged from his summary rejection of the *apriori* theory of Comte, which was in vogue during the middle years of the last century. In the opening pages of his "Mission of St. Benedict," Newman calls the metaphysical theory of history set forth by Comte "a heartless view of life." And on every page of the "Essay on Development," he reinforces his generalizations with a wealth of facts. "Apriori" is the last word that could come into the mind of anybody who has really studied Newman. Newman himself lived up to what he said in the "Grammar of Assent": "Let particulars come first and universals second." He did not cast the facts of church history into a hard, preconceived mould; first he spent laborious years on the data of his inquiry, the writings of the Latin and Greek fathers, and then he let the facts suggest the seven notes that he found to distinguish only one organism in the world of ideas and of practice, the Catholic Church.

Preservation of Type is the first note of a true development. Newman meets the objection of those who allege great external changes in the Catholic Church as destroying Preservation of Type

by a biological analogy. The butterfly, though externally very different from the grub, is its development. But the spiritual Preservation of Type is a far greater matter than mere external likeness. And neither the friends nor the enemies of the Church to-day deny that it has preserved the very type of the Church of the Catacombs. The recognition of Preservation of Type by the enemies of the Church makes the first criterion of Newman all the more conclusive. The language of Tacitus, Pliny, Suetonius and Julian the Apostate in regard to the Catholic Church is easily paralleled by utterances of Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw and the reviews of the day. The finest pages in the "Essay on Development" is the historical proof drawn from the works of enemies of the Church of the identity of type which has persisted from the Church of the first centuries into the Church of the twentieth. Newman confines his description of Preservation of Type in the Church principally to the political side of the Church. Had he included the devotional and doctrinal side of Preservation of Type he could easily have written an entire volume on that one criterion.

The second note of a true development instanced by Newman is Continuity of Principles. Of the many principles of Christianity Newman selects ten as especially energetic in the Latin and Greek Churches. They are the principles of dogma, faith, theology, sacraments, the mystical sense of Scripture, grace, asceticism, the malignity of sin, the sanctifiability of matter and the development of doctrine. Newman contented himself with illustrating only four of the ten principles, viz.: faith, theology, the mystical sense of Scripture and dogma.

The most obvious of these marks especially to those outside the Church to-day is that of dogma, and so it may claim consideration to the exclusion of the other principles. Magazines and pseudo-theological volumes to-day fairly reek with the illogical assertion that "Dogmas don't count; it does not matter what a nation believes if it acts justly." It is hard to see how non-Catholics can keep repeating such absurdities about the dogmas of the immortality of the soul, the heinousness of sin, the necessity of justice and charity when they have before their eyes the example of a great nation ruined by neglecting these dogmas and by following after the anti-Christian dogmas of a man like Nietzsche. But however illogical the modern critics of Catholic dogma are they at least testify to the principle of the Continuity of Principles and thus they validate in a positive way Newman's second criterion.

The same criterion is proved from the negative side by the history of the various heresies comprised under the general name of Protestantism. If continuity of principles, especially continuity of

dogmas is a mark of life then it ought to be true that a lack of continuity of principles will characterize a body that is moribund and decaying. Lack of continuity of principles or lack of any definite principles at all is a mark of Protestantism; and decay is a condition in which the present day varieties of Protestantism are languishing.

A short historical snapshot at the course Protestantism has run will show that it has entered the last stages of dissolution. It began with everything in its power. All the Northern nations except Ireland, the uncorrupt one, cut loose from the bark of Peter. Protestantism was established. Catholicism was banished. With the monopoly of education, wealth and public opinion thus held securely, Protestantism should, according to all human calculations, have swept the world. Yet like all heresies its influence has steadily waned from the middle of the sixteenth century. It no longer has the adhesion of certain great princes and princelings who are "in malo odore" with the rest of the world. It has been dis-established in Ireland and Germany. It no longer has a monopoly in England, once its greatest stronghold. To point to the history of Protestantism is to validate Newman's criterion of Continuity of Principles.

Power of Assimilation is Newman's third and it seems to me, his most cogent criterion of the vitality of an institution. The Catholic Church has assimilated so many various ingredients without in the least changing in substantials that we cannot escape the conclusion that she is the only imperishable organic society in the world. A dead system of rules and formulæ can no more assimilate new ideas or give new expression to old ones than a laboratory mechanism can select and utilize foreign materials to build itself up into a living being. Let us confine ourselves to the intellectual materials that the Church has assimilated. The early Church was built upon a foundation of unlettered men. St. Paul, the late arrival in the apostolate, had a good education, but in more than one place he disparages the same. Yet within one hundred years the Church has assimilated the best Greek and Roman culture of her day. By the time St. Augustine has finished his "De Civitate Dei" the Church has elaborated the philosophy of Alexandria and has completely absorbed the best elements of Platonism. By the end of the thirteenth century Aristotelianism, the antagonist pagan philosophy, has been assimilated together with many Arabian ideas from Spain. By the end of the sixteenth century the Church has eliminated the poison and extracted the honey of the Renaissance. By the end of the nineteenth century the Church had refined out whatever gold was contained in the crude ore of the Higher Criticism. Finally the Church has

partially assimilated and is gradually appropriating anything valuable in modern science. Yet every one of these intellectual movements was in its day heralded as the end of the Catholic Church.

The proof of the criterion of assimilation from the negative viewpoint is also furnished by the history of Protestantism. Protestantism is an intellectual wreck. Then if Newman's criterion is true we ought to find that Protestantism has no power of assimilation. This is just what history shows us. Protestantism contracted its first fatal illness in trying to digest the Higher Criticism. Modernism and the various brands of so-called liberal theology have almost finished whatever the Higher Criticism left.

Logical Sequence is the fourth note of a true development. Newman links up the central idea of the "Grammar of Assent," implicit reasoning, with his analysis of the note of Logical Sequence. He shows how "An idea under one or other of its aspects grows in the mind by remaining there; it becomes familiar and distinct, and is viewed in its relations; it leads to other aspects, and these again to others, subtle, recondite, original, according to the character, intellectual and moral, of the recipient and thus a body of thought is gradually formed without his recognizing what is going on within him" (Essay on Devel. page 190). Logic is finally used to make explicit the connections between ideas which had merely been implicit.

Among the instances of Logical Sequence given by Newman that of the monastic rule is the most noteworthy, because the final form of monasticism differs so radically in externals from the original form. Yet the sequence of ideas is rigidly logical.

Monasticism, strange as it may seem, followed upon a consideration of post-baptismal sin. Post-baptismal sin, pardons, penances that had a definite limit and finally penance without any definite limit or a state of penance as such. That is the series which led to the first monastic institutions, the hermits of the desert. Search the history of monasticism and it may seem that the original idea of penance is being obscured as time goes on. But a closer view discloses the fact that it is merely the kind of penance that is changing. The hermits of the desert practised great corporal austerities. The Benedictines perhaps did not do so much in this line. But who will say that their laborious reclamation of waste lands, their magnificent charities, their agriculture, their copying of manuscripts was not a severe penance? Who will say that there was no mortification of spirit and flesh in the heroic social work of the Franciscans or in their defense of Catholic truth? Did the Dominicans do no penance when they taught and wrote their monumental "summae" in defense of Catholic truth? The final stage of monasticism as exemplified

in the Jesuits may seem to be a life without penance. But this is what Newman says of it. "Yet it may fairly be questioned, whether, in an intellectual age, when freedom both of thought and of action is so dearly prized, a greater penance can be devised for the soldier of Christ than the absolute surrender of judgment and will to the command of another." (Essay on Development, page 399.)

Newman calls his fifth criterion of a true development Anticipation of its Future. By this he means that "instances of a development which is to come, though vague and isolated, may occur from the very first, though a lapse of time be necessary to bring them to perfection. And since developments are in great measure only aspects of the idea from which they proceed, and all of them are natural consequences of it, it is often a matter of accident in what order they are carried out in individual minds, and it is in no wise strange that here and there definite specimens of advanced teaching should very early occur, which in the historical course are not found till a late day. The fact, then, of such early or recurring intimations of tendencies which afterwards are fully realized, is a sort of evidence that those later and more systematic fulfilments are only in accordance with the original idea." (Essay on Development, p. 195.)

Monasticism supplies us with the most striking illustration of the early stages of an institution anticipating its future stages. Manual labor was certainly more prominent in early monasticism than study of any kind. "Yet," says Newman, "it is remarkable that St. Pachomius, the first author of a monastic rule, enjoined a library in each of his houses, and appointed conferences and disputations three times a week on religious subjects, interpretation of Scripture, or points of theology. St. Basil, the founder of Monachism in Pontus, one of the most learned of the Greek Fathers, wrote his theological treatises in the intervals of agricultural labor. St. Jerome, the author of the Latin versions of Scripture, lived as a poor monk in a cell at Bethlehem. These, indeed, were but exceptions in the character of early Monachism; but they suggest its capabilities and anticipate its history." (Essay on Development, pages 197-8.)

Conservative Action on its Past is the sixth note which Newman assigns to a true development. For it is evident that a development that destroys or reverses previous developments of the original idea is not a true development, but a false one or a corruption. Newman adduces the doctrine of the Incarnation and the devotion to the Blessed Virgin as examples of developments that have always conserved and never contradicted former developments. But he does not allude to the institution of Monasticism which he had used to

such advantage in former criteria. And Monasticism, it seems to me, is a wonderful example of an institution that has ever developed with a conservative action on its past.

Corporal penance, manual labor and a striving after individual perfection were some of the prominent aims of early Monasticism. Then spiritual and temporal aid to those outside the cloister rose into prominence. Next intellectual labors in behalf of the Church gained over manual labor. In the last or modern age of Monasticism, which we may date from the close of the Middle Ages, works of social reform like the Jesuit Reductions, great educational works like those of the Jesuits, Christian Brothers, Sulpicians, Dominicans and Benedictines have taken a prominent part. In addition to these varied works, missionary activities of vast scope have engaged all religious orders and congregations. Yet none of these later developments has destroyed or reversed previous developments of Monasticism. Penance, manual labor, intellectual defenses of the Church, social reforms, educational and missionary works coexist harmoniously in modern Monasticism. Eloquently indeed does Newman speak of this orderly development: "What the Catholic Church once has had, she never has lost. She has never wept over or been angry with, time gone and over. Instead of passing from one stage of life to another, she has carried her youth and middle age along with her, on to her latest time. She has not changed possessions but accumulated them, and has brought out of her treasure house, according to the occasion, things new and old. She did not lose Benedict by finding Dominic; and she has still both Benedict and Dominic at home, though she has become the mother of Ignatius." (*Hist. Sketches*, Vol. II., page 369.)

The negative proof for Newman's sixth criterion is suggested by the history of Protestantism. Its later developments have often destroyed instead of conserving its earlier ones, have often contradicted them instead of affirming them. The present movement for unity in Protestantism is an instance in point. It practically contradicts the initial idea of Protestantism which is private judgment. According to this principle Protestants ought to welcome diversity of doctrines and scoff at unity as their sixteenth century progenitors did. Because diversity of doctrine indicates that different people are exercising their right of private judgement and thus developing their religion according to its first principle. Another contradictory development or rather a corruption of Protestantism is its doctrine that it matters not what one believes if he acts rightly. The original Protestant doctrine laid all the insistence on believing while it disparaged works or definite acts of worship.

Chronic Vigour is the last criterion of a true development. A corruption cannot be chronic. "A corruption," says Newman, "if vigorous, is of brief duration, runs itself out quickly, and ends in death; on the other hand, if it lasts, it fails in vigor and passes into a decay."

The following paragraph is Newman's account of the note of Chronic Vigour as exemplified in the Catholic Church. "When we consider the succession of ages during which the Catholic system has endured, the severity of the trials it has undergone, the sudden and wonderful changes without and within which have befallen it, the incessant mental activity and the intellectual gifts of its maintainers, the enthusiasm which it has kindled, the fury of the controversies which have been carried on among its professors, the impetuosity of the assaults made upon it, the ever-increasing responsibilities to which it has been committed by the continuous development of its dogmas, it is quite inconceivable that it should not have been broken up and lost, were it a corruption of Christianity. Yet it is still living, if there be a living religion or philosophy in the world; vigorous, energetic, persuasive, progressive; *Vires Acquirat Eundo*; it grows and is not overgrown; it spreads out yet is not enfeebled; it is ever germinating yet ever consistent with itself. Corruptions indeed are to be found which sleep and are suspended; and these, as I have said, are usually called "decays;" such is not the case with Catholicity; it does not sleep, it is not stationary even now; and that its long series of developments should be corruptions would be an instance of sustained error, so novel, so unaccountable, so preternatural, as to be little short of a miracle and to rival those manifestations of Divine Power which constitute the evidence of Christianity. We sometimes view with surprise and awe the degree of pain and disarrangement which the human frame can undergo without succumbing; yet at length there comes an end. Fevers have their crisis, fatal or favorable; but this corruption of a thousand years, if corruption it be, has ever been growing nearer death, yet never reaching it, and has been strengthened, not debilitated by its excesses." (Essay on Devel., pp. 437-8.)

Such are in brief outline Newman's seven criteria of historical evolution, so valid, so original and so true to the facts of the history of the Christian era that they put Newman into the forefront of philosophical historians. The historical theories of Hegel and Comte are in comparison with that enunciated in the "Essay on Development," unreal, inflexible and apriori.

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## SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.

**F**EW corners of Europe are more interesting to the student traveller and lover of art than Spain. It is one of three peninsulas stretching southward—the other two being Greece and Italy—all of which have contributed richly to the art of the world.

Unfortunately this Iberian peninsula has been either so ignored or misrepresented that we gain little adequate or accurate knowledge of it from works devoted to a study of its institutions and people. There have not been many Havelock Ellises, William Miller Colliers, Elizabeth Boyle O'Reillys and Mrs. Villier-Wardells whose scholarly and sympathetic pens have done full justice to the land of the Cid and Don Quixote. Little narrow racial or religious views have ordinarily too much prevailed in the general assessment of Spain and its people, coloring and distorting the warp and woof of truth. Indeed it would not be so bad if these tourists who write about Spain would relate simply what they saw and base their impressions upon truth and fact. But many of them have marvelous imaginations and keep a splendid supply of prejudice always on tap. Then when they commit to manuscript their thoughts and ideas about Spain most of these thoughts and ideas are fashioned in little chambers of their mind where the sunlight of truth has never penetrated and where their spirits have long worshipped at an altar of error and misrepresentation.

Spain in its contribution to civilization is so many sided and complex that we are likely to miss much in its life and much in the treasury of its accomplishment if we study it with a narrow vision or within the confines of a single era. The glories of its achievement under the Roman Empire alone are dazzling.

As a Roman Province Spain cradled many more eminent men than did Gaul. Here in the municipium of Italica, which is but a few miles from modern Seville, the Roman Emperors Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius were born. The two Senecas, father and son, were born at Cordova, as was also Lucan. Martial and Quintilian were born almost the same year, A. D. 43, in Spain, while a few centuries later Prudentius, the earliest of Christian poets, was born A. D. 348 at Tarragona.

It should be further noted that towards the close of the Roman Empire when the Latin language became corrupt in Rome, Roman Senators from the province of Spain delivered orations in the purest Latin in the Forum Assembly in Rome. Another thing worth noting in the long history of Spain and the flowering of its civilization is

that while it has not contributed to the world's roll call of genius as many illustrious names as England, France or Italy, its great men and women tower above those of every other land and thus give Spanish genius a distinction worthy of a people whose greatness has been coeval with the eras of the Roman Empire, the migration of the nations to rooting of feudalism, the building of universities and cathedrals and the heroic stories of New World discoveries.

Let us here examine for a moment what claim Spain has to this unique distinction. Is it not true that St. Isidore, philosopher and scholar of Seville, next to Bacthius and Cassiodorus exercised most influence upon the culture and civilization of the Middle Ages? What woman in all literature or in the spiritual world has exercised a greater influence than the great mystic St. Teresa? What saint in the Church has organized such an army, spiritual and intellectual as St. Ignatius of Loyola? What painter has ever approached that supreme artist Velasquez? And can it be denied that Cervantes' "Don Quixote" is the world's most typical novel? Surely neither Fielding nor Scott, nor Thackeray nor Balzac, nor Victor Hugo nor Goethe has written any such world novel as "Don Quixote." And then when we turn to the drama we find the Spanish Shakespeare in Calderon, whose "Life is a Dream" is a Spanish "Hamlet," "No Monster Like Jealousy," a Spanish "Othello" and "The Wonderful Magician," a Spanish "Faust." On the political side, the history of Spain is the history of a vicissitude of fortunes. In succession to its shores have come Phœnician, Celt, Roman, Visigoth and Moor. Its oldest city, Cadiz, founded by the Tyrians was a centre of trade and commerce many centuries before Rome was fashioned upon the banks of the Tiber.

At the time of the Moorish invasion of Spain, A. D. 710, three dialects prevailed in Spain—Catalonian, Gallego and Castilian. Of these three dialects, owing to the political fortunes of Castile, the Castilian tongue in time became the language of literary Spain, just as the dialect of Tuscany, through the genius of Dante became the literary language of Italy and the dialect of the Isle de France became the literary language of all France. The Catalonian dialect is practically the same as the Provençal language that obtains in the south of France and which in recent years has received such an impetus from the work of the Felilves, the most distinguished of whom was the poet Mistral.

The Gallego dialect which prevails to-day in Galicia is closely related to the Portuguese language, which by the way among all the Romance languages, most closely resembles the Latin tongue.

Of course the Moorish occupation of Spain for nearly eight hun-

dred years left its impress upon its civilization. It could not be otherwise. Many customs that prevail to-day among Spaniards may be traced back to not only the Moors, but even to the Visigoths, such for instance as that national pastime—the bull fight.

Spain is indeed a land of anomalies and contrasts—much more than any other country in Europe; and these contrasts are evident in the physical, intellectual and moral order. In nature in Spain there is a violent contrast. Just as Norway and Africa meet in the Spanish climate and Visigoths and Moors in the Spanish people, so Flanders and Venice meet in Spanish painting.

The dominant note in the Spanish temperament is undoubtedly character. Nowhere else in Europe have I found such individuality of character as in Spain. This it is in Spanish genius, too, that has given us the work of a St. Teresa, a St. Ignatius of Loyola, a Velasquez and a Cervantes, so individual and so supremely great. Spain politically reached the zenith of her power during the sixteenth century, but her golden age in literature fills the century from 1550 to 1650. At the time of the battle of Lepanto, which was fought in 1571, the Spanish soldiery on both land and sea was the finest in Europe.

Of course the beginning of Spain's greatness dates from the final expulsion of the Moors and the discovery of America by Columbus. Then by the time Charles I. became Emperor under the title of Charles V., Spain had already extended her arms in conquest over Naples and Sicily and the conquest of Mexico, Peru and Chile in the New World followed. Under Phillip II., towards the close of the sixteenth century the Spanish monarchy attained its greatest extent, including in its conquest the occupation of Portugal.

At the close of the fifteenth century, when Ferdinand and Isabella occupied the Spanish throne, while Spain was behind Italy in social and literary development, she was in advance of both England and France.

As regards Spanish influences upon Shakespeare, there is but little evidence of this in his plays. It is generally recognized, however, that the great dramatist was indebted to Spanish sources for the two characters of Proteus and Julia.

It should be noted too that religion, honor and knightly courtesy were the three centres upon which Spanish civilization revolved during the Middle Ages, and these three enter into the literature of the time. It was this period of Spanish life which gave us the greatest epic of the Middle Ages, "*El Cid Campeador*" or Lord Champion, (for the word "*Cid*" is derived from the Arabic word "*Said*," which means lord or conqueror).

Of course this Lord Champion of the Moors was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, who was born at Burgos in Northern Spain, 1026, and died at Valencia in 1100. He was a contemporary of William the Conqueror in England, and though an attempt was made during the eighteenth century to prove the "Cid" a mythical character, it has been settled beyond a doubt that Rodrigo Diaz de Bevar was the hero of Spain's great epic "El Romancero del Cid," and this fact will remain indisputable for all time. The remains of the great hero of the Cid were brought to San Pedro de Cardeña near Burgos, but after many vicissitudes were translated to the city hall of Burgos where they rest to-day.

There is perhaps no other country in Europe, save it be the late Empire of Austria, that is so diverse in its racial composition as Spain. There is little in common, either in ideals or language, between the people of Catalonia, Galicia, Basque, Castile and Andalusia. Yet Spain is a united kingdom. The Catalons with their genius for industry, their practical outlook and their race pride, would, it is true, like to set up independent housekeeping and have more than once indicated this to the rest of Spain.

But after all it was the Andalusian dreamer that led Spain in the foundation of her colonies. And to-day if you visit the Iberian Peninsula it is not Barcelona or Saragossa or Madrid or Burgos that hold your attention longest, it is the old Moorish and mediæval cities of Andalusia that open to you their glorious and dazzling past, filled with the memories and lustre of rulers, warriors, discoverers and artists.

I have already referred to Spain as a land of art, though it must be confessed that this art has been assimilative rather than creative. The great cathedrals of Spain were largely designed by foreign architects. It must be remembered too that Spain as a Christian State did not exist till about the middle of the thirteenth century, when Ferdinand III. united the crowns of Castile and Leon and won back from the Moors, Seville and Cordova.

A few churches in Spain before this time show an undeveloped type of Gothic, but it was not until the victories of Ferdinand III. made Spanish nationality possible and the coming into Spain of the Cistercian monks gave the necessary spiritual impulse that Gothic architecture, in any true sense appeared in Spain. The cathedrals of Burgos, Barcelona, Toledo and Leon show clearly the influence of French Gothic, though of course, they widely differ in detail from French precedents. Perhaps of all Spanish Gothic cathedrals, that of Burgos gives most evidence of French Gothic influence. Burgos too is usually regarded as the finest Gothic cathedral in Spain. Yet

it will be observed that in the Spanish Gothic cathedral there is a certain individuality that gives it a distinctiveness from that of any other school of Gothic. There is in both its exterior and interior a certain richness that reflects the artistic temper and taste of the Iberian people. The cathedral in Seville is a very noble pile. It is the largest of all Gothic churches and after St. Peter's at Rome, the largest church in Christendom. It is more than five hundred years since Seville Cathedral was planned. In 1401 the Chapter resolved to build a basilica "so magnificent that coming ages should call them mad." The cathedral was designed by foreign architects, possibly German, who took a century to complete the work.

In my visit to Seville, in the spring of 1913, I was accorded the privilege of seeing all the silver and gold vessels and the wealth of richly adorned vestments used in divine service in the cathedral. Within the dim and mystic aisles of this great cathedral repose too, the remains of the great New World discoverer, Christopher Columbus, after having been transferred successively from Valladolid, San Domingo and Havana to the chief city of Andalusia.

Touching Spanish literature and its golden era, it may be said that its glory centres chiefly around three names: Cervantes, Calderon and Lope de Vega. There is no doubt about it that the Spanish drama is a great drama and second to none other in the Christian world.

Lope de Vega is in many respects a greater poet than Calderon, but in grandeur of theological conception and metaphysical subtlety the latter—"the poet of Catholicism," is par excellence, superior to any dramatic poet of his age. Lope de Vega, however, surpasses Calderon in fertility of invention, in breadth of grasp and in simplicity and clearness of expression. Fernando de Herrera, who died in 1597, and Luis de Leon, who died in 1591, are generally regarded as the greatest lyric poets that Spain has ever produced. It should be here noted that Spanish drama does not recognize the great distinction of comedy and tragedy, but its peculiar divisions are the *comedias divinas* and *comedias humanas*. The former are divided into *Vidas de Santos* and *autos sacramentales*. There are three classes of *comedias humanas*: I. heroic or historical, II. pieces of cloak and sword, drawn from high life and full of the most complicated intrigue, III. *comedias de figuron* in which vain adventurers or ladies play the chief part.

It is interesting by the way to note that nearly every great Spanish author has been either a soldier or adventurer, at least as familiar with the pike as with the pen. Italian men of letters have often been keen politicians; Frenchmen of letters, brilliant men of the

world; English and American men of letters, good business or capable men of affairs, but nowhere except in Spain do we find the soldier supreme in letters.

A foolish and absurd idea obtains in some quarters—all Spanish achievement in letters belongs to the past. The fact is that Spanish literature and art to-day are quite the equal of that of any European country. Touching this point, Dr. Hubert M. Skinner—for many years the literary adviser of the American Book Company—who has made a close and sympathetic study of Spanish literature says: "It is an error to suppose that Spanish literature consists simply in the finished work of a by-gone age. New forms of literature are apt to have their origin in Spain. De Larra was the precursor of Washington Irving and George William Curtis. The opera practically began in Spain. The newspaper paragraph, the modern short story and the funny column are all of Spanish origin or suggestion. Spanish literature is full of the noblest sentiment of practical wisdom relating to all the affairs of life. The standard dramas abound in sentiments which might have been uttered by Washington or by Gladstone."

Another thing that struck me as I browsed in the bookstores of Seville and Madrid, when I visited Spain in the spring of 1913 was the great number of books I found translated from other languages into Spanish. It is true that on the whole Spaniards are not good linguists, but with the many translations made, Spanish scholars to-day can reach the best thought in the world of scholarship.

Touching Spanish literature, the late Coventry Patmore, in his "*Religio Poetae*" gives us this fine bit of characterization or rather revelation of the Spanish spirit in literature when discussing Juan Valera's novel "*Pepita Jimenez*:"

"Alike in Calderon and in this work of Juan Valera we find the complete synthesis of gravity of matter and gaiety of manner which is the glittering crown of art and which out of Spanish literature is to be found only in Shakespeare and even in him in a far less obvious degree. It is only in Spanish literature, with the one exception of Dante that religion and art are discovered to be not necessarily hostile powers; and it is in Spanish literature only and without exception that gaiety of life is made to appear as being not only compatible with, but the very flower of that root which in the best works of other literatures hides itself in the earth and only sends its concealed sap through stem and leaf of human duty and desire. The reason of this great and admirable singularity seems mainly to have been the singular aspect of most of the best Spanish minds towards

religion. With them religion has been, as it was meant to be, a human passion."

To the credit of English scholarship it has been one of the first to extend due appreciation to the genius of two great world authors—Dante and Cervantes.

As regards modern Spanish authors of to-day, Celtic Galicia has given us that wonderfully clever Spanish woman, Emilia Pardo Bazan. (It was in the age of Ossian, 200 B. C. that the Celts emigrated from Galicia into Ireland and to-day the women of Galicia and the women of Connaught and Munster wear identically the same kind of cloaks, revealing after centuries of separation, the same racial tastes and customs.)

Then we have Valera, Galdos and Ibañez. Benito Perez Galdos was born at Las Palmas, but spent the first eighteen years of his life in the Canary Islands. Vincente Blasco Ibañez is like the great Spanish portrait painter Sorolla, a Valencian by birth. His "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," recently published, is regarded as one of the greatest novels of the day.

Whoever has visited the Prado Art Museum in Madrid, the Seville Art Museum and the great Spanish churches has an idea what Spain has done for painting. The Prado is indeed what a writer has termed it, "a Congress of Masterpieces." There is nothing equal to it in Europe. The sixty-four Velasquezes alone would give it distinction. Then there are sixty-two Rubens, forty-six Murillos, fifty-three Teniers, forty-three Titians, thirty-four Tintovellos, twenty-five Veroneses, twenty-two Vandykes and ten Raphaels.

Measured by some of the fat kingdoms and one time empires of Europe, Spain it is true does not hold a first place, but her people possess many virtues that far excel those of the peoples of many other countries. Spain has not one-third of the number of murders, per capita, that some of the so-called most enlightened and most progressive countries of the world have, and she has absolutely no divorce, so that her family life is not disturbed or wrecked by dynamite under the hearthstone; and she has, too, of all countries in Europe, the highest birth rate and added to this the least number of suicides of any country in the world.

How does Spain stand educationally? Much better than she is represented by writers of the day. Though there is much room for advancement in this direction, the progress of education in Spain during the past two decades has been most marked. In a population of about twenty millions some 2,604,308 pupils attend school. According to the census of 1910 there were 48,750 in the secondary schools and in the eleven universities 32,683 students. The total

amount of money expended in Spain in 1918 on education and the fine arts was 76,758,479 pesetas or about \$15,351,295.

We would say "Beware of the statistics of illiteracy given out regarding Spain." Writers often take the figures of fifty or sixty years ago when educational conditions even in England, France and Germany were far from satisfactory and, using those figures, present to us the Spain of to-day. Let us not forget that the recent Federal report of education in the United States gave the number unable to read or write in the Republic as more than six millions. For the full fruitage of the new improved educational conditions in Spain we must wait for at least another generation if we would judge justly by the test of illiteracy.

Happily for Spain its ruler is a most wise and popular Sovereign to whom the Spanish people are deeply attached. His beautiful queen—perhaps the most beautiful in all Europe—has completely won the heart of the Spanish people. King Alphonso XIII. is a progressive and democratic Sovereign who has inherited all the bravery and diplomacy of his father, Don Alfonso XII. Little fear but that the land through which flow the Tagus and the Guadalquivir and which holds the storied memories of an ancient and illustrious past, sceptred by a wise sovereignty will in the future attain new glories and win new achievements.

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## COUNT LOUIS DE CLERMONT-TONNERRE.

(By the Comtesse de Courson.)

ONE of the tragic consequences of the late war is the number of valuable lives that were cut off, lives that, to our limited sight, seemed necessary to the future reorganization of France, lives of born leaders, whose past services were full of promise for the future. "God's ways are not ours," and we can only believe that from the "abiding city" where our dead soldiers are at peace, their prayers and influence may supply the need created by their absence and that their example may act as a stimulant on their countrymen. This is all the more important in the crisis that France has to face; still suffering from the effects of the war, she is called upon to meet social problems that are unusually delicate and difficult. Workers in this field of action are more rare than fighters on the field of battle.

Among the victims of the terrific conflict was an officer bearing one of the historic names of France, who young, wealthy, happily married, rich in the gifts of intelligence and eloquence, was generally considered as the rightful heir to Count Albert de Mun's social influence.

When at the outset of the war, Count de Mun's ready pen fell from his hand and his eloquent voice was silenced by death, those who best knew the value of his action exclaimed: "His successor will be, of course, Count Louis de Clermont-Tonnerre." The latter had already shown his keen interest in social questions; his ardent Catholicity, his love for the poor and the helpless, his ready influence over the working classes stamped him as a second Albert de Mun.

He belonged to an ancient race that came originally from "Dauphiné," but some of whose members settled in 1611 in Picardy, on an important estate, situated some miles from Amiens. The hero of this sketch was only five years old when his mother died; he had several brothers and sisters, with whom he spent his childhood in the country home that he loved; deeply rooted in his heart was a passionate attachment for the soil that was his very own and the flat plains of Picardy appealed strongly to him. "I am your brother," he once said addressing the peasants of la Beauce. "I am a son of the soil and an agriculturist . . . we have the same thoughts, hopes, fears and sorrows; I am your brother and you are mine."

When Clermont-Tonnerre thus claimed these ties of brotherhood with the peasants whose interests and welfare he had at heart, he was already a noted authority on social problems and had resolutely set his feet in the footsteps of Count Albert de Mun. However,

before embracing what seemed his real vocation, he gained experience in other fields.

After going through the usual course of studies appointed for French boys, at the Ecole Gerson, where an excellent and distinguished priest exercised a powerful influence over his religious and moral training, Clermont-Tonnerre went to the military school of St. Cyr, and came out as a cavalry officer. He spent eight years in the army and unconsciously thus prepared himself for the tragic years of the great war. To a nature like his: thoughtful, conscientious, filled with generous plans and hopes, imbued with the conviction that the gifts of intelligence, birth and wealth were to be used for others rather than enjoyed for self, these eight years of military life brought valuable experiences. He learnt the value of discipline, the use of responsibility, the habit of commanding others; yet his career as an officer was, on the whole, trying to an ardent spirit. There was, at that time, no prospect of war and daily monotony was relieved only by the petty vexations and miserable persecutions directed against Catholic officers by the anti-clerical Minister of War, General André. After eight years, Clermont-Tonnerre left the army as lieutenant, not from discouragement or disgust, but because, given the political State of France, he believed that he could more usefully serve his country as a civilian. He spent the next three years in travel, his vocation as a social worker had now dawned upon him and he realized that, by studying social conditions in America and Great Britain, he could more effectually prepare himself for a delicate and difficult task at home. On his return to France, he married and, during six years, he labored under the influence and direction of Count Albert de Mun for the moral welfare of the working men in great cities. At the same time, he kept faithful to his ideal of the duties of a country gentleman and at Bertangles, his place in Picardy, he created an agricultural syndicate, that brought him in touch with the peasants, whose welfare lay close to his heart.

At this time, he began to be known as an orator on social and economical subjects and those who heard him were immediately impressed by his real eloquence. Like M. de Mun, he was singularly distinguished in appearance, every inch a gentleman and a soldier. The eminent priest whose influence contributed to mould his character once wrote to him: "Your diction and gestures are perfect; your language belongs to the best tradition and your thoughts have an elevation and nobility that strike every one." When the war broke out and brought him other duties, Clermont-Tonnerre was on the way to become a remarkable public speaker: some of his ideas were still crude, his views needed maturing, but there were in him

magnificent promises of future excellence. The absolute disinterestedness of his social apostolate was another feature that carried weight: he cared passionately for the object he had in view, but nothing for his personal renown and he spoke as well and as willingly before a small audience as before a large assembly. Had Clermont-Tonnerre lived, he would certainly have written on the subjects that he had so deeply at heart and given a distinct shape to the theories that he expounded in his speeches, but, although there was not time for him to draw up a matured programme of the social reforms that he believed necessary, his leading ideas are clearly put forth in his discourses. . . . He was an earnest advocate of *work*; work appropriated to the social condition of the worker and he believed that no one had less right than a gentleman to be a useless member of society. Birth, wealth and education entailed the imperative duty of serving others. The traditions of his family went back to the ancient times when the medieval nobility of France played a considerable part in the formation of the nation, before the days when Louis XIV., by domesticating the great nobles at Versailles, ruined their influence in the country. But if his traditions of the service rendered by the nobles to the people went back to medieval times, he was none the less, by reason of his acute perception of contemporary exigences well in touch with the ideas and needs of the day and this combination of ancient traditionalism and up to date sympathies gave him weight and depth. He was a mystic too; to him labor was glorified by the divine law and though at its origin, it was imposed on fallen man as a chastisement, he believed that love of God and of one's neighbor sweetens the daily task. To organize labor on just lines was the supreme object of Clermont-Tonnerre's social studies. He detested State tyranny, and had some contempt for politics, but he promoted, as far as he was able, associations and syndicates that developed personal initiative and a common action for a well defined object. The agricultural syndicate founded by him at Bertangles, his home in Picardy, was an undoubted success. The village is a small one with only four hundred inhabitants. Clermont-Tonnerre was its "Maire" in 1909 and his first public act was to found an agricultural syndicate. New methods were introduced, better instruments were bought by the syndicate and the village that the ready charity of past Clermont-Tonnerre had failed to make prosperous, was taught by its "Maire" to use its own resources and in mutual union to find strength.

Clermont-Tonnerre believed that the French peasant represents the sanest portion of the nation, a sentiment that those who are closely acquainted with the countrymen of France will understand.

His ideal was the typical village, where the church and the chateâu, side by side and hand in hand, represent traditions of enlightened helpfulness, illuminated by religion.

In his public speeches, he expressed his views that the peasants of France were the strength and the rampart of the country, words that were curiously verified, when, a few months later, regiments, made up of peasant soldiers, successfully arrested the trained armies of Germany.

There was a singular charm about this social apostle, noble by birth and simple in manner, the holder of a historic name, who never renounced the best tradition of his race, but who claimed the right to serve the people in a spirit of brotherhood.

No wonder that he was looked upon as the most promising social leader of the future and that his growing influence was hailed with delight. When in August, 1914, the war broke out, he was less surprised than many others. He was then thirty-six years of age, happily married, the father of several children and much interested in his agricultural and social undertakings. He joined the brigade to which he was affected on August 2, after having been to Holy Communion in his village church and, in some brief notes, he alludes with delight to the dignified, united and patriotic attitude that is everywhere to be noticed. His first care was to get into touch with his men, he did so with the charm of manner that made him so universally beloved and, on this occasion, he writes that the task was a pleasant one: "because it prolongs through the war the social work to which I devoted myself in times of peace." He had a gift for winning the men's confidence. A railway servant, soured by misery, who openly professed atheism, wrote to him after hearing him speak at Boges and told him, how under the pressure of unusual trials, he had lost faith in God and man. Clermont-Tonnerre answered the letter and a regular correspondence was established between the two: "You draw our hearts to you by your charming simplicity," writes the free thinker . . . "to meet hearts like yours is a powerful encouragement that words cannot describe. . . . I no longer am alone!" This method he applied to his soldiers; his previous experiences served him well and as a matter of course he became not merely their leader, but also their confidant and counsellor in matters great and small. He took part in the first battle of the Marne and was at that moment stationed with his brigade not far from the spot where, four years later, he was killed. His experience as a soldier and his gifts as a leader were invaluable in those early days, where a defective organization, the lack of munitions and the men's ignorance of the new methods of war made resistance difficult. His

brigade was next sent to Belgium, where he remained eighteen months at Nieuport; here his men held an important post at the head of a bridge; here too Clermont-Tonnerre's activity and initiative earned for him the honor of a "citation." Then followed a dreary period of partial engagements, some of which were distinctly unfavorable to the Allies, months of life in the trenches, where there was some danger, much suffering and, above all, a test of endurance of which the impressionable Latins were thought incapable. Clermont-Tonnerre, whose biographer, M. Gillet, was his comrade, tells us that he was keenly alive to the errors that made the final victory more difficult, though of that victory itself he never doubted for a single minute. He was at that moment, 1916, a staff officer, but, after endless negotiations and long waiting, he carried his point: he was named captain in a marching regiment, the Fourth Zouaves, and appointed to join his men at Verdun. Once Clermont-Tonnerre wrote that the man who does *more* than "his duty alone deserves praise." At the beginning of the war, he was content to accept the post to which he was appointed. His life was full of valuable interests, a career of great usefulness lay before him, he only aspired to resume it when the war was over. As a staff officer, he did more than his duty, because it was a necessity with him to spend himself on others, but, as time went on, even this did not satisfy him and in a letter to his father, he gives the reasons that prompted him to solicit a post in a marching regiment: "1 It will bring me great enjoyment. You do not know what it is to command two hundred of these lads. 2 It is necessary to secure my future influence. 3 At the present moment, all the civilians, who are in the army—doctors, interpreters, politicians, etc., are decorated, mentioned in despatches, etc. . . . One advantage is left to me: that of a gentleman who bravely risks his life as his ancestors have done for the last eight centuries. . . . I have absolute confidence in the future. If I fall, I trust in God who will receive me and who will take care of you, of T. and of my little ones. All this is very plain and simple; thousands of soldiers and officers think as I do. . . . If you find my argument hard to accept, you must blame yourself for having taught me the passions of our name and traditions."

And when he was named to the zouaves, he wrote again: "I have not acted from pride and selfishness. I have made the gesture (*fait le geste*) that in our times of selfishness and meanness, a man of my blood, my age and my faith could not avoid. Pray and have confidence as I pray and trust."

Thus deliberately, in answer to a secret and imperative call to do *more* than his duty this man, to whom life was sweet, entered the

narrow path of heroism. To a friend he wrote his delight to know that henceforth: "I shall fight among the sons of our soil. This is my joy; I shall thus share their lives completely and be one of them."

Clermont-Tonnerre's new regiment was essentially a fighting regiment and when he joined it on June 6, 1916, it was posted close to Verdun where the battle was raging. The company that he was to command, the Thirteenth, occupied a particularly dangerous post; he immediately, on arriving, took his men in hand; he insisted on visiting each one and his calmness, capacity and personal interest won their hearts. From that moment, he became their idol. This famous regiment followed Mangin's fortunes, the spirit of the zouaves was well known and the general, a splendid fighter, felt that he could rely on them whatever happened.

Clermont-Tonnerre was never happier than during these tragic months. Originally recruited in Africa, the zouaves in 1916 had already a large proportion of French born soldiers; indeed all the provinces of France were represented in the regiment and with his past experiences to help him, the captain of the Thirteenth Company knew how to speak to each man in the right way. He remembered their personal history and their difficulties, he was their friend without losing caste. The French soldiers soon cease to respect the well born "comrade," who forgets his rank and birth and what they entail; it is typical of the peasant mentality that the zouaves were proud of their captain's blue blood, of his distinction, aristocratic bearing and manners. An officer reports that when asked about their company they answered with honest pride: "We belong to Clermont-Tonnerre."

They never ceased when encouraged to do so, to describe his gallant bearing when in October, General Mangin assumed the offensive at Druaumont. On the morning of the twenty-fourth of October, at 11.40 the signal for the attack was given. At an earlier hour, many zouaves, their captain at their head, went to Holy Communion; five minutes before the attack, Clermont-Tonnerre leaped from his trench, outside his uniform he had pinned a medal of Our Lady, in one hand he held his revolver, in the other a stick. He spoke only a few words: "I count on you, count on me." To his biographer and friend, M. Gillet, he afterwards described his emotion when the huge human wave, made up of many regiments, spread out before him and quietly pressed forward, and again when, turning back, he saw 165 pair of eyes fixed upon him: "Never," he added, "shall I live a minute equal to that one." It was in the evening of the same day, when the zouaves fought splendidly and in their pursuit of the retreating Germans, made 1,600 prisoners that a German officer thus addressed

Clermont-Tonnerre: "Your zouaves are the finest soldiers I have ever seen. One may be proud to command troops such as these."

In the following spring, the zouaves were at the Chemin des Dames, wherr the battalion commanded by Clermont-Tonnerre was publicly complimented by General de Franchet d'Esperey. Its commander seemed to those who knew him best somewhat weary and grave, but he was neither bitter nor discouraged. "He never," says M. Gillet "seemed to me so great as at that moment. He had reached the summit of serenity and detachment." He continued to prove himself a first rate leader; being promoted to be "commandant," his responsibilities had increased and his influence had extended. He used it to good purpose during the anxious spring of 1917, when a spirit of discontent, encouraged by mysterious agencies, spread in the French army. Guarded by their commander, the zouaves never yielded to these unwholesome influences. In October, the regiment was at la Malmaison, in Champagne, a particularly exposed post. Clermont-Tonnerre's note books, written at this juncture, is typical of the man. There is no attempt at fine descriptions, but the artist is revealed as well as the soldier; between two sharp engagements, he notes that he has heard Mass, that the russet oak trees in blue distances in the morning light, are a delight; the fantastic effect of a ruined fort by moonlight interests him and the death of a comrade, however humble, stirs his sympathy. At la Malmaison he suffered from the noxious gasses and he was, soon afterwards, obliged to take some weeks' leave; but he never ceased to think of his zouaves and he was impatient to return to them. He did so in January, 1918, and his letters are full of admiration for his men. "They are wonderful. It is impossible to say what they endure, what they do and what they are worth . . . our soldier is miraculous. I live very close to him and am tempted to kneel down before him."

In the spring of 1918 came the sudden and supreme attack that was a surprise to many. Clermont-Tonnerre and his men were brought from Champagne to the Somme, where the peril was greatest. "I am perfectly calm. I went to Mass early and prayed to be ready," he wrote. The colonel being absent, Clermont-Tonnerre replaced him and, with his usual competence, took all the measures commanded by circumstances. One who approached him noticed that he was as usual serene and smiling. He knew, better than his men, what the danger was, but to the chaplain of the regiment, he said: "I have faith in the final success, whatever may be the ups and downs of the battle. If our conscience is at peace and we are ready to die, the Boche need not frighten us."

On Saturday, March 30, the eve of Easter, the enemy made a

furious attack on the line Orvillers-Sarel, where the zouaves were posted. Their last vision of Clermont-Tonnerre was that of a magnificent chief, leading his men forward. "Hold firm," he cried, "keep on," and the zouave who described the scene added: "He was superb, what a man and what a chief!" Then, in the heat and smoke of the terrific engagement, he disappeared; that night, his men missed him, but they still hoped that he was only wounded and had been removed to an ambulance. A few hours later, his body was found. He lay on the battle field close to a wounded comrade, who lived long enough to report that the Commandant de Clermont-Tonnerre had been killed by a shell and had died on the spot.

That same evening a zouave carrying a rough linen bag, reported himself at the headquarters of the brigade. "Mon Colonel," he said, "here are the relics of the Commander de Clermont-Tonnerre." The man's words, his tone, where veneration mingled with pride, expressed what all present felt that "death after a life like his was only the supreme consecration of heroism and holiness."\*

The dead soldier often said that he wished to "die like a Christian." When his body was recovered, the features were calm and unharmed by the shells, the left hand and the legs terribly shattered and the right hand was stiffened in a gesture typical of Clermont-Tonnerre's beliefs. He had always, on going to battle, made the sign of the Cross and death had come when his hand was half raised to his brow.

In the stress and difficulty that accompany the readjustment of social conditions after the great upheaval his loss is keenly felt by those who are, as he was, interested in social problems. He possessed the Christian virtues of faith and of self-sacrifice to the good of others and, in addition, the gifts of intelligence, eloquence and charm. To these were added a practical knowledge of the working classes, and a happy and rare combination of respect for tradition with a keen perception of modern requirements.

The simple phrase: "God knows best" seems the only answer to the haunting problem of useful lives cut off in their prime, of empty places so hard to fill!

BARBARA DE COURSON.

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\*Un type d'officier français: Louis de Clermont-Tonnerre, commandant de zouaves, par Louis Gillet, 1919.

## DR. KUNZE ON THE ORIGIN OF THE CREED.

“**T**HE Apostles’ Creed and the New Testament” is the title of Dr. Kunze’s book. The authorized English translation is by George William Gilmore. In a preface, the latter tells us that Dr. Kunze received his education at the Universities of Leipsic and Erlangen. He went as professor to the University of Vienna in 1903, and was called thence in 1905 to the Chair of Doctrinal and Practical Theology in the University of Griefswald. His standing as a scholar is therefore of the highest.

Professor Kunze has written several treatises on the history of the Creed. The present work, which first appeared in English some six years ago, on the eve of the great war that so absorbed the minds and energies of men, is a study in origins. It is peculiarly noteworthy. Adhering, as it does strictly, to the method of historical criticism, it yet traces the Creed, in the primitive form as represented by “R” (the Old Roman Creed), back to pre-Pauline times. I say in this it is remarkable. Kattenbusch does not see his way to go back with the Creed beyond the end of the first century, while Harnack stops short of this date by half a hundred years. But once you conclude, as Dr. Kunze does, for the Judean origin of the Creed, as against the Roman, there is no stopping short of what our author calls “the primitive apostolic congregation.” This, of course, can only mean the Twelve Apostles, for it is they who were commissioned to teach and to baptize, and therefore to draw up the baptismal confession of faith. Thus, the ancient and universal tradition of the Catholic Church regarding the origin of her Creed, which the school of historical criticism began by impugning, has now been implicitly accepted as true by the latest representative spokesman of that school.

Our author traces the Creed in Cyprian, Tertullian, and Irenaeus, to the middle of the second century. Then he infers that it is “as a whole pre-Gnostic, older than the Gnostic-Marcionitic crisis, therefore also pre-Catholic” (p. 88). This inference, borne out by several considerations which need not be rehearsed here, is also justified by the fact that the primitive Creed lacks the addition “Catholic” as a designation of “holy Church,” seeing that the Church was so known as early as the beginning of the second century. From this is but a step to “the first decade of the mission to the heathen,” and therefore to pre-Pauline times (1 Cor. 15). Kattenbusch is quoted as affirming that the Symbol arose in a Christian congregation which “regarded itself as the real Messianic congregation and measured itself primarily by the synagogue;” also, that it “corresponds to the

preaching which was employed in the missionary work as shown in the Acts." While this cannot well be reconciled with Kattenbusch's own theory of the Roman origin of the Creed at the dawn of the second century, Dr. Kunze rightly feels that it is no concern of his if it cannot (p. 123). He concludes that "the Creed is not a Pauline creation, but is pre-Pauline" (p. 124).

Among the evidences in the writings of St. Paul that he knew of a Creed, or baptismal confession of faith, drawn up independently of himself by the other Apostles, is one, and that undoubtedly the most convincing, which Dr. Kunze, strangely enough, overlooks. It is in the Epistle to the Romans, chapter sixth, where the Apostle thanks God that "whereas they were at one time servants of sin, they gave adhesion from their hearts to the outline of teaching (or norm of doctrine, or rule of faith), which was delivered to them" (v. 17) on the day of their baptism. In other words, they were washed from their sins in baptism, after having made "confession unto salvation" (10:10) in terms of the apostolic rule of faith. St. Paul, be it remembered, had not as yet set foot in Rome, when he wrote this letter (Ib. 1: 10-13). The Romans had received the faith independently of him. Yet he is certain that there had been delivered to them an apostolic norm of teaching to which they gave the obedience of faith on the day of their baptism. How certain? How but that he knew the entrance into Christianity to be connected, as in his own case, so in that of the Romans, with a confession of faith as well as with baptism.

That this baptismal confession of faith was what we know to-day as the Old Roman Creed, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. We have as surety the fact that the Creed existed and was used as a profession of faith at baptism in Rome during the century following. We have the further fact, attested by Rufinus, that, whereas in other places, as in Aquileia itself, changes occurred in the wording of the Creed, the Romans never suffered anything to be taken from or added to it. Much less would they have suffered this to be done in the earlier time, when the memory of apostolic teaching was still fresh among them. We have, in addition to this, the constant tradition of the Roman Church herself, which, jealous as she ever was of her prerogatives and alert in the defence of them, never laid claim to the authorship of the Creed, but, on the contrary, always proclaimed it to be the work of the Twelve Apostles. Lastly, we have the witness of Tertullian, who tells us that the Roman Church "learned" her Creed; did not, therefore, compose it.\*

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\*A detailed treatment of this whole subject will be found in "The Symbol in the New Testament" (Religious Questions of the Day, Vol. II.), by the present writer.

The passage in which the great African polemicist bears this testimony must be quoted here :

"Videamus quid didicerit, quid docuerit, cum Africanis quoque ecclesiis contesseravit. Unum Deum novit, creatorem universitatis, et Christum Jesum ex Maria Virgine, filium Dei creatoris, et carnis resurrectionem."

There are variant readings, but the foregoing appears to be the true one. Migne has "contesserarit," but "cum" temporal is not followed by the subjunctive except in the imperfect and pluperfect tenses. Another reading, given by the Anglican Burns in his book on the Creed, has "quid cum Africanis quoque ecclesiis contesseravit," where the last word should be in the subjunctive, as being the verb of a dependent clause, coördinate with the two preceding clauses.

Dr. Kunze translates the passage (so, at any rate, it runs in the English translation from the German original) :

"Let us see what it (i. e., the Roman Church) has learned, what it has taught, also what it, with the African Churches, has put forth as the distinctive marks. It recognizes one God, the Creator of all, and Christ Jesus (born) of the Virgin Mary, Son of God the Creator, and the resurrection of the flesh."

The latter of the two sentences is a word for word rendering, and certainly correct. The former is a faulty translation. Tertullian is speaking of something that happened in a past period of time when he says the Roman Church "learned" her Creed. The context shows this clearly. "He wants to prove," to quote Dr. Kunze's own words, "how churches which, like the Carthaginian,<sup>1</sup> could not claim for themselves apostolic origin could prove the apostolicity of the doctrine advocated by them or of the rule of faith. This came about simply by the fact that they were in accord with the really Apostolic churches" (p. 65). So he proves the apostolicity of the doctrine and creed of the Church of Carthage by pointing out her filial relation with the Mother Church of Rome, into which the Apostles, as he so strongly words it, "poured all their doctrine with their blood." Therefore we are to understand him to say that the Roman Church first got or "learned" from the Apostles what she afterwards "taught, when she gave the symbol of fellowship in the faith to the Churches of Africa also." What was this? What but "the outline of teaching," or rule of faith, ever known as the Symbol of the Apostles, or Apostles' Creed, which St. Paul called to the minds of the Roman Catholics of his day, and which Tertullian sums up for us, giving the first, second and last articles. It is true that we can only guess at the exact meaning of "contesseravit," which Tertullian coins from

"tessera," another word for "symbol," or distinctive mark. But the fact that he answers his own question by summarizing the Creed, goes to show that "giving the symbol of fellowship in the faith" is at least much nearer the true meaning than "putting forth as the distinctive marks."

We have thus the testimony of St. Paul that the first Roman converts made their profession of faith at baptism in terms of an apostolic "outline of teaching;" and the testimony of Tertullian, before the close of the following century, that the Roman Church "learned" from the Apostles her baptismal confession of faith. In the mouth of two such witnesses we are content to let the truth stand.

It remains but to cite the passage in which Dr. Kunze supports his own contention that the Creed is pre-Pauline with the brilliant discovery (it may well so be termed) of a Catholic scholar:

"This view is expressly recommended by a single item in the symbol—the noteworthy time mark in the words 'under Pontius Pilate.' An interesting study of this passage was published in 1895 by the Roman Catholic scholar, Morawski, in the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*, pp. 91, ff; and if Kattenbusch had known of it, he would certainly not have said: 'This mark of time is after the Roman method of thought. One living in Palestine would have thought sooner of King Herod than of a temporary governor.' Against this Morawski shows that the phrase, 'under Pontius Pilate,' means simply that our *Credo* arose, not in the metropolis of the Roman empire, but in the province of Judea. It is very natural that any one writing in the province should refer rather to the name of the governor in fixing a date than to the emperor, for the former is better known to the reader in a place. An author in the metropolis would not have that view of things.' (p. 94). And he thinks that a conclusion may be drawn from the words with reference not merely to the place, but also to the time of its origin. It is deducible from this that the author of the symbol regarded the whole affair as something provincial which preëminently concerned his countrymen. He considers the conclusion justified that a formula of faith which placed the death of Jesus Christ under Pontius Pilate could not have arisen first after the spread of Christianity in the Roman Empire, but in the period when the horizon of those who made the *Credo* was still limited by the Judean highlands.'"

It is astonishing that Kattenbusch should have committed himself to the statement contained in the last sentence of the words quoted from him above. One living in Jerusalem, in the province of Judea, would naturally think of the man who had the power of life and

death in that city and province, when telling of the things that came to pass there "concerning Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet, mighty in work and word before God and all the people" (Luke 24: 19). Now this was Pontius Pilate, not Herod, the tetrarch of Galilee, who just happened to be in Jerusalem at the time, and had no jurisdiction there.

I may add that Dr. Kunze would have found the key to the solution of many difficulties in the Discipline of the Secret, which<sup>1</sup> compassed the Creed about during the first four centuries, and of which he appears to know not anything.

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## THE VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF ARIZONA FORTY YEARS AGO.

IN SOME of my former articles, in this REVIEW, I endeavored to give an account, though brief and inadequate, of the foundation of the Jesuit and Franciscan missions in what was, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Mexican province of Sonora, but which is now divided into the States of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Texas, etc., of the great North American Republic. In the articles above referred to I dwelt upon the sufferings, hardships and even the martyrdom, of the zealous padres of those days. It is my purpose, in this paper, to deal with the development of some of these missions in more recent times. I have listened with wrapt attention and the deepest interest to incidents related to me by Monsignor Machebouef, Monsignor Lamy, Monsignor Salpointe, Very Rev. Father Journeau and other devoted souls, about their experiences among the Mexicans, the Indians and the scattered English-speaking Catholics who settled in New Mexico and Arizona during the early part of the last century, and I shall try to recall some of the things they told me. These things, however, have been occupying cold-storage cells in my brain for some years (out of reach of even the fanatical Prohibitionist of to-day) and may be a little impaired by age, but I shall try to brush them up, where possible, by more recent research.

In the first place, let us take a glance at the conditions, no further back than 1821, the year when Mexico, separated from the mother country, became an independent Republic (?) and began that series of continuous revolutions which are still in full operation to-day, and which are likely to continue *in sæcula sæculorum*.

This period, so fecund in revolutions which have proved fatal to the aborigine, by depriving him of the ministrations of the missionaries who had for two hundred years labored to lift him out of the darkness of paganism and barbarism into the light of Christian civilization.

The missions established along the frontiers of the new Republic, remote from populous centres, attended by resident priests, were almost constantly exposed, and without defense, to the continual attacks of their terrible enemies, the Apaches.

After the expulsion of the Franciscan Fathers by the bankrupt Masonic Government of Mexico, the greater part of the missions were obliged to depend for their spiritual wants on the few priests who were sent out from time to time to minister to them. These visits, however, were few and far between, and, not infrequently,

the long distances and the constant danger of attacks from the Apaches made them perilous, indeed, and very difficult. Nor was this all. It was not long before even the old mission-houses, built with so much sacrifice by the early missionaries, began to disappear, together with the fruits of their arduous labors.

In 1859 the territory of Arizona was, by a decree of Pius IX., made part of the Diocese of Santa Fé, New Mexico, and during the same year the Right Rev. Jean B. Lamy, D. D., took formal possession of his new charge through a partial visitation of the region by his Vicar General, the Very Rev. J. P. Machebœuf, who later on became Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, and finally Bishop of Denver. A more thorough visitation was made in the spring of 1864.

The only church left standing at this time was San Xavier del Bac, near which some one hundred families of Papagos, a remnant of a once numerous tribe that inhabited this region. They still lingered around their beloved church and delighted in welcoming the "black gown" whenever Providence brought him among them. To these may be added the Pimas of the Gila and fragments of other tribes inhabiting the vicinity. Besides these there were a few Mexican families and a small number of English-speaking people. The total of this population did not exceed 1,500 souls, and this throughout the entire territory.

The good Bishop was deeply interested in this portion of his flock, and was loath to leave them without the religious instruction they so much needed, and he made great sacrifices in order to supply them with a resident priest.

But the good Bishop of Santa Fé, never over robust, found the burden of responsibility laid upon him too heavy for him to bear and he sought relief in petitioning Rome for a division of his vast diocese. This was done in 1868, when, by a decree of Pope Pius IX., the Vicariates Apostolic of Colorado and Arizona were erected.

The year 1866 marked the beginning of a steady and rapid increase in the population of Arizona. The troubles in Mexico drove across the frontier many of its people who did not wish to take part in the revolutions which devastated their country. The territory, therefore, began to be explored in the search for suitable homes; new settlements were soon founded and the means of communication between different localities were established, but not without dangers, because of the continued hostility of the Apaches.

The need of churches now became seriously felt in many places. The then little town of Tucson was the first to be blessed with a "maison de prière." The Church of St. Augustine, commenced

in 1862, was not finished till 1868; labor was slow and difficult in those days.

But the start had been made, and churches were soon erected in the vicariate, at Yuma, Florence, Silver City, La Mesa and Tularosa, while chapels sprang up at San Lorenzo, San Isidoro, Santo Tomas, San Miguel, Nuestra Señora de la Luz, etc. Although nearly all the Bishops and missionaries in that region and in that day were Frenchmen or Belgians, they all spoke both English and Spanish, and some of them had a working knowledge of some of the Indian languages of the localities in which they labored.

The number of missions in Arizona increased to such an extent that in 1878 there were missions established in El Paso, Grant and Mesilla Valley Counties. Institutions conducted by religious communities began to appear, showing that the cause of education was not forgotten or neglected in the vicariate. The Sisters of Loretto settled at Las Cruces in December, 1869, and this foundation became, in time, the novitiate of the community. The Sisters of St. Joseph established themselves at Tucson in September, 1876.

It was not long before these two communities had under their care three boarding schools for girls and three parochial schools in the vicariate: Tucson, Yuma and Las Cruces. These were soon followed by two more houses, opened by the Sisters of St. Joseph, one at Elizario and the other at Isleta, in El Paso County. In addition to all this Tucson had a parochial school for boys taught by three laymen. These schools gave instruction to over five hundred pupils, a goodly number when we consider time, place and conditions. We may add that this impetus and progress in Catholic education is largely due to the efforts of the Sisters provided for the vicariate by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The population of the vicariate was estimated in 1878 at 38,000 souls; of these 20,000, exclusive of the Indians, were Catholics. The present Catholic population of what is now the Diocese of Tucson is set down as 50,000 souls; this after the cutting off of parts of the vicariate for the formation of new adjacent dioceses.

The principal tribes residing in the territory at the time we are now describing were the Apaches, the Papagos, the Pimas and Maricopas, the Yumas and Mohaves, the Yuvapai and Moguis. Although the number composing these tribes is not accurately fixed, it may be safely set down at some 20,000.

Among all these tribes the Papagos were the only ones among whom the Catholic missionary was allowed to work by the bigoted

Grant administration, then in power. The other tribes, regardless of their religious predilections, were handed over to the care of the Protestant ministers. It will be remembered, as I stated in a former article, that the Papagos were converted to Christianity in 1690 by the celebrated Jesuit missionary, Father Kino, who also ministered to the Pimas and Maricopas before the advent of the Franciscans. Yet President Grant and his devoted agents took no account of all this. To them "one religion was as good as another," provided, of course, that "other" was not the Catholic religion. The tribes allotted to the sects were supposed to be Protestants, but, in reality, they continued to be what they had been, if anything worse than they had been, because of their contact with unprincipled white men.

The disastrous results of the so-called paternal policy of the Grant administration in dealing with the aborigine became very evident to the inhabitants of the region and was freely admitted, even by the Government agents in their official reports. It became still more difficult for the Catholic missionary to carry on the work of conversion, if the day ever came when he would be permitted to resume his holy task without hindrance, and that hindrance in violation of the Constitution of the land. The Indians of none of the tribes, be it noted, were indifferent to the appeals of the "black gown," as was evident whenever he met them, and this feeling was found to exist among the Apaches, the most rebellious of all the tribes.

One of the mission Fathers visited the tribe, not in his official capacity, but as the friend of a Catholic officer who was commandant of the garrison charged with the supervision of these Indians. Mass was celebrated in the fort for the men and, occasionally, the Apaches attended out of mere curiosity. A few months passed in this way and the priest and the officer lost no opportunity for instructing the Indians, through an interpreter, in the principal mysteries of the faith. That these instructions met with favor was often evinced by the exclamations of the Indians, such as "Dioch injou,"—"God good." An old Apache chief one day said to the priest: "It would be a good thing for us if you could stay with us; you could pray to God to avert all danger and disease from us and your presence among our people would make us happy, because it would secure peace for us."

But the too frequent presence of the "black gown" might have disturbed the conscience of some "enlightened" persons and perhaps have compromised the commandant of the fort, so it was deemed prudent to defer the work of conversion until a more propitious occasion, when the Indian would be permitted to choose

his own form of Christian worship. It seems strange that such a question should come up in a free country, but when the Divine Founder of Christianity was persecuted and hampered, it is not for His followers to complain. Indeed, they rather invite it. "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you and say all manner of things falsely about you for My sake."

It may not be amiss to recall the fact that these Indians are the descendants of the aborigines of the New World. The names of some of their tribes, the various languages and dialects they speak, and certain manners and customs preserved among them, are, as we have shown in a former article, strikingly similar to the language and history of the Hebrews. This has given rise to the supposition, not without some probability, that their ancestors were of Asiatic origin. The Indian people of Arizona may be divided into two great classes—the *Mansos*, or tame, peaceful, and the *Broncos*, or wild and savage.

Among the *Mansos* some are Catholics and others have never known the true faith, or having known it, have lost it because of the forlorn condition into which they relapsed after the suppression of their Christian schools, the expulsion of their teachers and spiritual guides and the destruction of their missions. We may realize their loss and the condition to which these poor Indians were reduced when we consider the condition to which Christian education will be reduced by the passage of the Smith education bill. Is not our country pagan enough and lawless enough already? Is it desired that we all become Apaches, instead of our converting the Apaches? Is the Catholic Church, the only and the strongest bulwark against irreligion, to be suppressed or hampered by law? Vain delusion; she is the "milk-white hind, though doomed to death, yet fated not to die." Against her "the gates of hell *non prevalebit*."

But let us get back to Arizona. Quite a number of the Catholic *Mansos* may still be found in New Mexico, but few are to be seen in Arizona except the scattered remnants to be seen at Isleta and Secona. Their manners and customs have become very much like those of the Mexicans of the border with whom they associate. They till the soil like the white man and they have adopted his mode of life, his dress and house-building. These Indians have preserved only one of their ancient customs, a very original dance formerly performed on their feast days, and called, in their language, *mata-chines*. In the olden times this dance was not merely a profane amusement, but was also a religious ceremony which was enacted in their holy places. Since the simplicity of these bygone days has disappeared, the ceremony having lost its primitive character, the

French missionaries have forbidden its performance near the church.

Monseigneur Peter Bourgade, one time Vicar Apostolic of Arizona and later on Archbishop of Santa Fé, and a zealous worker among the Indians, in a report of the vicariate, gives us many interesting details. Among other things he tells us that as a rule the Indians made good Catholics and were devotedly attached to their pastors. They spoke Spanish as well as their own language, except the few who had entirely lost their mother tongue by constant association with the Mexicans. The non-Catholic Mansos, Monseigneur Bourgade tells us, are numerous in Arizona. The different tribes of this family are the Papagos, the Pimas, the Maricopas, the Yumas and the Chamauevos. They have given up their normal mode of living for some time past and are content to live in peace with civilized people. The trades, commerce and agriculture are quite common among them. The women engage in the manufacture of pottery, which finds extensive and ready sale in that region, while the men find employment in dressing the skins of the animals they kill in their hunting expeditions; they cultivate the soil where they find it most fertile and most easily worked.

The United States Government encourages the Indians by giving them land grants, which it guarantees to them against unscrupulous agents and speculators; it exempts them from taxation, and annually distributes among them gratifications in the shape of tools, agricultural implements, seeds, clothing and other useful articles. In some cases agents have been known to purchase back some of these things, paying for them half their value in "firewater." For the protection of the Indians the Government forbids under severe penalties the sale of intoxicating spirits to the Indians within the limits of the territory. But—well, we know how such a law works here under the new Prohibition regulations. The Indians of this region, once brought under subjection, readily adapt themselves to the usages of social life; quarrels are rare among them, and they are always ready to help one another. If they take up the bow and arrow it is only to be used in the chase, which they enjoy exceedingly and which furnishes them with a goodly part of their food. True to their savage nature, they are very proud of their long hair, but they take delight in dress and like to live in houses like their white neighbors.

The Papagos differ from the other tribes by being a little more advanced in civilization and a closer compliance with the manners and customs of the whites. They have given up wearing long hair, decorated with brass buttons, eagles' feathers, squirrels' claws and other "jewels" of this kind which they have always regarded as in-

dispensable. They cover their heads after the manner of the Mexicans; this is in a measure because their ancestors, some generations back, were all Catholics, and the missionaries had taught them to wear short hair to distinguish them from their pagan brothers. Their very name owes its origin to that custom adopted by the Christians, as the word Papago means "cropped." All the Manso Indians, even the non-Catholic ones, are, as their name implies, very gentle, as they are in almost constant intercourse with the whites.

Their ideas of religion have been narrated by Bishop Salpointe somewhat as follows: "The Indians look for the return of Montezuma, and that he will then be accompanied by the Sun, who is closely related to him. Some of these tribes are sun-worshippers. Among their rites is one which requires the keeping of a fire constantly burning, all winter, in a deep cavern called the *estafa*. The guardian who is to tend and watch over this fire is selected, by turns, from the men of the tribe, and he is condemned to live in the *estafa* for several months. This is regarded as a sacred function, and all communication with this man is strictly forbidden. The good Bishop tells us that he asked one of the Indians what this ceremony meant. The Indian naively replied that he was surprised at being asked such a question. Was it not clearly evident that if the sun were neglected during the cold season it would soon lose its heat, become languid and fall, and this would bring about the end of the world? Hence, it was necessary to help the sun with the heat of the fire. He added that he, too, regarded the sun as a sort of relative, inasmuch as the sun was the offspring of an Indian father and an Indian mother, and consequently he and the sun were brothers."

It is notable that many of the tribes were more or less idolatrous, and it is also probable that many of their religious practices have fallen into disuse since the advent of the whites, whose presence has interfered with their freedom of action. They still, however, preserve many of their superstitions; there is still in each tribe some *sahurin* or fakir, who claims to be able to communicate with animals and to learn from them what is hidden in the future, and the Indians are careful to consult with them before engaging in anything of importance. Next to the *sahurin* comes the "medicine man." He is not a wise man, but in default of wisdom he has good legs and strong lungs. He shouts lustily and runs and gambols around the abode of the sick man to relieve him of his pain. If he succeeds, he has only to blow his breath upon the patient and he is cured immediately. Unfortunately the disease sometimes outstrips the antics of the medicine man and the patient wends his way to the happy hunting grounds.

At Yuma, a town composed of Mexicans and Americans and situated near the tribe from which it derives its name, Monseigneur Salpointe had frequent opportunities to see these Indians and to observe their manners. They came to the town to sell their peltry and to provide themselves with the necessities of life. Sometimes, attracted by curiosity, they peer through the windows of the church while Mass is going on, they attend funerals, and in their admiration for the colors of the vestments they call the priest "captain." This *naïveté* led them, at times, to visit the abode of the missionary. They would come in groups of three or four, their only garment being a short coat fastened with a belt. They would, without ceremony, occupy the chairs or throw themselves upon the floor, smoking a cigarette which they passed from one to another after the manner of a pipe of peace. When the missionary became tired of their visit he had only to give them a small coin, a little tobacco, and, if it happened to be cold weather, an old pair of trousers. Unfortunately these poor creatures were easily corrupted by their intercourse with the whites. In spite of the law forbidding the use of intoxicating liquors, they found their way into the cabins of the Indians in no small quantities, either. Nothing is more saddening than the sight of these unfortunates under the influence of this firewater. Even the women indulge in its pernicious use, and when under its influence, what was never seen before, they parade the streets, pull out one another's hair and fill the air with the noise of their brawls. These Indians, so gentle when sober, become almost ferocious when drunk.

In addition to the gratification granted the Indians the United States Government engaged to provide them with schools, but because of the obstacles which presented themselves at the beginning and the delays occasioned by the Indian agents, the entire school system was slow in its realization. Some few schools were opened, it is true, but the projected number remained in the prospective, and the first steps taken in that direction produced results far below what was expected. A field so unattractive and yet so important required something more than the greed of gain or mere philanthropy. It needed the devotion inspired by charity as well as the spirit of sacrifice. The only school that was attended with any satisfactory results was one founded by Bishop Salpointe with the aid of the Government. The Indians were instructed in their duty to God and to the "powers that are ordained of God." The cause of the unfortunate condition of things attending the opening and carrying on of the projected schools and other improvements "pro-

jected," is to be found in that source of all our national woes—politics—corrupt, money-grabbing politics.

In this case it was the scheme of the Grant administration to pacify, humanize and civilize the aborigine without the moral influences of religion, and the Catholic religion in particular. Everything was made to appear to favor the Indian; humanitarian theories, the free distribution of gratifications, all apparent evidences of unbounded interest, but, all, invariably, wherever this scheme was put in practice, resulting in the demoralization and the annihilation of the red race. It is only fair to add that if there were in the country, both in the American press and in the National Government those who were interested in, and labored for the material and moral welfare of the Indian, there was quite a large number who did not scruple to divert the funds appropriated for the Indian from their proper channels and into their own pockets.

Up to this time (1878), the civilizing activities of the Catholic missionaries were restricted within very narrow limits among the tribes residing in the territory. The agents never ceased to put all manner of obstacles in their way, until finally it was no longer safe for the missionary to approach the Indians directly and to preach the Gospel to them without previous arrangement. I can well remember how Catholic Indians pleaded piteously for missionaries of their own faith—for the black gowns—the men, all of whom preached the same doctrine, and how the Grant administration flatly refused to hear them.

It is related that one day Bishop Salpointe asked a chief of the Pimas whether his people would not be pleased to have him come among them to baptize their children and make Christians of them. "No," promptly replied the chief, "if you were to come among us and baptize our children we would kill you." This reply was bluntly formulated. The good Bishop smiled and put his question in another form. "If we were among you we could instruct your children, which would be a great advantage to you and to them. You know very well that in many of your dealings with the palefaces you have allowed yourselves to be cheated, because you are not acquainted with the price of things. Now, suppose your children were instructed, they could help you to make a better bargain for your peltry, and then you would be richer, you could buy yourselves finer clothes." The argument was convincing. The chief, after a short consultation with some five or six of his tribesmen, turned to the good Bishop and said: "If you will instruct our children you may do so as soon as you please. I will see to it that you are received by my people and I shall even permit you to baptize my own." The

Bishop was not unmindful of the cause of the chief's sudden change of mind, but he also saw that there was an abundant harvest before him, if he only had the harvesters to make it.

The Bronco or savage Indians consist of but a single tribe—the Apaches, which extends its depredations beyond the limits of Arizona into Old Mexico, New Mexico and Texas. Their number has been variously estimated, some authorities making it as high as 30,000, but this number is obviously somewhat exaggerated. From time immemorial this tribe has been at war with the whites. It is true that they have at times been induced to sign treaties of peace, but, like more recent savages, they have regarded these treaties as mere “scraps of paper,” and were soon on the war path again. Pillage, arson and murder were, at the time of which we write (1878), the prominent characteristics of the tribe. I remember Monseigneur Pellicor, first Bishop of San Antonio, Texas, telling me of the danger he and his companions incurred, of meeting the terrible Apaches on the plains in his early visitations of his diocese. The Mexican entertains the most supreme scorn and hatred for the Apache. To call a Mexican “*Indio*” is a gross insult, but to call him an Apache is an insult that can only be washed out with blood. This hatred is easily accounted for by the bloodthirsty character of the Apache and the number of whites ruthlessly murdered by his tribe.

Since the year 1876 or thereabouts the Apaches have ceased their brigandage in Arizona in consequence of treaties they have been compelled to sign, and to keep, by the United States Government, which has reduced them to five or six groups and cantoned them on reservations assigned to them. Government agents are directed to supply them with food and other necessities, while some 3,000 regular troops were required to keep them in line and in mind of their treaty obligations; this was done by following up the refractory and punishing the delinquent. It is a question whether this plan of dealing with the Apache was a benefit or an injury. It is certain that it reduced him to the most abject laziness; he became more corrupted than he was before, by contact with unprincipled white men, and was often exasperated by the dishonesty of avaricious and designing agents. Here, as elsewhere, the extermination of the red race is the result of the Anglo-Saxon policy in dealing with him. The red man has felt a presentment of his impending doom and the sad expression on his countenance proclaims the fact in language more eloquent than words. This reflection saddened the last days of the life of Father de Smet, S. J., the great apostle of the Indians of our far West, and to his dying day he bitterly

deplored the fate of those unfortunate children of the forest for whom he labored so long to redeem and Christianize. Our missionaries of to-day realize this fact, but they are not discouraged. It is their's to plead the cause of the oppressed, to raise up the down-trodden and to console them with the graces of Christianity.

In 1877 Bishop Salpointe visited the eastern part of his extensive vicariate. The good Bishop's account of his journeyings is so full of interest that I will take the liberty of making a few extracts from it. He tells us that he had just returned from visits to Florence, Tempé, Phoenix, Wickenbourg, Weaver and other missions in central Arizona, when it became necessary for him to set out immediately for the missions along the Rio Grande, which are situated in Texas. His episcopal equipage consisted of a wagon drawn by two horses. Behind the seat, which he shared with a young companion, were the blankets to be used as their beds when camping for the night, a few cooking utensils, their provisions and such altar furnishings as they might require. This primitive mode of traveling is far from suggesting the economy of time and of desirable conveniences, but it was the only way possible at the time, and it not only saved expense, but it avoided the uncertainty of the "diligences"—when they did move—and which did not always cover the points the Bishop was anxious to reach.

On the third day—a hot July day—after leaving Tucson, and after a journey of one hundred and forty miles the Bishop arrived at Fort Bowie. Here he learned that the Indians (Apaches) were in revolt along the road he was to follow, and that the mail carrier was their prisoner at the next station, some fifty-five miles beyond the fort. An expedition was forming to start for the scene of trouble, but it was to travel by a circuitous route and along roads impassable for wagons. The Bishop found himself in straits, not knowing whether to continue his journey or remain where he was, in comparative security. Then, too, this disturbed condition might be prolonged indefinitely. To turn back might prove as dangerous as to go on, for once the Indians were in revolt he was liable to meet them anywhere. After due consideration the Bishop decided to proceed on his way. Now, as the Indians rarely make attacks in the night, the Bishop selected this time for starting, not, however, without making ample provision for all emergencies, not forgetting a supply of drinking water, which was not always to be found along the plains. He was soon on his way, but ere long new difficulties arose.

The night was dark and seemed unusually long, and as watchfulness was necessary the Bishop refrained from speaking to his com-

panion. No sound was heard save the creaking of the wagon wheels as they rolled over the rough roads. The horses, refreshed by the cooling night breezes, moved at a more rapid rate, and by early morning the Bishop had arrived at the station. This station is situated on a stretch of rising ground. The night before the Bishop's arrival the Indians contented themselves with capturing the mail carrier and circling around the station without showing any other hostile intention. The direction they finally took indicated that they were about to retire and that there was no further cause for uneasiness on their account. Ralston, the station in question, is a place near some silver mines, work on which had been suspended until the completion of a railroad then building in that vicinity.

After a day's rest the Bishop resumed his journey, and on July 23 had the happiness of arriving at San Elisario, Texas, from which point he intended to start his pastoral visitation. San Elisario, at that time, contained about 1,500 inhabitants, mostly Mexicans engaged in farming. The climate is mild and adapted to the cultivation of the vine, fruits and cereals. It may be interesting to note that San Elizario goes back nearly three centuries and is one of the missions mentioned in the reports to the Spanish viceroys as being in existence some thirty years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez and was used as a *presidio* or military station during the time of the Colonial Government. The Bishop was rejoiced to find many improvements in the old town since his last visit. Adjoining the old low and narrow church he saw the half-finished walls of a new and much more pretentious church in process of construction. It was the result of the generous contributions in cash and in labor on the part of the parishioners and the zeal of their good pastor, Father Bourgade, who, in time, became Bishop of Tucson and finally Archbishop of Santa Fé. That Bishop Salpointe held him in the highest esteem I had from the Bishop's own words many years ago. The inhabitants of San Elizario were not rich, none of them was in a condition to make large donations to the church, but out of what they had they freely gave. The Bishop was delighted when Father Bourgade, the pastor, showed him a beautiful property he had recently acquired and on which he intended to erect a school, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Bishop spent two days at San Elizario, where he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation and attended to other episcopal duties. This mission is now under the care of the Jesuit Fathers of the Colorado mission.

On July 26 the Bishop administered Confirmation to one hundred persons at St. Michael's Chapel, at Sicorro, which was at that time a small village of about 600 souls, and has now grown into a regular

parish with out-lying missions, all attended by the Jesuit Fathers. It is situated some six miles from San Elizario, and at the time I am now describing was one of its out-missions. The Bishop found the chapel enlarged and even "whitewashed" since his last visit to the village. What pleased him most was the spirit that prevailed among the people. As at San Elizario he found the same strict and cheerful observance of the precepts of the Church and the same reverence and respect for the pastor. From here the Bishop went to La Isleta, a mission as old as San Elizario. Its population was originally composed entirely of Indians, but was now made up of Mexicans and English-speaking people in about equal numbers, and altogether did not exceed 1,000 souls. During the Bishop's sojourn of three days he confirmed 168 persons. The pastor informed him that his people wanted to have a school, conducted by a religious community, that a site had been purchased for that purpose and that the erection of the building would be commenced as soon as possible.

Franklin was a small station some fifteen miles north, on the same rivers as Isleta. Here the Bishop said Mass on July 30 and confirmed ninety-three persons, and here ended his pastoral visitation in that part of Texas under his episcopal jurisdiction, and which was then known as "El Paso County." The total number of Confirmations administered in this county amounted to 566. A few miles from Franklin brings us to the line that separates Texas from New Mexico. Bishop Salpointe now prepared to visit the missions on the right bank of the Rio Grande, as we enter New Mexico. These missions were then known as El Nombre de Dios, Chamberino, La Mesa and Santo Tomas. The first three of these places formed a mission, the principal church of which was at La Mesa. They were all, at that time, new foundations, and could not boast of even the modest advantages enjoyed by the older missions above referred to. The land in this locality is excellent, but being nearly all on a level with the river is exposed to inundations, hence it happens nearly every year that a considerable part of the crops is destroyed. This will account for the poor condition of the chapels and for the scant support afforded the clergy who attended them. This condition, however, did not dampen the zeal of the French missionary. He is trained to expect it while in the *Seminaire des Missions Etrangères*, and is rather surprised when he chances to meet with anything else.

La Mesita, the *chef-lieu* of the missions, is on the left bank of the Rio Grande, fifty-four miles from El Paso County line. This settlement, which dates from 1850 or 1851, consisted of about 1,800

souls. It is situated in the valley to which it gives its name and is admirably suited to vine and fruit growing industries. The church, which soon became too small to accommodate the growing congregation, soon became enlarged and was even enriched with a bell, and the sweet sound of the Angelus was heard over the valley. The greatest need felt by the people was a Catholic school. Less than two miles from Mesilla we come to Las Cruces, the chef-lieu of the mission of that name, also founded in 1850. The number of inhabitants, including those of Doña Ana, some six miles further up the river, was estimated at about 2,300 souls. It boasted of a boarding academy and a parochial school, conducted by the Sisters of Loretto and which was attended by over one hundred and sixty pupils, quite a respectable number for the time and place. When the Bishop arrived here he was delighted to find that the church had been repaired and otherwise improved, and his advent was marked by the blessing of a fine bell recently installed through the generosity of the parishioners and their friends.

On August 14 Monseigneur Salpointe crossed over to the right bank of the Rio Grande and visited the missions of El Colorado, Santa Barbara and Las Palomas. El Colorado consisted of about one hundred families and Santa Barbara of about thirty-six. These two stations had been founded only two years before the Bishop's visit and were still in a very poor condition, because of the heavy expenses the people had incurred in the development of a new country; nevertheless each of these places had managed to secure a temporary chapel. Situated as they were, one forty-five miles and the other fifty-three miles from the principal church of the mission, they were attended once a month by the priest from Las Cruces.

Las Palomas, thirty-five miles further up the river, was founded in 1867. The village consisted of one hundred and forty families, who were attended from Santa Fé, the Bishop having made an arrangement with the Archbishop of that see to have one of his priests attend this mission until he was able to provide for it himself. Fevers were very prevalent in this locality and the Bishop spent most of his time here in visiting the sick, attending to their spiritual wants and sometimes to their material wants as far as he could. Under the circumstances he decided to defer giving Confirmation until his return later on.

The Bishop spent nearly a month visiting the Catholics scattered along the Colorado Chiquito, or Little Red River, and on his return to Las Palomas he was shocked to find conditions worse than when he left it. There was not a family that was not more or less afflicted, and none that could offer him the scantiest hospitality,

nevertheless he resolved to stop over and do what he could for the sufferers. He was preparing to set up his tent just outside the village when one of the inhabitants came up and offered him the use of a tumble-down, abandoned cabin he owned, just a short way off. The Bishop gladly accepted the offer and made it his abode for two days. During this time the Bishop was kept so busy attending to the sick that he scarcely found time to read his Office, or even to eat. "But," says the good Bishop, "I was not the one most to be pitied. In many cases every member of the family was stricken down and there was not one able to attend to the other. There were cases, too, I was informed, where persons died with no one near them to care for them or pray with them in their dying hour."

It was impossible to get any details from the good Bishop of his work among these unfortunate people during the ten days he spent among them. It is enough for us to know that he belonged to that school of missionaries that produced a Dubuis, later on Bishop of Galveston, who nearly lost his life tending poor Indians and Mexicans dying of typhus fever; the school that produced a Leray, later on Archbishop of New Orleans, who left his diocese (he was then Bishop of Natchitoches) to minister to his former parishioners in Vicksburg, who were dying of yellow fever, and of the young and gifted Dominican, Revillé (the last to receive the "habit" from Lacordaire), who gave his life, so full of promise, in the service of the victims of yellow fever, at Memphis, Tenn.

Monseigneur Salpointe tells us that the people of Las Palomas were destitute of everything that could be of any use to them, under the circumstances. Those who were able to do so left for other places, there to remain until the epidemic had exhausted itself. We might add that the same conditions, only to a less alarming extent, prevailed at Las Cruces and La Mesilla. The population of Colorado, which was little more than settled in 1877, was distributed over three or four points of rich and extensive valley which is destined to grow rapidly in the near future. The principal towns existing in 1878 were Round Valley, San Juan and El Concho, with some two hundred and forty families, nearly all Catholics. The Colorado missions were at that time temporarily attended by priests from New Mexico, although some of them were situated nearly two hundred miles from their residence, and there was not as yet a single church or chapel in the whole valley.

From Tubonal, New Mexico, between the Rio Grande and the Colorado Chequito, there is a stretch of country covering an area of two hundred miles; it is the land of the Navajos. In this country, undulating, well-wooded and abounding in rich pasturage, was the

home of the Navajos (Long-Knives). It was, at the time we are dealing with, mostly under the control of the Government, of the Fort Wingate reservation. Quite a number of the Navajos still reside at the place known as Alamosita. It was not so long ago when these Indians were the terror of all New Mexico, and the Bishop was not a little uneasy when he suddenly found himself among them; but his uneasiness vanished when on approaching their habitations he noticed the cultivated fields and the sheep feeding quietly on the hillside. He knew enough of Indian life to realize that there was no danger where the Indian family resided in peace. The Bishop tells us that he found these Indians simply but decently dressed. One of their number spoke Spanish fairly well, and in reply to the Bishop's inquiries, told him that the members of his tribe who lived here enjoyed many advantages over those living on military reservations, such as having an abundance of fuel, land for cultivation and for pasturage. When asked where they obtained the knit hose which so many of his people wore, he replied that they were knit by the women of the tribe. So also were the blankets they wore to protect them against the winter winds. Such blankets were in common use among other tribes. They were of various hues and ornamented with various designs, and woven by the women from the fleece of their flocks.

The Bishop would have been pleased to have prolonged his stay among these, now peaceable people, but he was obliged to continue his pastoral visitation elsewhere. The parting with the Indians was very touching; they expressed all manner of wishes for his speedy return, and if they had been free to choose for themselves, the Catholic missionary would have had little trouble in instructing and converting them. But this was impossible under the conditions established by the Grant administration. Had not these Indians been "allotted" to others? I sometimes wonder how these people can conscientiously condemn the Spanish settlers for their "repartimientos" and do the same thing themselves; but the Spaniards allotted the Indians as laborers in the mines, in the sixteenth century, but in North America, in the full light of the boasted nineteenth century, these poor Indians are parcelled out to different religious sects, like so many beans in a bag, regardless of their religious predilections. Probably this phase of the case justifies the means. *Quên sabe?*

The Bishop's visitation being completed he turned his steps towards his home, in Tucson. From Santa Barbara he journeyed along the Rio Membre and visited some villages that had sprung up within the last two years. Among these were San Lorenzo and

San Isidro. In both of them he found chapels, newly erected, but they were both absolutely wanting in everything necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, no altar furnishings, no vestments, in a word, nothing. This has all been corrected long ago. The next stop made by the Bishop was at Silver City. Including the people of San Lorenzo, the population at that time was estimated at 1,500, most of whom were engaged in working the silver mines of the vicinity. There was a church at Silver City, but no rectory. It now has a resident pastor, who also attends Pinos Altos. In addition to this it has a parochial school and an academy, under the invocation of Our Lady of Lourdes, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose convent adjoins the academy. Silver City is now in the recently (1914) erected Diocese of El Paso, Texas.

The Bishop's homeward journey was not without its hardships and its dangers. The Apaches were again on the warpath, and along the road he had to travel nine victims of their savagery fell in two days, and while their burial was in progress a number of others were wounded unto death. Some seventeen whites were massacred by the Indians in the short space of forty-eight hours. All travel was interrupted, and even the mail went out only once a week and then only when accompanied by a strong guard. Not being able to travel at the pace of the mail coach, which had already done him good service, the Bishop decided to risk traveling by night and as covertly as possible. His party had been increased by the arrival of one of his priests who was returning from one of his missions and likewise on his way to Tucson. The party set out from Silver City after procuring some arms for its defense, but relying more especially on the protection of Divine Providence. We may be able, perhaps, to form some idea of the thoughts and the dangers that filled the minds of this devoted band during the four days of its journey through a country along which were found, from time to time, the debris of the baggage of the unfortunate victims who had preceded them by only a few hours to the scene of their massacre. By the Providence of God the Bishop and his party escaped the perils of the plains and finally arrived in safety at Tucson after an absence of three months.

The dangers and hardships they encountered, though deemed severe among us, in the populated and civilized East, were treated as of little consequence by them. During his visitation the Bishop confirmed 1,672 persons and covered 1,680 miles. Great changes have taken place in this section of the United States within the last forty years. Santa Fé has grown into an Archiepiscopal See and has had four Archbishops. The Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona established in 1868 became the Diocese of Tucson in 1897, and

some of its former territory has been merged into the recently (1914) erected Diocese of El Paso, Texas, leaving only the State of Arizona to the Diocese of Tucson. The episcopal city of Tucson can now boast of three churches, besides the Cathedral of St. Augustine, together with a Marist college, a hospital and sanitarium, an orphan asylum and a parochial school. As an evidence of the interest taken in Catholic education in the diocese we find schools at Bisbee, Flagstaff, Indian Oasis, Komatke, Morenci, Nogales and elsewhere. At San Xavier del Bac, a mission that dates back to 1690, the time when the Jesuit missionaries arrived among the Sobahispuris, there is now a school for Papagos, taught by seven Sisters of St. Joseph.

At Phoenix there is a Spanish school conducted by the Sisters of the Precious Blood; there is also a hospital. There is another hospital at Nagales and still another at Prescott, while at St. Michael's, Apache County, there is an Indian school. Monseigneur Henri Granjon, the present Bishop, consecrated in 1900 in the Cathedral of Baltimore, has carried on the work of his predecessors. He has under his jurisdiction some twenty-six secular priests and forty-two regulars: Carmelites, Franciscans and Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and a community of Marist Brothers. The communities of women have been mentioned above, in connection with their work. At the present time the academies and schools are attended by some 2,360 pupils; over one hundred orphans are cared for and the Indian children are taught in six schools carried on for their special instruction. The Catholic population of the diocese is estimated at about 50,000 souls.

In reviewing the events related in the foregoing pages we see how God has blessed the work of the good missionaries. The names of Lamy, Macheboeuf, Salpointe, Bourgade, the Jouvanceau brothers and many others, who bore the brunt and the hardships of the more recent formative period, will be held in grateful remembrance. The mustard seed they planted amid toils and dangers has grown into a great tree; it has attracted immigration and been a consolation to the Christian souls who have sought refuge under its loving shelter.

MARC F. VALLETTE.

ONE MORE GLANCE AT THE RISE AND FALL OF  
EVOLUTION.

THE passing of Ernst Haeckel from the sphere of cosmic evolution naturally suggests a consideration of the famous theory of which he was so enthusiastic a pioneer and so vehement a champion. One of the most obvious questions which his demise introduces is: How stands the mighty problem to the establishment of which he devoted his life and labors? No one needs to be told that that problem was evolution. One of the earliest exponents of the theory of Darwin, Professor Haeckel led the van, in Germany, in the fierce warfare which raged around the cradle of the new doctrine; and his battles in its behalf were waged with the same fierceness, ferocity and recklessness with which Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer carried on the conflict in the English-speaking world. He was among the very first to come to the defence of Charles Darwin's renowned speculation. Nay, he acted in the capacity of wet nurse to the infant theory on Teuton soil; and it may be safely said that whatever progress the new theory made in Germany was owing to the incessant propaganda which Haeckel instituted in its behalf, and which he continued to conduct, in person, until the pen dropped from his hand in death. To the very last, his sword was unsheathed. Throughout the last half of the last century and even during the period of almost two decades in this, he never laid aside his armor; and even in his latest years he carried on the warfare with the same unslacking energy and with the same unrelenting fury which he first brought to the field. To the last, his onslaughts were as savage, his outbursts as furious, his methods as unscrupulous, his insolence as haughty, his arrogance as domineering, as when he first girded on his armor to join the ranks of the Darwinian legion. He entered the field of speculation, too, on his own account, with the result that his observation and research carried him far beyond the bounds of organic phenomena. He soon left Darwin behind and was fully abreast of Spencer in extending the theory of evolution beyond the realm of biology, insisting on its activity throughout the whole universe, as well in inanimate as in animate nature. He spent a long lifetime in propagating the doctrine of Darwin and its Spencerian extension, and he died, the last of the Romans, with the unmistakable evidence before his eyes that, in spite of all his efforts, his cherished theory was as absolutely destitute of anything like proof, in the true sense of the word, as when he first enlisted as a fiery recruit in the new cause to which he had consecrated his life.

It is not the intention here to follow the career of Professor

Haeckel. All his activity and energy have long been discounted by the exposure of his methods. The utterly reckless part which he played; the disgraceful methods which he adopted to further his cause; the bold frauds which he perpetrated in the name of science; the wild extravagance of his unsupported claims in behalf of his pet principle, have all been exposed again and again by his brother scientists—by Agassiz, by Nis, by Rutimeyer and others. Even the contemporaries of his earlier career were wont to smile at the extravagances of his statements; but neither the cry of fraud raised against him by Rutimeyer, nor the exposures by Nis, nor the unmasking of knavery by Agassiz had the slightest influence in effecting a change of procedure on the part of the distinguished apostle of evolution. And perhaps this is not to be wondered at. For Professor Haeckel had beheld wonders in his day. He had been eye-witness to the rise of a foundationless theory, a groundless speculation. He had seen a new doctrine—distasteful withal—bound suddenly into the air and reach even dizzy heights. He had seen it rise, in spite of opposition, like a kite against the wind. He had not merely been an eye-witness, but he himself had been one of the most active agents in its success. His own consciousness had told him by just what arguments it had achieved success. He saw it questioned, combated, contested on every inch of its upward path. He beheld it reach in pride and splendor the full zenith of its power and glory. And then he saw it, after two generations had spent themselves in its behalf, in investigation, inquiry, observation and experiment, in every realm of science, shrivel up like a scroll of parchment, leaving nothing but a burnt odor behind. After more than half a century of proud domination he saw it without rag or vestige of proof to cover its nakedness, and without credentials of any kind which could pass muster for a moment in any assemblage of intelligent and unbiased men—a helpless prey to its opponents.

Indeed the evolution hypothesis is one of the marvels of the scientific world. The suddenness of its rise; the flimsiness of the evidence in its favor; the strong prejudice against it—even in the realm of science; the sudden reaction in its favor; and then the eagerness and enthusiasm of those who embraced the new doctrine—all are profound illustrations of the fickleness of the human mind even in the very quarters of learning where we should naturally look for solid reason and sober judgment. How the evolution hypothesis attained such strength, only to lose it; how it accomplished so much, yet could do no more; how it swelled to such immense dimensions, only to fall back into a condition of absurd negligibility; these are questions which constitute, in their answer, some of the most curious

phenomena of the human mind and throw a flood of light on the methods by which science attains its end, compelling us against our will to realize that, even in the domain of science, the adage holds good that all is not gold that glitters. It is interesting then to trace the Darwinian speculation in its marvellous rise and to follow it in its still more marvellous fall.

The doctrine of evolution had, in some form or other, been floating around the world from the earliest times. Questions about the nature of the universe in which we live have been asked from the very beginning. The moment the human mind began to reflect the notion that the vegetation which covers the earth, the animals which inhabit it, the rocks and hills, the mountains and valleys which constitute its physical features, may have undergone changes in past time, and that all the phenomena which constitute the animal, vegetable and mineral worlds as they now exist, are but modifications of other forms which have had their day and their philosophy, was the natural speculation of reflecting minds. The Greek philosophers were the first to attempt answers to these problems. Many of them held that all things natural sprang from what they called the original elements—fire, air, earth, water. Anaximander held that animals were begotten from the earth by means of heat and moisture; and that man was developed from other beings different in form. Empedocles had a fantastic theory, viz., that the various parts of man and animals at first existed independently, and that these—for instance, arms, legs, feet, eyes, etc., gradually combined—perhaps, after the manner in which automobiles are assembled—that these combinations became capable of existing and even of propagating and reproducing themselves. Anaxagoras was of opinion that animals and plants sprang from the earth by means of germs carried in the atmosphere which gave fecundity to the earth. Aristotle held opinions not very unlike those of our own day; all of which goes to show that speculation about the origin of the universe and the why and wherefore of living things did not come into existence with the Darwinian hypothesis and that the doctrine of descent with modification as an explanation of all biological phenomena antedates by over two thousand years the publication of the “Origin of Species.”

Coming down to more recent times, we find that in the first half of the eighteenth century, the term “evolution” was introduced into biological literature to explain, not the manner of the evolution of species, but the manner in which, according to the opinions of some distinguished physiologists, living things were generated. It was rather the evolution of the individual than the evolution of the

species that then engaged men's minds. The opposite opinions of the followers of Harvey on one side, and Malpighi on the other, which had come down from the preceding generation, relate not to the evolution of species, but to the development of the individual organism. And when the opposing camps of "metamorphosis" and "epigenesis" were pitched, the contention was, whether, as Harvey had formerly maintained, the process of individual development was, by a "successive differentiation of a relatively homogeneous rudiment into the parts and structures which are characteristic of the adult," or whether, as Malpighi contended, the chick, as a whole, really exists in the egg prior to incubation, and consequently what takes place in the process of incubation is a simple unfolding, or expansion, or evolution of the organs which already existed, though in so minute a form as to be undiscoverable. The weight of Leibnitz's authority was added to that of Malpighi on this point; for Leibnitz saw in the theory of Malpighi a support for his own doctrine of monads; and we find him thus arguing against his own opponents and those of Malpighi—

"Mais cette imagination est bien éloignée de la nature des choses. Il n'y a point de tel passage; et c'est ici où les transformations de Messieurs Swammerdam Malpighi, et Leeuenhoek, qui sont des plus excellens observateurs de notre temps, sont venues à mon secours, et m'ont fait admettre plus aisément, que l'animal, et toute autre substance organisée ne commence point lorsque nous le croyons, et que sa generation apparents n'est qu'une developpment et une espece d'augmentation."

A little later, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the opinions of Leibnitz and Malpighi were adopted by Bonnet and Haller regarding the relative merits of metamorphosis and epigenesis, Bonnet maintaining that, prior to incubation and fecundation, the hen's egg contains the complete chick—though infinitely small—which, by the processes mentioned above, begins to develop, by intussusception, or an absorption of nutritious substances, which are deposited in the interstices of the miniature bird's miniature structure. All this, however, related to the individual plant or animal and the process by which it was generated, and had no bearing whatever on the larger problem of biologic evolution, much less on the theory of evolution as related to the inorganic world. Bonnet, however, had extended his notions on evolution from the individual to all living things. In his "*Palingénésie Philosophique*" he broaches a hypothesis which he calls "evolution naturelle" and which bears a very close resemblance to some modern views on the subject of evolution. In fact, in searching

among the fossiliferous strata of science for an ancestor from which the modern theory of evolution may or may not have evolved—the paleontology among which we might expect to find original types from which the present species of evolution has been evolved we come upon this rare specimen :

“Si la volonté divine,” wrote Bonnet, “a crée par un seul Acte, l’Universalité des êtres, d’ou venoient ces plantes et ces animaux dont Moyse nous decrit la Production au troisieme et au cinquieme jour de renouvellement de notre monde?

Abuserois-je la liberté de conjectures si je disois, que les Plantes et les Animaux qui existent aujourd’hui sent parvenus par une sorte d’évolution naturelle des êtres organisés qui peuplaient ce premier Monde, sorti immédiatement des Mains du Createur?” \* \* \*

And then comes his speculation :

“Ne supposons que trois revolutions. La Terre vient de sortir des Mains du Createur. Des Causes préparés par sa Sagesse font developper de toutes partes les Germes. Les Etres organisés commentent a jouir de l’existence. Ils etoient probablement alors bien différents de ce qu’ils sont aujourd’hui. Ils l’etoient autant que ce premier Monde differoit de celui que nous habitons. Nous manquons de moyens pour juger de ces dissemblances, et peut-etre que le plus habile Naturaliste qui auroit placé dans ce premier Monde y auroit entièrement meconnu nos Plantes et nos Animaux.”

Here we have unmistakably the doctrine of “descent with modification,” quite as clearly as that propounded by Lamarck or Darwin, although there is no attempt to assign cause or factor of any kind in the transformation of species. And although the speculations and controversies of the eighteenth century related more especially to the process of the generation of the individual rather than transformation of species, the notion of evolution was in the air, and we find even Leibnitz, in proof of his doctrine of continuity and of the endless process of evolution and involution with which he invested his monads, telling us :

“Alii mirantur in saxis passim species videri quas vel in orbe cognito, vel saltem in vicinis locis frustra quaerás. Ita ‘Cornua Ammonis,’ quae ex nautilorum numero habeantur, passim et forma et magnitudine (nam et pedali diametro aliquando reperiuntur) ab omnibus illis naturis discrepare dicunt, quas praebet mare. Sed quis absconditos ejus recessus aut subterraneas abyssos pervestigavit? quam multa nobis animalia antea ignota offert novus orbis? Et credibile est per magnas illas conversiones etiam animalium species plurimum immutatas.”

Here Leibnitz undoubtedly suggests the possibility of changes in species; so that we find, in a confused or undefined form, the notion

of the mutability of species appearing and disappearing like a rock in the midst of the ocean waves. As Huxley puts it:

"In the end of the seventeenth century the seed was sown, which has, at intervals, brought forth recurrent crops of evolutionary hypotheses, based, more or less completely, on general reasonings."

We also catch glimpses, more or less vague, of the notion of the development of living things from two or more forms, and of the modifications of these in the course of ages, in the works of Haller and Hutton and Linnæus; but all of them are comparatively negligible. Even De Maillet, who seems to stand midway between the ancient (if we may so call them) evolutionists and the moderns, while he had a fairly well-defined conception of the plasticity of biological phenomena, as well as of the notion that existing things were brought into being by some process of modification of the forms that preceded them, does not seem to have had so clear a conception of the cause which produced them, or even of the necessity of such a cause. Indeed, up to his time there does not seem to have been any conception of a cause, and among those who broached the doctrine of evolution, the notion of a cause by which it was effected was vague, confused, indefinite, formless, void. This is true of Goethe and Spinoza, of Robinet and Maupertuis. Adumbrations and approximations and inarticulate attempts to give intelligent expression to the theory of evolution, there were many; but it was only in the next century, when Treviranus and Lamarck—almost as coincidentally as Wallace and Darwin, half a century later—gave expression to their views, that the world at large, or even the scientific world began to consider the question at all worthy of attention. It is, however, a matter of fact that Lamarck, who, by the way, seems to be coming into his own in these latter days, held views diametrically opposite to those with which his name is now usually connected; and this only a very short time previous to the launching of his theory of evolution. The evolution of life from inanimate nature he flatly rejected only a few years previous to the publication of his "*Philosophie Zoologique*" in 1809. In a previous work he tells us that although his only object in his treatise was to treat of the physical life of organic beings, nevertheless,

"J'ai osé avancer en débutant, que l'existence de ces êtres étonnants n'appartiennent nullement à la nature; que tout ce qu'on peut entendre par le mot *nature*, ne pouvoit donner la vie, c'est-à-dire, que toutes les qualites de la matiere, jointes à toutes les circonstances possible, et même à l'activité répandue dans l'univers, ne pouvaient point produire un être muni du mouvement organique, capable de reproduire son semblable, et sujet à la mort."

And so far was he, at this time, from advocating his later doctrine of mutability of species by means of inherited changes by use and disuse, that he expressly tells us:

"Tous les individus de cette nature (organic beings), qui existent, proviennent d'individus semblables qui tous ensemble constituent l'espèce entière. Or, je crois qu'il est aussi impossible à l'homme de connoître la cause physique du premier individu de chaque espèce, que d'assigner aussi physiquement la cause de l'existence de la matière ou de l'univers entier. C'est au moins ce que le résultat de mes connaissances et de mes réflexions me portent à penser. S'il existe beaucoup de variétés produites par l'effet des circonstances, ces variétés ne dénaturent point les espèces; mais on se tromp, sans doute souvent, en indiquant comme espèce, ce qui n'est que variété; et alors je sens que cette erreur peut tirer a conséquence dans les raisonnements que l'on fait sur cette matière."

It is plainly evident, then, that Lamarck, whose name in these latter times is especially invoked by Catholic evolutionists, held very different views on the subject of descent with modification, from those of his later years. Compare the words just quoted with those which he gave to the world only a few years later, in which he tells us,

"Dans sa marche, la nature a commencé, et recommence tous les jours, par former les corps organises les plus simples." And he further adds, "L'es premières ébauches de l'animal et du végétal étant formées dans les lieux et les circonstances convenables, les facultés d'une vie commencante et d'un mouvement organique établi, ont necessairement développé peu à peu les organes, et qu'avec les temps elles les ont diversifiées ainsi que les parties."

The transition of views shown here is of the most radical kind, though, of course much depends upon the meaning of the term, "la nature," which "a commencé, et recommence encore tous les jours, par former les corps organisés les plus simples." Whether by it he means a purposive nature with a teleological influence, or whether it means, as in our first quotation above, "tout ce qu'on peut entendre par le mot nature," we have no means of ascertaining. Unquestionably he held the doctrine of final causes. Not only that, but he held that there was in living things a fixed progression—and ascending succession—or, as Herbert Spencer puts it: The inherent tendency which organs have to develop into more perfect forms, would, according to him (Lamarck), result in a uniform series of forms, but varieties in their conditions work divergencies of structure, which break up the series into groups."

Treviranus had preceded Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin preceded Treviranus and closely following him came Robert Chambers'

remarkable work, "Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation," in which the author says "that the several series of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are, under the Providence of God, the results, first, of an impulse which has been imparted to the forms of life, advancing them, in definite times by generation, through grades of organization terminating in the highest dicotyledons and vertebrata." The notion of evolution then was rife towards the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth; but most probably, as the scientists of the next generation maintain, owing to the towering figure of Cuvier, who then dominated the world of science, the views of Lamarck, and the idea of evolution were either ignored or ridiculed, or scouted or flouted, until in 1859, when, on the first day of October, Darwin published to the world his famous "Origin of Species," and the theory of evolution stepped into the world full-armed like Minerva from the head of Jove. From that day forth evolution, as a scientific hypothesis, claimed a place and obtained a footing in scientific circles. Henceforward it assumed a position and acquired an importance which it had never before possessed.

All biological phenomena were included in the famous generalization of Charles Darwin; but he did not carry his speculations into the inorganic world. Professor Haeckel, in Germany, however, and Herbert Spencer in England, extended the idea and claimed for the realm of evolution not merely all living things, but also all nature, both animate and inanimate. Nay, more, Spencer accounted for the appearance of all phenomena of every description by the operation of evolutionary forces, claiming for its realm not merely the material world, but all social, political and religious phenomena as well.

Darwin, at first, did not include man in his great generalization. Whatever his personal views on the relation of man to the rest of living things might have been, they were carefully held in abeyance when he first proclaimed his famous hypothesis to the world. He doubtless was unwilling to risk the results of his theory; possibly fearing a revulsion of human feelings against the revolting novelty which might carry off, with the distasteful doctrine, his main theory of evolution, on the establishment of which he had set his heart. It was only when Huxley and Spencer, and Lyell and Lubbock and Haeckel and Vogt, besides many others had broached the question of the similarity of structure between erect and two-handed man and quadrupeds, pointing out that the arm of a man and the forelimb of a quadruped, the wing of a bird and the

fin of a fish are all homologous; that is, that they contain the same essential parts, only differently modified, that Darwin seems to have taken courage and given to the world his "Descent of Man," in which he announced that *homo sapiens* was the lineal descendant of a Catarrhine ape. The world at first was inclined to be amused at the strange theory what many were inclined to regard as a jest; but no one who took the trouble to read his Darwin could fail to be impressed with the intense earnestness of the founder of the new doctrine, or the patient, plodding industry which had accumulated such a vast store of natural facts, which in time were calculated to lend to the hypothesis all the glamour of a Baconian induction.

At first the mass of scientists held shyly aloof from Darwin's speculation. The uncouth visitor was viewed askance. A few made the somersault and clasped the strange visitor to their bosoms; but the older and conservative men of science would have none of it. It was at best an hypothesis and an unproven one at that. All the vast array of evidence accumulated by Darwin was unconvincing and inconclusive. The most that Darwin had accomplished with all his industry and patience was to show that his theory was not metaphysically impossible. All else was a mere begging of the question. His strongest argument was "Might it not be?" and "Could it not be?" Of proof, in the true acceptance of the term, it was absolutely destitute. The whole was a case of special pleading for a favorable verdict. A show of plausibility was imparted to the plea, but nothing that could move the leading scientists of his day to lend the freak hypothesis the slightest countenance. Darwin himself perceived this and made his appeal to the new generation of scientific men.

"I look with confidence," he says in his famous volume, "to the future, to young and rising naturalists, who will be able to view both sides of the question with impartiality. Whoever is led to believe that species are mutable, will do good service by conscientiously expressing his conviction; for thus only can the load of prejudice by which the subject is overwhelmed be removed." It was then a question not of proof but of plebiscite which was certainly a new attitude for science.

This to solid minds was a strange kind of scientific argument. It was evidently not a question of proofs but a question of votes and this, too, in a question which called for scientific demonstration. His agency by which evolution was accomplished was equally cryptic. Natural selection was the main instrumentality by which the work was effected. But who had seen natural selection? Was it true that there was in existence such an agency? Artificial selection was

certainly in operation ; but no sane man would for a moment maintain, that because artificial selection was a fact, natural selection must also be a fact. Man certainly selected, but man was an intelligent agent. Did it necessarily follow because of this, that nature must also possess intelligence and do precisely what breeders do? Neither was his definition of natural selection very clear to any one. In Darwin's own opinion it was compounded of so many elements that he never really attempted anything like an exact definition of it. The questions by which Huxley, sixty years ago, would test the truth of the theory are yet to be answered, "Is it satisfactorily proved that species may be originated by selection? that there is such a thing as natural selection? that none of the phenomena exhibited by species are inconsistent with the origin of species in this way?" Huxley further maintained that there was no proof that a group of animals, having all the characteristics exhibited in Nature, has ever been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural. Groups having the morphological character of species, distinct and permanent races in fact, have been so produced over and over again ; but there is no positive evidence at present that any group of animals has, by variation and selective breeding, given rise to another group which has even in the least degree been infertile with the first. These were some of the difficulties which even the friends of the Darwinian hypotheses found it impossible to adjust satisfactorily, and now that two generations of "young and rising naturalists" have expended their energies in this exposition, they remain exactly where Huxley found them.

Nevertheless, the theory found ardent defenders and vigorous champions and in the foremost ranks, the foremost was Huxley himself. A propaganda for the spread of the new doctrine was forthwith inaugurated. With Huxley and Spencer and Tyndall and Haeckel in the lead the ranks were soon filled up with intrepid scientists of every rank and grade. The old, vigilant school of scientists looked on warily and suspiciously. Virchow and Youmans and Agassiz steadfastly refused to lend the sanction of their names to the new prodigy which had nothing higher than mere speculation to offer as a guarantee of its scientific worth. But alongside the older and wiser men a new generation of scientists, for whom Darwin had yearned and to whom he had made his appeal, sprang into being. To shallow minds, notoriety is but another name for fame—and here was a short cut to notoriety. A new race of scientists arose all over the civilized world. Adventurers who had no reputation to lose espoused the new doctrine and soon found themselves famous as pioneers in the new field of progress and enlighten-

ment. Men whose names would have rested forever in obscurity or oblivion, paraded before the world as budding Keplers or emancipated Newtons. Observation and experiment called for little brains and less genius in their operations; and observation and experiment became the shibboleths of the propaganda. They were the most exalted virtues beside which all others paled into insignificance, while compared with them, the religious, social and domestic virtues were sheerest folly. Huxley never grew tired of expatiating on the blessings they were to bring into the world. All the wisdom of mankind was stored up in observation and experiment. This was preëminently man's work and business in life. For this alone was man born into the world. And so the world betook itself to the duties of observation and experiment. Indeed there is nothing simpler than to study nature, to watch its growth and decay, to follow its changing courses, to study the habits of birds, of animals, of insects; and all natural science which was not engaged in industrial, useful and productive pursuits, flocked to the woods, the rocks and the anthills, sometimes, too, with most grotesque results, as we shall later see. Of course there were many sincere and earnest workers, who, awed by the vast array of Darwin's facts, concluded that his inferences from them must be as infallible as the facts themselves, and who lived and died in the best of scientific faith in the Darwinian hypothesis.

The marvellous advance in the industrial sciences favored the new doctrine. Steam and electricity, and all the other industrial sciences were pouring their flood of wealth in its various forms into the lap of mankind. The very name of science became popular. Like the wren carried up in the plumage of the eagle, the new doctrine was carried to dizzy heights and imagined the glory of its flight to be all owing to its own inherent powers of ascension. Speculative science audaciously appropriated all the glory of all scientific progress as if it had been the fairy godmother that had bestowed the gifts on mankind. With this conceit it became insolent. The fledgling who had just equipped himself with a microscope and scalpel sneered at him whose inventions had brought argosies to the seas. The mountebank who came upon a new specimen of fossil became the hero of the hour. The dunce who could lecture on the age of the Belemnite or who had pried into the habits of the white ants, looked down with contempt or pity on the man who had left an imperishable name because of imperishable services to mankind. Next it claimed the realm of culture. Scientific culture, Huxley told the world, must supplant literary culture. Scientific culture must also supplant intellectual culture. History must also yield to it. Science

was the watchword of the hour and speculation was the watchword of science. In a word, speculative science was the be-all and end-all of human existence.

Soon it became intolerant. There is more of the spirit of Satan in a single fact of science than in all the volumes of literature or history that have ever been written. Scientific facts, as Oliver Wendell Holmes long since told, are great bullies and get people into a bullying habit of mind. A reign of terror was inaugurated; and woe betide the unlucky wight who had the hardihood to question the truth of the new dogmas or manifest any doubts of their scientific value. To those of us who can recall the fierce conflicts of those palmiest days of Darwinism; the rounds of abuse and threats of annihilation so liberally bestowed on dissenters and doubters; the fierce scorn and bitter denunciation with which the supernatural was scouted; the tempests of the present day are like a balmy, gentle zephyr. Haeckel and Huxley flayed and scourged. Tyndall was arrogant and insolent. The mild, injured air of Darwin was more cutting than scathing censure. The disdain of Spencer was overwhelming and blighting, while the blistering sarcasm of Huxley was one continuous, unceasing, red-hot lava torrent. The tirades of the school soon became rankest Bolshevism. It halted everything. It questioned everything. It challenged everything. It pulled down everything, especially authority. These seem like extravagant statements; but here is the boast of Huxley himself:

"Change is in the air. It is whirling featherheads into all sorts of eccentric orbits and filling the steadiest with a sense of insecurity. *It insists (italics our) on re-opening all questions and asking all institutions, however venerable, by what right they exist and whether they are, or are not, in harmony with the real or supposed wants of mankind.*"

Revolutions are like avalanches; the increase in the mass is in proportion to the motion. The revolution in scientific thought was no exception. It attracted to itself scientists of every school and disciples from every walk of intellect. Alfred R. Wallace could, in 1880, write of Darwinism:

"In a very few years after the publication of his theory, it had literally extinguished among all thinking men the doctrine of special creation which had before largely prevailed; and some, who were its most violent opponents at the outset, now accept the fact of evolution as applied to almost every group of organized beings. At the present day there is perhaps no single naturalist of reputation who upholds that doctrine of the independent origin of each species of animal and plant, which was a very few years ago either tacitly

accepted or openly maintained by the great majority of naturalists. Surely no such revolution in scientific thought was ever effected by one man in so short a period."

Intoxicated with success, Darwinism was not content with its absolute sway in the realm of science. It crossed over into the domain of religion. In accordance with Huxley's programme, just quoted, it challenged religion and even bade it give a reason why it should not be despatched forthwith. Huxley reminded it that "Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules; and history records that whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated." He essayed the role of supreme dictator in religion as well as in science. It informed religion that the questions about which it busied itself were of no more consequence than the question "what are the politics of the inhabitants of the moon?" Scientists must not "trouble themselves about" such questions at all. "A proper regard for the economy of time" forbade wasting it on subjects which "are essentially questions of lunar politics \* \* \* not worthy the attention of men who have work to do in the world." Indeed that religion of any kind was to be at all tolerated was a benign condescension on the part of evolution; but if it deigned to permit such unscientific questions as those religion propounded, it was going to make itself ample amends by reserving to itself the right to dictate precisely what and how much of these "lunar politics" it was going to tolerate. It gave its own directions on the proper form which religion must assume. Religion "must see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the noblest of man's emotions by worship 'for the most part, of the silent sort' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable." So evolution was not content with merely presiding over the destinies of science, but promulgated its *ex cathedra* decrees on the proper form—even to its rites and rubrics—which religion must assume. Hence we see that not only in its own realm but also in that of the conquered territory of religion, evolution held boundless sway.

But pride goeth before a fall, and evolution was no exception; for soon came the great humbling. Nothing certainly could be more injurious to the cause of evolution at this juncture than a loss of faith in the infallibility of Darwin. The world had come over to his side. The scientists had all flocked to his standard. The opponents of evolution—if any there were—were sandbagged into silence. He had reached the highest pinnacle of fame, almost of

human greatness, and men had adopted his theory not on its intrinsic merits, but on faith in Darwin himself. Consequently nothing could be more disastrous than that that faith should be shaken in any quarter whatever. Yet this was what happened. Evolution by means of natural selection was by no means the only great generalization of Darwin. Long before he had linked his name with evolution, he had given to science another which met with the same unquestioning faith and acceptance. In point of fact it was, in its general features, a type or figure of his great, immortal hypothesis. It was his exposition of the formation of coral reefs. The late Duke of Argyle, in the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*, dealt so luminously with the whole matter at the time that we cannot do better than condense his statements, which are somewhat lengthy. In the confidence, cocksureness and unquestioning acceptance of the theory we have an exact parallel of the doctrine of evolution. "I have heard eminent men affirm," says Argyle, "that if he (Darwin) had done nothing else, his solution of the great problem of the coral islands of the Pacific would have sufficed to place him on the unsubmergible peaks of science, crowned with an immortal name." And Darwin himself was quite as positive of the irrefragable truth of his explanation. "So certain was Darwin" (we are quoting the Duke of Argyle) "of these conclusions that he adds, in a tone of most unwonted confidence: 'I venture to defy any one to explain in any other manner how it is possible that numerous islands should be distributed throughout vast areas—all the islands being low, all being built of corals, absolutely requiring a foundation within a limited depth from the surface.'"

The coral workers cannot go beyond a certain depth, say of from twenty to forty fathoms, for their foundations on which they build. The difficulty that baffled the scientists before Darwin's time was, how, throughout the vast expanses of the coral islands of the Pacific, it happened that foundations at the proper depth could be found for the innumerable coral islands and atolls which are so marked a feature. What was the agency which left for the coral workers their foundations exactly at the proper depths for their wonderful operations? After his tour of the island as naturalist on H. M. S. the "Beagle," Darwin had satisfied himself that he had arrived at the solution of the difficulty. The land had subsided, a whole continent had been submerged beneath the waves of the Pacific, and when the land had reached the proper depth for the work of the corals, they began to erect their marvellous structures. In May, 1837, he (Darwin) read before the Geological Society of London a paper which gave his solution of the problem. Not elevation, but "subsidence" was the key to the difficulty. "His theory,"

the Duke says, "took the world by storm." Sir Charles Lyell adopted it. "The theory of the young naturalist was hailed with acclamation. It was a magnificent generalization. It was soon almost universally accepted with admiration and delight. It passed into all popular treatises, and ever since for the space of nearly half a century, it has maintained its unquestioned place as one of the great triumphs of reasoning and research." We have said above that the history of this generalization was an exact parallel with that of his theory of evolution. Indeed the language we have just quoted might without a change of word or syllable be applied to what is now known as Darwinism, "*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*" But let us hear the Duke of Argyle further:

"And now comes the great lesson. After an interval of more than five and thirty years the voyage of the 'Beagle' was followed by the voyage of the 'Challenger,' furnished with all the newest appliances of science, and manned by a scientific staff more than competent to turn them to best account. And what is one of the many results? \* \* \* It is that Darwin's history is a dream. It is not only unsound, but it is in many respects directly the reverse of truth. With all his conscientiousness, with all his caution, with all his powers of observation, Darwin in this matter fell into errors as profound as the abysses of the Pacific. All the acclamations with which it was received were as the shouts of an ignorant mob. It is well to know that the plebiscites of science may be as dangerous and as hollow as the plebiscites of politics." \* \* \* The parallel still continues even to the sequel. We still quote the Duke: "The cherished dogma has been dropping very slowly out of sight. Can it be possible that Darwin was wrong? Must we indeed give up all that we have been accepting and teaching for more than a generation? Reluctantly, almost sulkily, and with a grudging silence as far as public discussion is concerned, the ugly possibility has been contemplated as too disagreeable to be talked about. \* \* \* But despite all averted looks \* \* \* Darwin's theory of the coral islands must be relegated to the category of those many hypotheses which have indeed helped science for a time by promoting and provoking further investigation, but which in themselves have now finally 'kicked the beam.'"

Mr. John Murray's (for that was the name of Goliath Darwin's David) discovery, which was complete and incontrovertible, shook faith in Darwin to its very foundations. It is true his theory of coral reefs had no bearing whatever, but where the acceptance of a theory depends not on proofs of its truth but in faith in the infallibility of its author, anything which suggests doubt in the author's

judgment is perilous. And it was soon followed by another shock from the same source which resulted in a somewhat farcical denouement for evolutionists. These were the balmy days of protoplasm. The name had just been assigned to that body of matter which is supposed to be the mother of all of us. We shall let the Duke of Argyle tell the story here also. He says:

"Nor is this the only case in which Mr. Murray has had strength to be a great iconoclast. Along with the earlier specimens of deep sea deposits sent home by naturalists during the first soundings in connection with the Atlantic telegraph cable, there was very often a sort of enveloping slimy mucus in the containing bottles which arrested the attention and excited the curiosity of the specialists to whom they were consigned. It was structureless to all microscopic examination. But so is all the protoplasmic matter of which the lowest animals are formed. Could it be a widely diffused medium of this protoplasmic material, not yet specialized or individualized into organic forms, nor itself yet in a condition to build up inorganic skeletons for a habitation? Here was a grand idea. It would be well to find missing links; but it would be better to find the primordial pabulum out of which all living things had come. The ultra-Darwinian enthusiasts were enchanted. Haeckel clapped his hands and shouted Eureka! loudly. Even the cautious and discriminating mind of Professor Huxley was caught by this new and grand generalization of the 'physical basis of life!' It was announced by him to the British Association in 1868. Dr. Will Carpenter took up the chorus. He spoke of 'a living expanse of protoplasmic substance,' penetrating with its living substance the 'whole mass' of the oceanic mud. A fine new Greek name was devised for this mother slime, and it was christened 'Bathybius,' from the consecrated deeps in which it lay. The conception ran like wildfire through the popular literature of science, and here again was a coming plebiscite in its favor. Expectant imagination soon played its part. Wonderful movements were soon seen in this mysterious slime. It became an 'irregular network,' and it could be seen gradually 'altering its form,' so that 'entangled granules changed their relative positions.'"

Such was Bathybius, which once raised such a commotion in the world of science, but which is never heard of or even alluded to in scientific circles today. And now for the issue of this such mighty promise.

"The naturalists of the 'Challenger' began their voyage in full Bathybian faith. But the sturdy mind of Mr. John Murray kept its balance—all the more easily since he never could himself find or see any trace of this pelagic protoplasm when the dredges of the 'Chal-

lenger' came fresh from bathysmal bottoms. Again and again he looked for it, but never could he discover it. It always hailed from home. The bottles sent there were reported to yield it in abundance, but somehow it seemed to be hatched in them. The laboratory in Jermyn street was its unfailing source, and the great observer there was its sponsor. The ocean never yielded it until it had been bottled.

"At last, one day on board the 'Challenger,' an accident revealed the mystery. One of Mr. Murray's assistants poured a large quantity of spirits of wine into a bottle containing some pure sea-water, when lo! the wonderful protoplasm *Bathybius* appeared. It was the chemical precipitate of sulphate of lime produced by the mixture of alcohol and sea-water. This was bathos indeed. The Duke adds, "On this announcement '*Bathybius*' disappeared from science, reading us, in more senses than one, a great lesson in precipitation." The title of the Duke's article was "A Great Lesson" and one of the conclusions which he drew was that both incidents teach us "that neither the beauty—nor the imposing character—nor the apparent sufficiency of an explanation may be any proof whatever of its truth."

It is said that when the news of the destruction of "The White Ship" on which his son, the heir to the English throne, perished with his sister, was broken to King Henry the First, of England, he never smiled again. We believe that history could record of Huxley, that after the evolutionary developments just mentioned, he was never known to resort to his swashbuckling methods, that the Pope or the College of Cardinals were never afterwards assailed by him, and that he was not even known, ever again, to allude to Christian believers as fools; so sweet, as Shakespeare tells us, are the uses of adversity. Indeed so low had science fallen in the estimate of the world at large, that hempen homespuns did not hesitate to perpetrate the hoax of the famous Cardiff Giant and its numerous imitators, even the story of the Marsh-Huxley famous hippodrome was, quite irreverently, wedded to immortal verse in laughable lines of doggerel pentameters.

Whether these ridiculous episodes had opened the eyes of the intrepid chiefs of evolution it is difficult to say; but certain it is, that soon came the famous revolt of both Spencer and Huxley, if not from the theory evolution, at least from that of natural selection. This constitutes one of the most remarkable and important, as well as one of the most significant episodes, in the history of evolution. Whether the rebellion was owing to fear that their own share in the rise of the famous theory was going to be overshadowed by the growing fame of Darwin, or whether their faith in evolution

had actually undergone a change, or whether both influences were at work together, it is difficult to say; but it is doubtful if the history of any scientific doctrine presents to us so complete a *volte face* movement on the part of leaders in any special science as that to which evolution now treats us. How men came to burn what they had so recently worshipped; how they undertook to tear down what they had been at such pains to build; how they used all their forces and energy to dethrone what they had labored so hard to enthrone, is one of the curiosities of literature as well as science. In religion, in politics, in social life, such movements are not at all unfamiliar; but in mathematics and in science men are supposed to be sure of their ground before they undertake a propaganda in favor of any doctrine. The case is so important that we shall outline it as briefly as possible.

"Natural selection" was the acknowledged agency by which evolution accomplished its ends—such was the doctrine of Darwin. But natural selection never became a really popular term. It never became a favorite. Men of science, it is true, accepted it, but it was caviare to the general. Instinctively men with minds sensitive to truth, or even to the proper becoming of things, shrank from the unpopular phrase. The implication that an agency existed in nature, with all the faculties of intelligence necessary to select the forms of life which should survive in the struggle for existence, raised a silent revolt in the consciousness of intelligent men. Spencer himself had perceived this. A firm believer not merely in the theory of evolution, but also in the instrumentality of natural selection, he liked the phrase as little as any one. And master of language that he was, he substituted for this incomprehensible term a new but equivalent phrase, "the survival of the fittest," in his own philosophy of evolution. Instantly the new term was taken up by the scientific world. It was alliterative. It slipped more easily from what George Eliot somewhere styles the lazy English tongue. It did not carry so active or aggressive—and, consequently, so objectionable—an idea to the mind as natural selection. It was more plausible, inasmuch as it implied passivity rather than activity, and hence raised no revolt in the intellect. Nevertheless it accomplished the purpose quite as well as the Darwinian phrase without creating opposition or rebellion. It sprang at once into popularity. It found its way into the literature of the period. Its effect was magic. No orator swaying his audience, no political aspirant appealing for the people's suffrages at the hustings, no sweet girl graduate enlightening the world through her valedictory, no aspiring poet with heart and pen on fire, felt that justice had been done to the theme, or to the audi-

ence, or that the pleaded cause had been secured beyond peradventure, had they neglected to introduce the soft sibilant, insinuating phrase—now, alas! fallen completely into innocuous desuetude.

And then came the startling change. In the very heyday of its popularity, at the high noon of its brilliancy and power, at the very zenith of its glory, after more than a quarter of a century of the most earnest, eloquent and zealous apostolate ever devoted to the propagation of a scientific doctrine, had been spent in its propagation, Herbert Spencer, who had given "the survival of the fittest" life, being, existence, dominion and power, deliberately turned on his own cherished offspring, and, with one fell stroke, cut in twain the thread of its existence. After twenty-seven years' apostleship in its cause, and after bringing the world of science to bow at its shrine he relentlessly unmasked it before the whole world and showed it an impostor. No angel hand stayed the axe of the scientific Abraham as it was raised above the well-beloved Isaac of science. The blow fell and the term (with all that it implied), which had so long dominated the world of science became extinct. The fall of the "survival of the fittest" in the world of literature is quite as remarkable as its fall in the realm of science. None now so poor to do it reverence. The curse of the parent seems to have extended to lips of the literary world which seems to echo it. Like the cairn of stones which marks the funeral mound of the child of malediction, and past which even dumb animals are said to scurry with furtive glance, the "survival of the fittest," once a popular idol and a charm to conjure with, is shunned, neglected and forsaken. In two of the most remarkable essays which ever appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, now over thirty years ago, Herbert Spencer stepped on to the stool of repentance and read his recantation and renunciation of the doctrine of natural selection and the survival of the fittest; first doing vicarious penance (unauthorized, however) for Darwin, and then, in no uncertain terms, for himself. There was no mistaking Spencer's meaning. His language was explicit. "The phrases (natural selection and survival of the fittest) employed in discussing organic evolution," he told his readers, "though convenient and needful, are liable to mislead by veiling the actual agencies." "The words 'natural selection,' do not express a cause in the physical sense." He first leads Darwin to the stool of repentance, puts the words of abjuration into his mouth, and all but formulates for him the terms of his renunciation. He says: "Mr. Darwin was conscious of these misleading implications. \* \* \* But while he thus clearly saw, and distinctly asserted, that the factors of organic evolution are the concrete actions, inner and outer, to which every

organism is subject, Mr. Darwin, by habitually using *the convenient figure of speech* (italics ours), was, I think, prevented from recognizing so fully as he otherwise would have done, certain fundamental consequences of the actions." And having thus done vicarious penance for Darwin, he courageously, nay, heroically, reads the recantation and retraction of his own follies and heresies, which, for a quarter of a century, he had, with all the force and energy of a zealot, been trying to persuade the world to adopt. Nothing could be humbler or more mortifying to a proud spirit than the language he adopts. Unsparingly he lays the axe to the root and flinches not, cost him what it may. "Kindred objections," he continues, "may be urged against the expressions into which I was led when seeking to present the phenomena in literal terms rather than metaphorical terms—the survival of the fittest; for in a vague way the first word, and in a clear way the second word, calls up an anthropocentric idea." That is, the words "survival" and "fittest" had imposed on him, precisely as the term "natural selection" had imposed upon Darwin; but in neither case was the language more scientific than a mere figure of speech. And he adds: "Again in the working together of those many actions, internal and external, which determine the lives and deaths of organisms, we see nothing to which the words fitness and unfitness are applicable in the physical sense." And he continues: "Evidently, the word fittest as thus used is a figure of speech." Had the sun fallen from the heavens the shock to the followers of Darwin could not have been more stunning than this open apostasy from the Darwinian faith. The disciples of Darwin were, however, now becoming accustomed to strange fluctuations and changes. They beheld the sun of Darwinism begin to sink in the western sky. Natural selection and the survival of the fittest fell like Lucifer from heaven; and the cocksureness of the statements on the subject of evolution began gradually to abate. Neither Spencer nor Darwin, nor yet Huxley ever again attempted the dogmatic or arrogant tone and "Io Triomphe" ceased to be the chant of the school. Throughout the whole school of evolution the sentiment could not be other than of despair. They had seen an awful example of Darwin's self-opinionated wrong-headedness in the question of coral reefs. They had been eye-witnesses to the farcical credulity in the Cardiff giant and the unfortunate Bathybius; they had just been treated to the extravagant claims of Marsh-and-Huxley's worshippers, and now they beheld the open revolt of Huxley and Spencer, and naturally, thinking men asked themselves whether their faith had not been sadly misplaced. Their leaders openly acknowledged that they had been deceived;

what guarantee was there that what was still untouched would not crumble beneath their feet as natural selections, survival of the fittest and the whole Bathybian species had done? Haeckel, it is true, never yielded. To the last, evolution was, as far as he was concerned, a proven theory, an established doctrine, an irrefragable dogma of science. But men had long since learned to distrust Haeckel's methods, and outside of Germany his opinions carried no weight. The fact was that the world had accepted Darwinism not as a demonstrated hypothesis clearly proven by science but as an article of faith, relying on their scientific leaders. It now dawned upon them that in their breakneck speed, they had not stopped to examine the evidence but had accepted the entire teachings of science on faith. As a matter of fact more blind, unquestioning faith had been lavished on evolution as a whole and in its details than would have sufficed for all the mysteries and all the miracles of all the creeds, both Christian and pagan. And this, too, in the field of science where there should be no assent without demonstration. It began to occur to them that the whole process by which they were beguiled into Darwinism, while boasting to be one of science, proved, in reality, to be one of faith. In spite of all its pretensions, evolution could not produce one single argument in its favor. Semblances of arguments there were, indeed, in abundance. Of plausible formulæ, high-flown probabilities, persuasive pleadings, there were enough and to spare. But proofs—they found they had none. Indeed they had not asked for proofs. And now the revolt of Spencer shakes the very ground beneath the feet of Darwin.

Nor was this all. New surprises were still in store for the faithful who still clung to the cherished dogma. Now they find their faith itself assailed, and this, too, by these very selfsame leaders, who had been at such pains to make them proselytes. There can be little doubt that misgivings regarding the truth of their claims began to haunt the champions of the Darwinian hypothesis. They were just then masters of the whole field of scientific thought. They had brought all science to the feet of Darwin. The few benighted dissenters who still held out against the doctrine were looked upon as not worthy even of contempt. The whole world had adopted the creed of evolution. Was it wantonness then, or was it conscience, that prompted Huxley, in what is now a historically famous speech, delivered at the unveiling of a statue to Darwin in the Museum at South Kensington to openly declare that it would be wrong to suppose "that an authoritative sanction was given by the ceremony to the current ideas concerning evolution?"

Well might his hearers be astounded! But they must have held their breath, when they heard him add boldly and bluntly, in no uncertain tones, that "science commits suicide when it adopts a creed." A creed, indeed! What had science been doing in the field of evolution ever since Darwin had given his doctrine to the world, but proclaiming its faith in the Darwinian creed? What were all the arguments of all the evolutionists since the day that "The Origin of Species" had first seen the light but a mere begging of the question and a childish pleading for its acceptance? This creed the disciples are now told is suicidal; evolution must be dropped. To drive home the lesson and leave no room for ambiguity in the matter, Spencer, too, felt it his duty to make it emphatic. In the articles from which we have been quoting above, he takes the pains to place not merely in juxtaposition but in striking contrast Huxley's famous statement "science commits suicide when it adopts a creed" with a former foolish statement by the same man of science. In one of Huxley's braggadocio moods in the days when he had unbounded faith in the new evangel of science, he swaggeringly assured his followers that "On the evidence of the science of palaeontology, the evolution of many existing forms of animal life from their predecessors is no longer an hypothesis, but an historical fact." This dictum Spencer now contrasts with his present warning against too easy credulity. Quite evidently the purpose of Spencer in placing both statements side by side, was to cancel the latter statement by the former. Huxley's statements about the certainty of evolution were not supported by the evidence, in other words; and this was a warning that his former boastings were to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. And Spencer emphasizes Huxley's statement by a still more striking one when he explains that it was Huxley's "desire to point out that already among biologists, the beliefs concerning the origin of species have assumed too much the character of a creed." And he instantly adds—very significantly: "Thus there seems occasion for recognizing the warning uttered by Professor Huxley, as not uncalled for." Surely if words have any meaning, we have here an acknowledgment from both Huxley and Spencer that up to that time at least the doctrine of evolution had been taken on faith. And now they are informed that this faith had been misplaced. What wonder that men began to awaken to the fact that science had betrayed them. They began to realize that whereas they had supposed they were being treated to science, they received only faith, that the bread of evolution was merely a stone and its fishes merely serpents.

The truth is that evolution had previous to that time reached the

flood tide of its popularity. The high water mark, not only of evolution by means of natural selection or the survival of the fittest, but of evolution as a working principle in nature—regardless of the agencies or factors by which it accomplished its purpose—had been reached about the time when Darwin's famous work, "The Origin of Species" attained its majority. This was in 1881. Huxley at that time in one of his characteristic extravaganzas which he called "The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species," canonized the disciples of Darwin and anathematized his opponents. The flow had just reached its highest point and the ebb soon set in. In 1886 the preachments of Huxley and the warnings of Spencer startled the world of science. What did it all mean? Was their idol a false god? The high priests had sounded the first note of distrust and ever since the waters of faith have been steadily receding. Spencer and Huxley had made the most damaging admissions. There was no blinking the inevitable conclusions. Both Huxley on the platform and Spencer in the *Nineteenth Century* had acknowledged before the whole world that they had lost faith in the idol which for thirty years they had so vociferously worshipped. It was true that both Spencer and Huxley might have warned biologists merely against an implicit faith in natural selection or the survival of the fittest. But even so, the position of their followers was little to be envied. Their leaders had confidently assured them that Darwin had given to the world coveted knowledge never known until he had discovered it. This had been loudly and confidently proclaimed from the housetops of science; and now—strange reversal—those same leaders tell them that their preachments were of a faith without foundation. But while natural selection was made the scapegoat, it was also certain that the blow, whether directly or indirectly could not fail to strike the very principle of evolution itself. Spencer's reasonings, whether he so intended them or not, could have no other effect than that of weakening men's faith in that principle; for he was at considerable pains to show its inefficacy. Spencer's reasoning was thuswise: Darwin insisted from the outset that the sole factor by which evolution accomplished its results, was natural selection. Later, it is true, he had made some concessions in behalf of the Lamarckian factor, that is, the inherited effects of use and disuse. It is now certain (we are paraphrasing Spencer) that if we confine ourselves to natural selection as the sole factor, we can never account for the biological changes around us, for "there are certain extensive classes of phenomena which are inexplicable if we assume the inheritance of fortuitous variations (natural selection) to be the sole factor." Hence he says: "It by no means ex-

plains all that has to be explained," and again he tells his followers: "With it alone we are without a key to many phenomena of organic evolution." Thus he disposes of the claims of natural selection. It was inadequate to explain all the facts of biological phenomena; therefore, he claimed the necessity for Lamarck's theory (which had been scouted from the first), the inheritance of functionally-produced modifications. He insisted that "a very extensive portion of the facts could not be explained without it." Natural selection, it was true, accounted for a major portion of the facts, but there was "a minor part \* \* \* very extensive, though less, which must be ascribed to" the Lamarckian despised factor.

So far indeed, Spencer's attitude seems to be merely a plea for the inherited effects of use and disuse; but more follows. Having made out his case for the claims of the latter, apparently unconscious of the inevitable conclusion to which his admissions led, he openly confessed that not only, as we have seen, was natural selection unable to account for all the facts, although it might account for a large part of them; and not only could his supplemental factor of the inheritance of functionally-produced modifications not account for the remainder of the facts, although it might account for a minor portion of them, but not even could all the facts accounted for by an entirely new factor which he evolved from his inner consciousness and of which he confessed he knew nothing, although he quite nonchalantly styled it "the direct action of the medium." Spencer did not seem to perceive that such an admission not only undermined natural selection (which was his intention) but that it cut the ground from beneath the principle of evolution as well. For, if natural selection as a factor, plus the inherited effects of use and disuse as a factor, plus the direct action of the medium (whatever it might happen to be) as a factor, could not account for all the biological phenomena of evolution; in other words, if evolution as a principle, with the aid of all the factors, real or imaginary, which the imagination assigned to it, could not accomplish its ends, it was quite evident that it was an impotent principle and might be dropped out of sight without any great detriment to the science of biology. In an article in this REVIEW we called attention to the weakness, as the time, perhaps in a too irreverent manner, and for which we were severely rebuked by a Catholic evolutionist, who, however, admitted that he knew nothing of the subject and was obliged to have recourse to the keeper of a museum in order to be able to make reply at all; in other words, who had taken his evolution not on demonstration but on faith.

With this last statement of his views, Herbert Spencer may be

said to have closed his militant career as a soldier of evolution by means of survival of the fittest or natural selection. His discussion with Professor Weismann some six or seven years later was but a reiteration of the views above expressed. He seemed to lose interest in the cause. His ardor was gone. Like an old soldier of many battles whose once invincible excalibur has at last broken beneath him, he spent his doddering days moping and groping among his cherished weapons; but from heart and soul the spirit had gone forth forever. In the last edition of his "Principles of Biology" the wearied spirit left its last message on the subject of evolution. It was that with all that could be said in favor of evolution, still "there remained many unsolved problems." "The process of organic evolution was far from being fully understood." The great question of the evolution of species about which he had wrangled for close to half a century was of little consequence at best. The question of species was but "a secondary one." It had "vitiated the biologic atmosphere" through the misconceptions of "past naturalists with whom the identification and classification of species was the be-all and end-all of their science." "These technical ideas" could be safely ignored, for "the distinctions, morphological or physiological, taken as tests of species, are merely incidentally phenomena." The whole matter, so far from being clearly explained by evolution, as was once the proud boast, was like one of the "many puzzles apparently unanswerable until the answer is given," or, perhaps, as the "ultimate nature of life was inconceivable, there is probably an inconceivable element in its workings." So that the final word of the greatest philosopher of evolution was that the whole problem about which he undertook, with others, to educate mankind, proved to be an insoluble enigma.

And there it remains to this day. Darwin maintained a sphinx-like silence throughout, leaving his books alone to protest. All that has since been done to resuscitate the hypothesis of evolution, whether Darwinian or Lamarckian, has been absolute failure. When, some years ago, the late M. Brunetiere announced to the world that "science (meaning evolutionary science) was bankrupt," in all its ranks there was none who dared to say him nay. It is, indeed, true, that we are again and again told that the doctrine has made gigantic strides since the days of Darwin, but the moment we ask for a bill of particulars, the braggarts are dumb, or, if they choose to speak, they merely attempt to refurnish Darwin's old weapons and try to palm them off as new ones. It is perfectly safe to say that all that science has discovered since Darwin's day, in favor of evolution, together with all the scientists who have appeared on the evolutionary

stage, are absolutely negligible. Possibly an exception might be made in the case of Abbot Mendel, who has at least given us new facts. But Mendel was a contemporary of Darwin, and the value of his discovery cannot even now be rightly estimated. And at best, even should further experiments with his "resultants" and "dominants" prove his law to be a true one, the only resultant conclusion of any value would seem to be that, what scientists had previously regarded as species proved to be only varieties. The claims of the rest of the evolutionary world is but the crackling of thorns under a pot. Their disputes are but the wranglings of Lilliput. All their din and clatter about gemmules, determinants, panmixia, inner and outer factors remind one of the disputes of the Little-endians and Big-endians as to which end of their eggs should be assailed. All that has been said or written on the subject of evolution since the days of Darwin might be dropped into the gulf of destiny, without any appreciable loss to the world or to the theory of evolution.

Nevertheless, by a strange fatuity, there is one part of the world where, the more the evidence for evolution fades, the stronger the faith in the tardy hypothesis seems to become. It is the region of the Catholic scientist. This is really a strange phenomenon and one well worthy of investigation. On examination of the writings and on inquiry of some of the leading American Catholic men of science who advocate the theory of evolution, we find, as a rule, that as far as our observations have carried us, there is a tendency among all of them to fall back on Father Wasmann, as their leader and guide. Our interpretation of the attitude would be that in deference to the Zeitgeist, they have deemed it necessary to adopt the theory, lest they appear behind the times, even though they recognize the evidence in its favor as lame, maimed and halting. At the same time they are pleased to find a distinguished Jesuit priest to whose example they can appeal. Doubtless, indeed, many among them are independent thinkers and like the great body of evolutionists, imagine that the evidence in favor of the doctrine is, in spite of Huxley (even at his best), compulsory. We could name names where we have been referred to Father Wasmann, whom they said, they were content to follow; evidently, again, a matter of evolution by faith. It is barely possible, that for this implicit and explicit faith in Father Wasmann's infallibility in the matter, the writer of this article is more or less to blame. At least, a strong case of what, in lawsuits or accidents, is called "contributory negligence" could be made out against us. Some seven or eight years ago, we criticized, in the pages of THE CATHOLIC QUARTERLY RE-

VIEW, a work of Father Wasmann's on the subject of evolution. We went somewhat deeply into the subject, and with the result that many wishes were expressed that the article appear in independent form—a wish that was complied with to the extent that the article was re-issued as a pamphlet. This seems to have alarmed the American friends of Father Wasmann, and they instantly wrote him that a reply to our pamphlet was necessary. Father Wasmann, contrary to his custom, as he tells us, took up his own defense, which was published serially, through many numbers of a small magazine. A rejoinder on our side would naturally have been expected and was, in fact contemplated when Father Wasmann's series of articles should come to a close. His serial reply, appearing bi-weekly, was a tedious affair; and before its conclusion we were called to the charge of one of the busiest parishes in the United States, where writing for magazines was out of the question, at least for a time. Nor was Father Wasmann's reply by any means formidable, except in the matter of abuse and ridicule, inasmuch as he saw fit to steer at a safe distance from my arguments. Moreover, the small bi-weekly must have but a limited number of readers. Neither for ourselves nor for the cause of the truth which we were defending, therefore, did we feel any grave concern; especially in case of those who had read our arguments. What was our surprise, however, when some months ago, on glancing over the advertising pages of a reputable Catholic publishing house, we read, among others, "Rev. Simon FitzSimons' Ideas of Evolution, by Rev. Eric Wasmann, S. J.," which proved to be Father Wasmann's reply—also published in pamphlet form. Although Father Wasmann took the utmost precaution to avoid my arguments, he showed unusual adroitness in dealing with them. If they could not be answered they could be discredited, and the surest way to discredit them was to discredit their author. Their author discredited, they could then be ignored. We have seen anxious birds resort to similar stratagems to distract the attention of the intruder from the nest where their helpless and defenseless young lay unguarded. Father Wasmann's sole effort lay in trying to hide from his readers the fact that there were arguments in our criticism, which he dare not, and as a matter of fact did not, attempt to face. His reply is a desperate attempt to keep our arguments from the knowledge of his readers. Instead of manfully meeting them, he entertained his readers with abuse and ridicule, in genuine German fashion. Yet there they can still be found unanswered and unanswerable, so much so, indeed, that Father Wasmann deemed it the better part of valor to ignore them. Here are his own words. "I have examined the first forty-three pages of this

pamphlet, fifty-four pages more remain. If I were to go over these, etc., etc." The good Father was nothing if not discreet. Now it happens that the first "forty-three pages" which he so carefully examined are merely expository and expostulatory, and have no bearing whatever on the truth or falsehood of the doctrine of evolution of Father Wasmann's arguments in favor of it. "The fifty-four more pages," however, which he was so careful to avoid, deal directly with Father Wasmann's proofs for evolution, our disproofs beginning exactly on the forty-fourth page and running through the "fifty-four more" which he has so sedulously shunned. Evidently silence here was golden. When a distinguished scientist allows himself to be persuaded by his friends (as Father Wasmann's pamphlet tells us) that a reply to certain damaging arguments is necessary, when he tells us that on having read the arguments, he dispenses with his usual custom and makes reply, and when in that reply he takes particular pains to avoid giving the slightest hint to his readers either of the nature or character of those arguments, and when he tries to divert the minds of his readers from these arguments completely, there is only one interpretation of such a strange procedure, and that is, that he has found the arguments unanswerable. We hope some day to be able to find the time to return to this matter. Meanwhile our proofs and disproofs of Father Wasmann's position are to be found both in our pamphlet and in *THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW*. Father Wasmann's peculiar method of meeting our contention is but another proof of what we have been showing throughout the present article, viz., that evolution and evolutionists have at last reached their proper level and are now floundering in their last ditch.

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## THE SYMPHONY OF THE HOURS.

## PART IV.—THE PASSION OF CHRIST IN THE "LITTLE HOURS."

## FERIA QUINTA.

- Prime.* Ps. xxii.: "Dominus regit me." \* \* \* Ps. lxxi.: "Deus, judicium tuum." (2)  
*Terce.* Ps. lxxii.: "Quam bonus." (3)  
*Sext.* Ps. lxxiii.: "Ut quid Deus." (3)  
*None.* Ps. lxxiv.: "Confitebimur" \* \* \* Ps. lxxv.: "Notus in Judaea." (2)

**T**HURSDAY comes to us, laden with memories of the Blessed Sacrament: "qui pridie quam pateretur, accepit panem in sanctas ac venerabiles manus suas. \* \* \*" The lyric strains of the "Dominus regit me" sound sweetly in our ears on the Feast of Corpus Christi; and all the psalms named above, from 71 to 75, are retained in the Tenebrae of Maundy Thursday; so that all through the Little Hours on this day of the week, the sorrowful music of the Passion alternates with the mysterious harmonies of Eucharistic worship—the rich pastureland of the New and Eternal Covenant, "in quo Christus sumitur," opens out its manifold beauties, and through it, in every direction, we can clearly trace the streams of the Precious Blood, irrigating and fertilising it, as they flow onward unceasingly to the broad ocean of eternity.

The opening words of the first of this group of psalms strike both these notes—*Dominus regit me*—it is the Psalm of the "Good Shepherd," who gave His life for His flock; who gives Himself as their food. These are the two broad divisions of the Psalm—the "*Allegoria Pastoris*," and the "*Allegoria Hospitis*"—and taken together, they give a remarkably succinct summary of the whole sacramental system and of the rich and varied blessings that flow uninterruptedly through the medes and pasturelands of the Church. "They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in every plain. They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor the sun strike them: for he that is merciful to them, shall be their shepherd, and at the fountains of waters he shall give them drink \* \* \* for I will pour out waters upon the thirsty ground and streams upon the dry land: I will pour out my spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thy stock. \* \* \* I will open rivers in the high hills and fountains in the midst of the plains: I will turn the desert into pools of waters, and the impassable land into streams of waters. \* \* \* Give praise O ye heavens, for the Lord hath shown mercy: shout with joy ye ends of the earth; ye mountains resound with praise, thou O

forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob.  
\* \* \* Behold God is my Saviour, I will deal confidently and will not fear \* \* \* He is become my salvation. You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains." (Isaias 41, 44, 49, 12 passim.)

Rich Messianic passages like these will leap into vision with every word of the 'Dominus regit me' \* \* \* "The Lord is my shepherd." It is the "pastoral symphony" in the oratorio of Messianic psalmody. There are five "open rivers" on the hill of Calvary; and down in the valley, "in the midst of the plains," on the spacious demesne of the Church militant, are ever-fresh, ever-surging "fountains" fed from the heights, a new and mysterious elixir of life inebriating the soul and impregnating it with the hidden germs of immortality—"ut inhabitem in domo Domini, in longitudinem dierum." v. 9. This spiritual exuberance is well displayed by the use of the three words: mensa, oleum, vinum: "parasti mensam," "impinguasti in oleo caput," "calix, i. e., plenus vino, quam praeclarus;" and by the enumeration of the five special benefits conferred upon each member of the flock, guided and cared for by the Good Shepherd. Taking these in order, we have first, the privilege of being the "commensales" here and hereafter of Him who gave the solemn assurance: "Amen I say to you, that he will gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and passing, will minister to them." Luke XII., 37. \* \* \* Qui nos pascis hic mortales,

Tuos ibi, commensales,  
Coheredes et sodales  
Fac sanctorum civium.

Secondly, as Schouppe remarks (in Loco): Oleum insinuat alia sacramenta in quibus est usus chrismatis et unctionis" \* \* \* symbolum est gratiae ac donorum Spiritus sancti; immo ipsius Spiritus Sancti personae, quae vocatur *spiritualis unctio*."

And thirdly, at this Divine banquet, there is no stint of the things that make for joy; of the 'wine that cheereth the heart of man:' it will be plentiful, it will be of the very best: "inebrians, quam praeclarus." All which is a forecast of the happy times to come under the Covenant of generous, redeeming love, as announced by the prophet Joel: "You shall eat in plenty, and shall be filled \* \* \* and the floors shall be filled with wheat, and the presses shall overflow with wine and oil." Joel. II. 24. The five special offices of the Good Shepherd are clearly stated:

1. He sees to the pasturage; as the Hebrew has it, "He makes me to lie down in verdant pasture-lands;" signifying revealed truth, sacred doctrine, the sacraments, etc.

2. Super aquas educavit me—signifying the living streams of grace, flowing from the Author of grace—"qui biberit ex aqua quam ego dabo ei, non sitiet in aeternum." John IV., 14.

3. Animam convertit—here is the grace of a conversion. It is one of the offices of the Good Shepherd, to go in search of the lost sheep, to follow them up when they stray from the fold in dangerous side-tracks of sin and infidelity, and to bring them back on his shoulders, rejoicing.

4. \* \* \* in medio umbrae mortis non timebo mala: for not unfrequently, the shepherd was face to face with death in defence of his charge, more especially in lonely districts infested with wild beasts, or when compelled to effect a rescue in some precipitous mountain region; all which is a figure of the confidence begotten in our hearts by the ever-watchful presence of the "Pastor ovium" in His church;" quia tu mecum es.

5. The reference to the "virga" and "baculus" is instructive, and comforting; for the shepherd's rod had three uses—first to count the sheep one by one; (Lev. XXXVII., 32), from which, the mind easily passes to the thought of the personal interest which the Good Shepherd takes in each one of us—secondly to urge on though not to over-drive the less active of the flock. Sometimes we need from God a reminder to quicken our lagging footsteps; to serve Him with more alacrity and fervour—and thirdly to draw the wanderer towards him when it has followed devious paths leading to danger. This "rod" is not the goad of the ploughman, though on occasion it may be used for correction; rather does it stand for rule and guidance and authority, as the pastoral staff in the hand of the Bishop: "ipsa me consolata sunt." And Theodoret suggests "virga et baculus divini Pastoris, est ejus *crux salutaris*, quae omni modo nobis, non tam dolorem quam consolationem affert et sustentaculum." The crozier may terminate in cross or crook; the ultimate significance will be practically the same, for if I be lifted up (i. e., on the Cross) I will *draw* all things to Myself.

Our devotion may enable us to detect here an allusion also to the consolations experienced by Christ in the course of His sacred Passion; for as we find in Psalm 93: "According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart thy comforts have given joy to my soul." These "comforts" are stated in v. 5 of our psalm: Against them that afflict me \* \* \* thou hast prepared a table \* \* \* anointed my head \* \* \* etc. One cannot but think of the 'Angel of the Agony' who came with healing on his wings; no doubt unfolding before the gaze of the Divine Sufferer the future glorious triumphs of the Sacrament of the Altar, the efficacy of all the sacra-

ments—perennial blooms on the tree of the Cross—the constancy of the martyrs, the perseverance of the elect, the wonderful spread of the Church, the overthrow of paganism, and Satan falling like lightning from heaven.

This train of thought forms a fitting introduction to the next psalm (71, *Deus judicium tuum regi da*;) which by accommodation, may be translated into a noble paean of joy and victory telling of the “reign of the Eucharist.” It is a prophecy of the coming of Christ and of His Kingdom; prefigured by Solomon and his happy reign; and the Fathers of the Church, with common consent, regard the glories of Solomon’s reign as a type of the glories of the Church militant. More conspicuous than anything else in the reign of Solomon was the almost fabulous beauty of the Temple, the grandeur of ceremonial worship therein, and the torrent of religious enthusiasm that surged up in the hearts of God’s people. The worship consisted of one continuous round of sacrifices—burnt-offerings daily; “*unum agnum mane, et alterum vespere*.” “double burnt-offerings” “every Sabbath for a perpetual holocaust:” “on the first day of the month, a holocaust: incense morning and evening: and innumerable Offerings of every kind on great festivities like the Passover, Pentecost, the Feast of Trumpets and of Tabernacles.

All these were to pass away, for “from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation:” *Mal. I., 11.* Night has passed into day. Behold a greater than Solomon here: and of His kingdom there shall be no end. He will remain with His mystical body till the consummation of the world; and He will reign from the tabernacle. All the earth will be His Temple; one all-embracing Sacrifice will reach from earth to heaven; from sunrise to sunset it will lead; and in these days especially, when the Spirit of God is leading us on through His Vicar, to still greater efforts of love and personal sacrifice in the cause of the Holy Eucharist: days when the Eucharist Congress is making history in the Church: days, too, in which we are privileged to see a wonderful expansion in missionary enterprise which introduces into every known land, the knowledge of Jesus really present in the Blessed Sacrament—we may well recite this psalm with the glow of gratitude in our hearts that the real King of Peace is in our midst, enthroned on countless altars, the very centre of all hearts.

A further outstanding feature of Solomon’s reign, set forth in the melodious lyric strains of this psalm, was the welding together of a whole kingdom, in peace and unity. Here again we have a figure of the reign of Christ in the Holy Eucharist: as is sung in

the Office of Corpus Christi; "posuit fines tuos pacem." And the "Secretum" in the Mass for the feast embodies the same idea: "Ecclesiae tuae, quaesumus Domine, unitatis et pacis propitius dona concede; quae sub oblatiis muneribus mystice designantur." Suscipiant montes pacem populo; et colles justitiam \* \* \* orietur in diebus ejus justitia, et abundantia pacis: the peace, that is, which the world cannot give; which surpasseth all understanding; which no man can take away—the peace, in fine, which was bequeathed as a sacred legacy to the "little flock" in the self-same hour that they received also the Blessed Sacrament itself. Furthermore, the priesthood of Christ was "according to the order of Melchisidech," "who first indeed by interpretation, is king of justice; and then also king of Salem, that is, king of peace" (Heb. VII., 2,) thus suggesting more than a mere casual connection between the reign of Christ from the Altar-throne of the New Dispensation, and the twin blessings of justice and abundant peace concomitant with it.

With these thoughts in mind, it will be easy to recite the seventy-first psalm as a glowing tribute to the glories of the Holy Eucharist. The common application is to the Incarnation; but the transition is simple, inasmuch as the Eucharist has been very forcibly termed the "extension of the Incarnation." It will "continue with the sun, and before the moon, throughout all generations" v. 4 \* \* \* the real presence of the God made man will take the place of the substance of lowly earthly elements "coming down like rain upon the fleece: and as showers falling gently upon the earth;" sicut pluvia in vellus, sicut stillicidia stillantia super terram: v. 5 \* \* \* this "Presence of the King" will not be as in the days of His earthly sojourn of thirty-three years, confined to one land, but from the Tabernacle "He shall rule from sea to sea \* \* \* unto the ends of the earth" (v. 7), \* \* \* the great and the lowly will bend their intellect before Him and render Him the homage of faith and adoration, for (v. 8, seq.) "before Him the Ethiopians shall fall down \* \* \* the kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents; the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts \* \* \* and all the kings of the earth shall adore Him: all the nations shall serve Him \* \* \*" in all which one may almost be justified in recalling the wonderful triumphs of a Eucharistic Congress in our own day when all classes and colours are drawn from every nation under the sun to do homage to the King of Peace. \* \* \* To Him shall be given the gold of Arabia \* \* \* mighty fanes erected in His honour of which no man could count the cost; precious gifts and ornaments and jewels scattered in profusion in His sanctuaries \* \* \* "and He shall live and they shall bless Him all the day;" and in response "He shall

redeem their souls from miseries and iniquity \* \* \* for there shall be a firmament on the earth on the tops of mountains," signifying an abundance of spiritual food even in places naturally barren, so that "they of the city shall flourish like the grass of the earth," vv. 8-15. In a word the whole psalm is a rhapsody of praise of the future Messias:

Lauda Sion Salvatorem  
Lauda ducem et pastorem  
In hymnis et cantibus \* \* \*

Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel, qui facit mirabilia solus: Benedictum nomen majestatis ejus in aeternum: et replebitur majestate ejus in aeternum. v. 18. Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum sacramentum.

Terce gives us the psalm "Quam bonus" (72), in three sections. The joy that came to the hearts of the Apostles at their ordination on that first Maundy Thursday: at their being present at Holy Mass for the first time: at their first Communion and their assurance that their Lord and Master would always remain with them under the Eucharistic veil: that joy, great though it was, had to make way for the approach of a sea of sorrow; the floodgates of the Passion were about to be opened. This experience may well be recalled by the great contrast between the psalm last considered and the one we have before us. The antiphon on Fer. V. in Holy Week shows how the psalm may be read in terms of the Passion: "Cogitaverunt impii, et locuti sunt nequitiam; iniquitatem in excelso locuti sunt:" which is really the eighth verse of the psalm. It is not difficult to detect here the initial stages of the Passion; and as the psalm unfolds itself, further details are supplied: "Their pride hath held them fast: they are covered with iniquity \* \* \* they have thought wickedness \* \* \* spoken wickedness \* \* \* and the wickedness has been 'on high'—the chief priests and leaders of the people from their exalted station \* \* \* and I have been scourged all the day, flagellatus tota die, and my chastisement hath been in the mornings \* \* \* and I am brought to nothing \* \* \* and I am become as a beast before thee, jumentum, carrying the heavy wood of the Cross \* \* \* in vain have I justified my heart, and washed my hands among the innocent" \* \* \* but through it all I said: "How good is God to Israel \* \* \* and what have I in heaven? and besides thee what do I desire upon earth? \* \* \* For Thee my flesh and my heart have fainted away: Thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion for ever." 25, 26.

The whole psalm in its first, literal sense describes the tempta-

tion of the weak upon seeing the prosperity of the wicked; it is the problem threshed out in the Book of Job; and it is the Passion of Christ which alone embodies the problem and the solution together. Surely success never seemed more complete than when the Saviour of the world was crucified, dead and buried; success that is, as Scribe and Pharisee intended it: "Their iniquity hath come forth, as it were from fatness: they have passed into the affection of the heart" \* \* \* *prodiit quasi ex adipe iniquitas eorum; transierunt in affectum cordis* \* \* \* signifying how abundantly their malice was poured out in dealing with their Victim, v. 7. The terrible injustice of it all makes the psalmist exclaim: "I studied that I might know this thing, it is a labour in my sight" \* \* \* *existimabam ut cognoscerem hoc, labor est ante me*" v. 16; and he was sensible that no satisfactory answer was obtainable from human reason alone. Light must needs come from a higher source \* \* \* *donec intrem in sanctuarium Dei; et intelligam in novissimis eorum.* The High-Priest was wont to learn the counsels of God in the Holy of Holies; even so the dark things of God's providence are made known to us through the Great High-Priest, who entered once into the Holy of Holies, having obtained eternal redemption. Thus the Passion and death of Christ are the mirror in which alone can be found an adequate solution of the problem with which the psalmist finds himself confronted; and bound up with this, is the further consideration that persecuted innocence will secure ultimate vindication from the justice of God \* \* \* "for behold they that go far from thee \* \* \* *qui elongant se a te, peribunt*" \* \* \* the clouds disappear, confidence is restored, and there is nothing left but to sing the eternal praises of God: "*Mihi autem adhaerere Deo bonum est: puere in Domino Deo meo spem meam: ut annuntiem omnes praedicationes tuas, in portis filiae Sion.*"

*Sext.* like *Terce* on this day of the week has only one psalm; set out in three sections: "Ut quid Deus repulisti in finem;" (lxxiii.) and its subject-matter is thus indicated in the heading: "*oratio qua in populi et templi calamitate in auxilium appellatur Deus,*" and in the Douai, "a prayer of the Church under grievous persecutions." This is almost identical with psalm 78: "*Deplorat urbis et templi ruinam, et implorat Dei opem:*" the opening words of which form the Introit of the Mass for the English Martyrs, "*Deus venerunt gentes in hereditatem tuam, polluerunt templum sanctum tuum: posuerunt Jerusalem in pomorum custodiam.*" We have not to go far, therefore, in search of evidence for what may be termed a eucharistic bearing in this psalm of *Sext.* Our English Martyrs witnessed all the horrors of desecration detailed in this psalm; and

as we read it we cannot but experience poignant grief over the dereliction of soul which well-nigh overwhelmed the pious faithful, when the hand of the spoiler was outstretched against their most sacred treasures, when the Holy of Holies was rifled, and the Sacrament of the Altar ruthlessly torn away. Our devotion, consequently, at this stage of the Office, will echo the solemn note of reparation for sins of sacrilege against the Blessed Sacrament; the sins especially of our own country during the bitter days of persecution and the whole period of penal times. How often the cry of the psalmist must have escaped from those loyal hearts wrung with anguish: "Ut quid Deus repulisti in finem \* \* \* usquequo Deus improperebit inimicus \* \* \* "; for "who can paint the desolation of that hour? We speak not of lesser profanations, of the broken roods, the desecrated shrines, of all the graceful ceremonials of Catholic worship with which the daily life of the people had been intertwined for full a thousand years, pitilessly swept away. All this was nothing to the one fact, that God's presence was banished from His own sanctuary. The lamp before the tabernacle was extinguished, and the tabernacle was gone. Nay, the very altars were gone too; Protestantism needed them not, for it had no sacrifice; it needed nothing but four bare walls, and a wooden table in the midst of the aisle; and to this state the parish churches of England were now reduced; the people entered their churches to find them empty; they were called to listen to a new service, which had no meaning in their ears, and with which their hearts had no association \* \* \* and their old devotions were forbidden them. \* \* \*" (Cath. Hist. of England.)

We may turn now to see how realistically all these mournful memories are sifted one by one. The period is one of national disaster: which particular one, matters not. Possibly the Psalmist has in mind the destruction of the tabernacle by the Philistines, or he is brooding over its profanation by Epiphanes (Grot), or it may be in reference to IV. Kings xxv., when "Nabudarzan burnt the house of the Lord, and the King's house, and the houses of Jerusalem, and every great house he burnt with fire;" the central fact stands out. "See what things the enemy hath done wickedly in the sanctuary, v. 3": they that hate Thee have made their boasts in the midst of Thy solemnity \* \* \* they have defiled the dwelling-place of Thy name on the earth \* \* \* with axe and with hatchet they have brought it down \* \* \* (in securi et ascia dejecerunt eam.); for as is a common-place of the history of those iconoclastic times, images were thrown down from the niches and broken to pieces; altar-stones were removed and carefully put at the public entrance where they could be trodden under foot; rich carving and

other ornamentation was crudely plastered over; and every species of studied sacrilege and defilement accompanied the profanity of billeting the soldiers and stabling the horses within the sacred precincts of God's House. There "they have set up their ensigns for signs;" *posuerunt signa sua, signa \* \* \* sicut in exitu super summum \* \* \** hoisting their flag in the most prominent places that all who went out or came in, should have no manner of doubt as to the triumph of the usurper. And they made a clearance "as with axes in a wood of trees; confiscating private estates and abbeylands, and denuding monastery and minster of all that could tell of the hallowed faith that once breathed its fragrance over the Dowry of Mary. And "the whole kindred of them together said in their heart (*cognatio eorum simul*) let us abolish all the festival days of God from the land;" and "there is now no prophet, *signa nostra non vidimus*;" the shepherds of the flock were dispersed, Bishops imprisoned, priests hunted; and the pursuivant came unto his own. Our signs we have not seen; none of the evidences of holy religion left; the grand and sublime ceremonial of the Mass, the confessional, processions, even the Sacrament of the dying, and countless other adjuncts of the Faith that was given to the Saints: all swept away by the merciless tide. "*Utquid iratus est furor tuus super oves pascuæ tuæ.*" (v. 1.)

Well may the Psalmist turn from this heartrending picture to the thought of God's power, with deeply fervent prayer on his lips. "Remember this, the enemy hath reproached the Lord: and a foolish people hath provoked Thy name" \* \* \* there was profanity and blasphemy as well as sacrilege in their excesses; \* \* \* "*Ne tradas bestilis \* \* \** deliver not up to beasts the souls that confess to Thee \* \* \* they that are the obscure of the earth (a wretched set of barbarians, Bell.) have been filled with dwellings of iniquity i. e. they have an abundance of the houses and palaces they have deprived us of \* \* \* their iniquitous hands have been laid even on the consecrated dwelling-places of the Most High. "Arise, O God, judge Thy own cause: remember Thy reproaches with which the foolish man hath reproached Thee all the day" \* \* \* do not let the blasphemies of Your enemies go unpunished. Bell. in loco. vv., 18-23.

The confident prayer of the Psalmist is based on reasons advanced in six verses—11-17. He recalls with conviction the power of God. "God is our king before ages," in the land of promise: "*Operatus est salutem*," having delivered them from bondage under Pharaoh: "*Tu confirmasti mare*" when the Red Sea stood up like a wall: "*contribulasti capita draconum*" when the waters fell back with crushing force on the Egyptians, "*dedisti eum escam populis*,"

for the bodies of Pharaoh and his army were cast upon the shore and became the "prey of the wild beasts"—savage peoples dwelling along the coast-line: "dirupisti fontes \* \* \* siccasti fluvios \* \* \* and so with other manifestations of God's power.

Though the days of priest-baiting and the gibbet are passed, though Holy Mass is coming to its own again and new churches are being dotted about in Mary's Dowry, the welcome flowers of our Second Spring, "*Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra*," there is still room for the prayer of the Psalmist, "Have regard to thy covenant \* \* \* let not the humble be turned away with confusion; *pauper et inops laudabunt nomen tuum*; *Exurge Deus, judica causam tuam*."

It will be seen that this is only a devotional application of the psalm, based on a similarity between the destruction of the Jewish temple with the accompanying direct attack on their worship of the one true God, and the fanatical excesses which attended the change of religion in this country. By looking at the psalm from another angle one can detect a train of thought which is still more immediately connected with the Sacred Passion. The key to such interpretation is found in the words of St. Augustine: "The Temple of Jerusalem is a thing of great mystery, and there is understood from it the Body of Christ" (on v. 8 of Ps. 75.) Consequently the graphic description of the plunder and pollution of the Sanctuary (vv. 4-9.) has its counterpart in the horrors of Calvary. "Destroy this temple and in three days I will rebuild it." "*Ut quid Deus repulisti in finem*" easily recalls the desolation of the Only begotten Son of God, "*Deus Deus meus quare me dereliquisti*." "*gloriatu sunt qui orderunt te*" v. 5, i. e., "*fremuerunt quasi victores capta praeda*" (Paraph. Molshem.): the hour of darkness when envy was in the ascendant and hatred had done its worst; "*Posuerunt signa sua*," etc. *super summum*, that all who "passed by" might see: the Cross, the scourge, and all the instruments of the crucifixion, and notably the inscription on the Cross, "*Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum*;" and all the way through the psalm the mystical application to the Passion is not far to seek: the sorrowful pleadings of the Sacred Heart; the unfailing trust in God's mercy, His truth, and His power; the crushing of the serpent's head, "*confregisti capita draconis*;" and as the destruction of the Egyptians was a pledge of the accomplishment of God's promise to cast the Canaanite out of the promised land and give His people possession of it, so the Sacrifice on Mount Calvary is a redeeming sacrifice, liberating from bondage and opening the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem.

Psalm 74 of None (*confitebimur tibi*) is very much in the nature

of a sequel to the *Ut Quid Deus* just preceding it in *Sext*. There we had a nation's cry; now the cry is about to be heard. It is a psalm, therefore, which tells of retribution. The creature may indeed pass judgment on the Creator, may condemn, may crucify; but "hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming on the clouds of heaven." Judgment is given to the Son; and *Lithostrotos* must give place to *Jehosaphat*. Our Psalm is in the main a prophetic announcement of God's final judgment. It is in the form of a trilogy. First the combined chorus of the just, then the warning of the prophet, then the voice of God. The opening words are the outpouring of a people's heart, acknowledging the wondrous works of God both past and present: *narrabimus mirabilia tua*. The Supreme Judge approves, promises reward to the just and condign punishment to those who fail in the duty of gratitude and praise: *cum accepero tempus, ego justitias judicabo*. It is the note sounded by Christ: "Woe to him by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed" \* \* \* "and seeing the city He wept over it. \* \* \* Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children," for the day of retribution should assuredly come. And the prophet takes up the same theme "*Dixi iniquis: nolite inique agere \* \* \* nolite exaltare cornu \* \* \* nolite loqui adversus Deum iniquitatem*," for there will be no escape from the terrors of judgment, "neque ab Oriente neque ab Occidente;" nor will the "desert mountains afford cover from the all-seeing eye of the Judge:" "*quia calix in manu Domini vini meri plenus misto*." This verse is not easily intelligible at first sight. "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup of strong wine full of mixture. And He hath poured it out from this to that: but the dregs thereof are not emptied \* \* \* inclinavit ex hoc in hoc \* \* \* faex non exinanita \* \* \* all the sinners of the earth shall drink." v. 9. The *Calix vini meri* is a phrase commonly met with in Holy Scripture to signify retributive justice; e. g. *Apoc. XIV., 10*. "He also shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is mingled with pure wine in the cup of His wrath, and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone." \* \* \* He that is punished by God, like a drunken man suddenly falls down insensible under God's judgments, the severity of which is still more accentuated by the words "*plenus misto*," i. e. not merely a "cup of strong wine," but a mixture of various strong wines, telling of the anger of God, His mercy flouted, His justice aroused; and the consequent helplessness of the sinner who must needs fall under their influences. "His iniquities, his blasphemies, his persecutions have strengthened the liquor as with potent drugs." (Tr. of David in loco.) The force of the words "*inclinavit (cali-*

cem) ex hoc in hoc" is that already God had poured out the cup of His anger on many individuals and nations; going from the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrha to the Chaldeans, from them to the Egyptians and thence to others; (Bell.); and more than this, the heaviest portion of His retributive justice has not yet been meted out "*faex non exinanita*;" for at the last judgment "all the sinners of the earth shall drink;" v. 8, the dregs of this terrible draught will be their portion; they must drink on and on for ever, even to the bottom where lie the lees of deep damnation. After this the prophet speaks again, promising to publish God's praise for ever, "*annuntiabo in saeculum*." I will sing to the God of Jacob, not merely now but in eternity, as a member of the harmonious chorus of the just, while the enemies of the Cross, drunken with the wine of God's wrath, sodden in iniquity, will utter their discordant cries in the place of their damnation. The psalm finishes with the voice of God, heard once again: "I will break all the horns of sinners: but the horns of the just shall be exalted." The "horn" in Holy Scripture stands for strength and ornament; sometimes it is the emblem of pride; the force therefore of the verse is that God will destroy the power of sinners, their glory and their pride; whereas He will cause the power and glory of every just man, and especially of Christ, (Bell.) to be exalted, as Isaias testifies: "My just servant shall justify many." (53.)

Bearing on the Blessed Sacrament, Schouppe reminds us that this psalm comes on Maundy Thursday; and he remarks on the words "*quia calix in manu Domini*:" "*intelligitur calix sanguinis ac passionis Christi, quem Dominus in ultima coena discipulis dedit; tum ille, quem post eandem coenam in horto Olivarum deprecatus est.*"

In this way, both the devotional thoughts for the *Feria quinta* are clearly suggested, namely the Eucharist and the Passion. Or again, the mystical interpretation of the psalm may be made to run altogether on Eucharistic lines; in which case the words of St. Paul will readily come to mind: "Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord; \* \* \* for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself." (I. Cor. xi., 27); and all through the psalm, as we have seen, this judgment of the sinner has been detailed in graphic terms. On the other hand, the "exaltation of the horn of the just" is but another way of expressing the ultimate effect of drinking of the chalice worthily, for "he that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I shall raise him up at the last day:" and in the light of that great promise the devout soul joins in the enthu-

siasm of the Psalmist when he exclaims: "I will declare for ever; I will sing to the God of Jacob \* \* \* we will praise Thee, O God: we will praise, and we will call upon Thy name. We will relate Thy wondrous works."

The last psalm of None on Thursday is No. 75, *Notus in Judaea, Deus*. It is a jubilant war-song telling of victories achieved; so that one can trace a visible unity in the three psalms, 73, 74, 75—the prayer, the assurance of help and now a most striking example of the completeness with which God metes out punishment, when the cup of His wrath has overflowed. In the Title we have "A canticle to the Assyrians," and many of the commentators connect it with the slaughter of the Assyrians in the days of King Ezechias. It will be well first to recall the historical facts before proceeding to show the mystical sense of the psalm. In IV. Kings xix. the account is given of Sennacharib's threats and blasphemies; and then of God's promise to protect Jerusalem: "Thus saith the Lord concerning the King of the Assyrians: he shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow into it, nor come before it with a shield, nor cast a trench about it \* \* \* and I will protect this city, and will save it for my own sake. And it came to pass that night, that an angel of the Lord came, and slew in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and eighty-five thousand. And when he rose early in the morning, he saw all the bodies of the dead." The whole Jewish nation was filled with wonder and with joy; and this psalm is one of the hymns of triumph to celebrate the miraculous overthrow. The onward march of the enemy hosts had been one uninterrupted success. The swollen river had, in the language of the prophet, swollen all its channels and risen even to the neck. City after city had fallen; Jerusalem alone was left, and there seemed little hope of its holding out. It was at this crisis that deliverance came. From the days of Israel's first occupation of the land, when God went forth with their hosts, giving the victory by signs and wonders from heaven, no deliverance so signal had been witnessed. Hence it aroused in an extraordinary degree the religious fervour of the nation, and called forth loud songs of thanksgiving. (Cfr. Perrowne in loco, and on ps. 45.)

This event in the history of God's chosen people may well be regarded as a figure of the complete discomfiture of the arch-enemy of mankind by the signal triumph of the Cross. There in spirit we take our stand once again at the hour of None; at the third hour which witnessed the breaking of the spoiler's power. The silence and stillness of death reigns over all. An unseen but mighty force has been at work. "Terra tremuit et quievit, cum exurgeret in judicium Deus." V. 8. \* \* \* -De coelo auditum

fecisti iudicium \* \* \* ut salvos faceret omnes mansuetos terrae." Deliverance as of old has come from heaven. The torrent of iniquity has been rolled back; and every weapon of the evil one shattered: "Confregit potentias arcuum scutum, gladium" \* \* \* tu terribilis es et quis resistet tibi." "At thy rebuke \* \* \* they have all slumbered that mounted on horseback." With every truth can the psalmist exclaim now "factus est in pace locus ejus"; and peace would henceforth be the special message to the redeemed; "My peace I leave you, My peace I give unto you," and thus can we join in the exultant cry of victory: "Notus in Judaea, Deus; \* \* \* habitatio ejus in Sion," for as St. Augustine interprets: "The Church hath become the true Judaea, where Christ is known \* \* \* and the true Sion is the Church of the Christians"; and again: "There was the Scripture of God in Judaea only, now throughout the whole world it is sung. In that one nation, one God who made all things was spoken of, as to be adored and worshipped; now where is He unsaid? Christ hath risen again, though derided on the Cross; that very Cross whereon He was derided He hath now imprinted on the brows of Kings." (in *Loco*.) As the pious Jew loved to recall the national deliverance; and to uplift his voice in psalms of gratitude at all times, especially on the occasion of the great festivities in the temple, so with Mother Church. Her mind is forever turning to the thought of God's merciful intervention which saved the human race for all time from the thralldom of Satan. Her joy bears the bloom of perennial youth; for "the thought of man shall give praise to Thee: and the remainders of the thought shall keep holiday to Thee \* \* \* reliquiae cogitationis diem fastum agent tibi." (v. 10.) On the Church's altars will be a perpetual sacrifice of praise. Praise surely there was of old, but of a different calibre. The period of promise differed in many things from the period of fulfillment. "In the law no man was justified \* \* \* but Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law \* \* \* that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii.) The Church forever basks in the sunlight of that blessing. Her heart is always light and gay; her "thought and the remainders of the thought" that is to say the very recollection of her past deliverance and triumphs, "shall keep holiday to thee" shall make her joyful as a man in times of holiday (Bell); she will "rejoice always in the Lord," will glory even in her infirmities: will count it a blessing to suffer persecution; she does not forget that for four thousand years mankind was shackled with the heavy irons of sin, nor can she forget; for the eucharistic sun is blazing in her heaven: an ever-present and divinely appointed memorial of the Great Act which struck off those shackles forever.

"Vovete, reddite Domino Deo vestro, omnes qui offertis munera (11)" is the cry of the psalmist; and the Church echoes the cry throughout the ages, from a thousand altars. "Vow ye and pay"; promise God those gifts and sacrifices that you know are agreeable to Him; "vow and pay" all you that round about Him (in circuitu ejus) bring presents, you that are in the habit of approaching His altars and offering your gifts upon them. (Bellarmine.) And this is what the Church alone can adequately do by her all-satisfying Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro; Dignum et justum est.

## FERIA SEXTA.

*Prime.* Psalm xxi.: "Deus Deus meus" (3).

*Terce.* Psalm lxxix.: "Qui regis Israel" (2): Psalm lxxx., "Deus stetit."

*Sext.* Psalm lxxxiii.: "Quam dilecta" (2): "Psalm lxxxvi., "Fundamenta ejus."

*None.* Psalm lxxxviii.: "Misericordias Domini" (3).

It was quite to be expected that the psalms "Deus Deus meus" should have a leading place in Friday's Office. In the old Ferial Office it was one of the added psalms; it is now divided into three sections and so runs all through Prime. Some older writers ventured to suggest that Our Divine Saviour recited the whole of this psalm when hanging on the Cross; and then continued with the psalm "In te Domine speravi" as far as the words "in manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum"; repeating them both several times: (Ludolph of Saxony); and the same authority quotes St. Jerome as holding that Our Saviour recited the ten psalms beginning with the "Deus Deus meus" and ending with the "in manus tuas, etc" of the "in te Domine"; all "secreto" except the first and last verses, as told us by the Evangelist. Without necessarily falling in with these quaint ideas, they serve at least to quicken our devotion and stimulate the imagination when reciting the psalm with which the Little Hours begin on Friday; and we may recall here that all but one of these ten psalms have been dealt with already in the course of our study on the Passion in this part of the Office. One important point stands out in regard to this twenty-first psalm, namely, that it applies directly to Christ; and Theodore of Mopsuestaá was condemned for asserting that it was only "accommodated" to Him. It matters not whether the Psalmist was recording his own manifold troubles, or the persecutions and trials of the just in a more general way. "His recollection or idea of them was but the starting point, a spot on earth, whence his soul winged her flight into realms beyond this sublunary world. His

spirit, united to that of the divinity, was seized and transported to heights of prophetic contemplation, which almost "entirely withdrew from his sight that spot situated in the far distance beneath."

\* \* \* David is the author, but he sings and prays in the name of a third person; he has sung the psalm, but from the soul of some one else. Never did our poet suffer things similar to those he here describes. He is but a herald proclaiming some extraordinary sufferings, brought "before his vision in some praeternatural way. In short, David is foretelling the Passion of Our Lord. Sweeping the chords of his harp with a holy enthusiasm, he attunes it to a lay, a sacred hymn, with which, one day, the living Harp of God is to make melody on the Cross. He is favoured with the most amazing, the most mysterious vision of his whole prophetic life, the vision of the Crucified. \* \* \* "In the light of the Holy Ghost, a thousand years before its accomplishment, he sees the great work of the world's Redemption, and the God-Man offering it to the Heavenly Father \* \* \* he beholds it depicted in outlines so clear and striking, that the psalm has been called a prophetic Gospel, the fulfilment of which takes place on Golgotha." (Roche's Psallite sapienter.)

The psalm is divided into three sections in Prime; and they correspond to three strophes easily distinguishable:

1. A heartrending cry of distress;
2. A vivid picture of the realities of the Passion;
3. An expression of hope.

In these three divisions we have what a writer has eloquently termed:

"the photograph of Our Lord's saddest hours;

"the record of His dying words;

"the lachrimatory of His last tears;

"the memorial of His expiring joys." (C. H. S. Treas. of David.)

The verses which stand out most prominently after the opening "Deus Deus meus," and which alone would bring to memory the vision of the Passion are the "Ego autem sum vermis et non homo; opprobrium hominis et abjectio plebis." Then the threats and derision: "Omnes videntes me deriserunt me; locuti sunt labiis, et moverunt caput." Then the outspoken blasphemies: "Speravit in Domino, eripiat eum; salvum faciat eum, quoniam vult eum." The Divine Sufferer recalls the covenanted mercies and the unfailing help of God in the past; and we find them mentioned side by side with the pleading cry which unveils the poignant sorrow of the heart: "In te speraverunt patres nostri; speraverunt et liberasti eos \* \* \* spes mea ab uberibus matris meae;" but as yet there seems to be no rift in the storm-laden clouds; "tribulatio proxima

est \* \* \* non est qui adjuvet"; and so this first strophe of the psalm finishes up on the same almost despairing note with which it began.

With the second strophe the night becomes darker still. There is the consciousness of imminent peril from every side. The enemy has summoned all his forces for a final and fearful onslaught; and there is no gainsaying his power, which is limmed by the psalmist in a series of extraordinarily forceful figures. "Tauri pingues obsederunt me"; proud, fierce and sullen in the exercise of their undoubted strength. "Leo rapiens et rugiens," \* \* \* "canes multi circumdederunt me"; the Pharisees, the populace, the soldiery; with hue and cry closing in on their quarry, displaying all through the utmost ferocity. This likening of the enemies of Christ to beasts of prey in the act of hounding the victims to death, is often met with in Holy Writ, and is most expressive. More difficult was it perhaps to describe the cumulative effect of all this savagery on the soul of Christ; yet the psalmist does so with astonishing brevity. The torrent of his eloquence is rapid and carries all before it. Again he betakes himself to the reals of "simile": and we have a series of moving pictures, clear in outline as in detail; each telling the same story in its own particular way, with a conclusiveness that must appeal even to the unimaginative. "Poured out like water":—utterly spent, used and finished with; it is the picture of the complete dissolution of all strength, the elements of which no power can ever gather together again. "Cor meum tanquam cera liquescens":—a similar idea to the last, but introducing a new feature, for the Divine Victim must needs be placed on the sacrificial fires kindled by the justice of God, and the human soul cannot stand firm here; its courage melts away, for the flames are fanned by the consciousness of sin; and it must ever be the uppermost thought in our mind that "Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree." Verse 16 contains no less than three further figures:

"Aruit tanquam testa virtus mea;  
lingua mea adhaesit faucibus;  
in pulverem mortis deduxisti me."

Descriptive alike of the interior agony as well as of the direct physical suffering; though commentaries for the most part favour the latter; in either case the psalmist is striving to convey the idea of finality in endurance. Every vestige of moisture has been burnt out of the soft clay in its passage through the kiln; even so the vital moistures of the body have been gradually but effectively dried up in the course of the long drawn-out excesses of the Pas-

sion: "aruit tanquam testa," a potsherd, a piece of earthenware frequently in a broken state; and the spirit has registered a similar experience in its own domain, for the tributaries of its inner strength have been dried up at the source; every human element that might make for confidence and courage and for sustained vigour in the conflict has been withdrawn—"I looked about and there was none to help, I sought and there was none to aid. \* \* \* I have trodden the wine-press alone"; and if He looked above for divine aid, for cooling showers that might invigorate Him in the heat of conflict, it was to find that the heavens as brass; as St. Laurence Justinian expresses it:—"The Eternal Father held back the streams of eternal delight, so that they should not flood the soul of Christ with the torrent which ought to be." Following up this same thought, with another rapid stroke of the pen the psalmist indicates the natural result of drying up the strength and moistures of the body, "lingua mea adhaesit faucibus meis." The words are true in the literal sense; it is exactly what a dying man experiences when his whole frame is burning with fever and parched up with thirst as a consequence especially of excessive loss of blood. Here one naturally calls to mind the "Sitio" of the crucifixion; and possibly here, in this psalm of "dereliction" it may stand for the intense craving on the part of Christ's human nature for the cooling streams of Divine solace. God really must come now; it is the crisis; "ad defensionem meam conspice"; my spirit is on the verge of ruin; soon all will be over; the last sure sign of yielding has already shown itself; another moment and I am lost; "Erue animam maam". There is no doubting the force of these short, but graphic descriptions of the soul's last struggles; yet the psalmist is not content; he must needs add another, "in pulverem mortis deduxisti me". Death is in reality a separation; the principle of life leaves the body; so that ready to hand is an almost exact parallel of what is happening in the "dereliction" of soul. We have a similar use of the figure in speaking of mortal sin, which is the "death" of the soul. It loses the grace of God, which is the very life of the soul, and so, in a certain sense, abandoned by God. And as we know of no separation which is so complete as that of body and soul in death, so we touch at least the fringe of this impenetrable mystery of Christ's abandonment on the cross. And as though to drive home still further the thought of God's withdrawal, the psalmist emphasizes the idea by speaking not merely of death, but the "dust of death." When life is extinct, as long as the body remains, there still remains the satisfaction sad and mournful though it is, of gazing yet once again on the face of the beloved; memories of what once was come crowding in; and the sense of

separation is not immediately realized to the full; but when all that is over and the years go by, and the cherished object of one's affection is in the "dust" of the grave the sense of nearness vanishes, and we become more fully conscious of the distance that separates the living from the dead. Thus does the psalmist analyze for us the great mystery enunciated in the first verse of this deeply elegiac psalm. "Deus ne elongeris a me \* \* \* cum defecerit virtus mea, ne derelinquas me \* \* \* erue a framea animam meam:—" Whatever violence may be done to the body, never let the sharp edge of thy wrath or of my grief sever me from thee. As to the body, the plenipotentiaries of evil have effected their purpose; there is nothing more they can do now; "they have dug my hands and my feet, they have numbered all my bones." In the ignominy of nakedness on the cross, "they have looked and stared upon Me; (consideraverunt, inspexerunt,); and when they had stripped Me "they parted My garments amongst them"; and upon My vesture they cast lots"; He could never possibly need them again; it was the final symbolic act of the tragedy.

The third strophe begins with the words "narrabo nomen tuum"—the last verse of the second section in Prime. The Divine Sufferer begins to wend his way from the gloomiest regions of dismay into the realms of light and hope. The sequence of thought is clearly maintained. First he had submitted that it would seem quite out of keeping with God's recognized dealings with the "fathers" of old, that He should intend to forsake him; second, for God not to help him at present would be to forsake him; and now confident of his own deliverance, he beholds with prophetic vision the fruit of his Sacred Passion—the deliverance of the nations. "Anima mea illi vivet; et semen meum serviet ipsi." In the night of His abandonment God did indeed seem to be far away; prayer seemed almost unavailing; but now He can confess with a sense of joy combined with relief: "Cum clamarem ad eum, exaudivit me \* \* \* non sprexit neque despexit deprecationem pauperis \* \* \* nec avertit faciem suam a me." One cannot fail to note the intensely striking contrast between this part of the psalm and the two sections already dealt with. True in many of the psalms the contrast is suggested, and perhaps developed with different degrees of fulness. But there is nothing quite to compare with the richness of analysis that is to be found in the "Deus Deus meus" of both sides of the contrast. Already we have endeavored with the psalmist to trace the one; and now in a most melodious hymn of praise, he opens out the future before us with a marvellous wealth of detail. It is an enchanting color-scheme of the coming triumphs of the Church, which came forth from the side of Christ on the Cross. First and fore-

most, the old distinction between Jew and Gentile must go; nationalism in religion must be replaced by the establishment of a universal church to correspond with the universality of redemption, "*quoniam Domini est regnum, et ipse dominabitur gentium*;" secondly, at the Lord's table "the poor shall eat and be filled" v. 26, but there must be no distinction of rank or of circumstances, for "all the fat ones of the earth"—*pingues terrae*—the rich, princes, emperors, kings, will be present at the self-same feast; v. 29; and all this, the psalmist assures us, will continue to the end of time. He and his posterity should live thenceforth for God's glory alone; "The heavens shall show forth His justice to a people that shall be born"—*populi qui nascetur*. In the short space of nine verses we can almost visualise the life of the church beginning with a clear reference to the teaching of the Apostles; for St. Paul writes to the Hebrews (II.): "For which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren, saying: I will declare thy name to my brethren: in the midst of the church I will praise thee" v. 22 of our psalm. Then we have the picture of the first converts "*universum semen Jacob, glorificate eum; timeat eum omne semen Israel*;" i. e. not only ye who are children of the flesh, but ye who are children according to promise v. 24. Following on this comes the grand vision of the new sacrifice that was to replace the old; "I will pay my vows in the sight of them that fear him"—the force of the words "*vota mea reddam*" being the offering of a great sacrificial feast; this shall be offered through my ministers, the priests of the New Testament. "*Edent pauperes \* \* \* et pingues*" *et saturabuntur*; for he that shall eateth this bread shall live for ever: "*laudabunt eum*," their whole soul will vibrate with the sweet music of praise. The dereliction of the "only-begotten Son of God," His descent into the darkness was to find adequate compensation in the future exaltation of the sons of men. His gloom should dispel theirs. *Per crucem ad lucem*.

## TERCE.

The "*Qui regis Israel*" (79) might almost be described as a companion-psalm to the "*Deus, Deus meus*" of Prime. In the latter we had darkness and light contrasted for us, as they passed in successive stages over the soul of Christ in the very exercise of His redeeming office. Side by side with this, we now have almost a replica of the same experience, the same contrasts, in the mystical body of Christ; for, as we read in the descriptive summary of the psalm in the Douai version, it is "A prayer for the Church in tribulation, commemorating God's former favours." The actual period of history to which the psalm refers, is not certain; nor is there any particular need to know it; the main current of thought is easily

detected. The people may be in exile, or if not that, they have just experienced some great disaster and find themselves under the heel of the invader. As in the "Deus Deus meus, respice \* \* \*," so here, the inspired writer seems to be overwhelmed with a sense of abandonment. God has "turned away His face;" and there can be no hope of salvation until he "turns again" and looks upon His people—"Deus virtutum, convertere, respice de coelo, vide, visita." This is the fundamental note of the psalm; and its stirring pathos is strongly emphasized by a four-fold repetition in vv. 4, 8, 15, 20. "Deus, converte nos; et ostende faciem tuam, et salvi erimus." It is impossible to resist the force of this somewhat unusual repetition, accentuated as it is by arranging the names of the Deity in an ascending series: "Deus," "Deus virtutum," "Domine, Deus virtutum;" and unless the light of God's countenance shines again, all is lost—"Incensa igni, et suffosa ab increpatione vultus tui, peribunt;" things set on fire and dug down shall perish at the rebuke of Thy countenance. Even so, this vineyard of thine, almost consumed already, must perish if thou continue thy rebukes. It is a first essential, therefore, in the mind of the psalmist, that God should view their oppression and distress with eyes of mercy; that He should exercise the role of the Good Shepherd ("qui regis Israel"); and hasten to the rescue of the flock that finds itself on the verge of peril. "Intende \* \* \* excita potentiam \* \* \* veni \* \* \* qui deducis ovem." The nation's distress is described in graphic terms. First, the psalmist brings to mind the wondrous chapter in their history when the might of God led them forth from the house of bondage, a free people; when the pillar of fire was the visible token of God's personal guidance and of His nearness to them; when He "sat upon the Cherubim, and shone forth" before them all, especially "Ephraim, Benjamin and Manasses"—the three tribes that followed close upon the ark in the desert; but now darkness has come upon them:—"Thou hast made us to be a contradiction to our neighbours: and our enemies have scoffed at us \* \* \* how long wilt Thou feed us with the bread of tears: and give us for our drink tears in measure?" And then another picturesque image flashes across the psalmist's imagination:—"Thou hast brought a vineyard out of Egypt \* \* \* Thou plantedst the roots thereof, and it filled the land \* \* \* it stretched forth its branches unto the sea, and its boughs unto the river." And all that glorious work would seem to have come to nought; "Ut quid destruxisti maceriam ejus \* \* \* why hast thou broken down the hedge thereof: \* \* \* et vindemianteam omnes qui praetergrediuntur eam \* \* \* so that all they who pass by the way do pluck

it? \* \* \* *Aper de silva, the boar out of the wood hath laid it waste: and a singular wild beast hath devoured it.*" Where are we to seek help? "*Deus virtutum, respice de coelo \* \* \* et visita vineam istam.*"

The recognized mystical interpretation of the psalmist's lament will be found to be a great aid to devotion, embodying as it does, so many different thoughts. For St. Augustine remarking on the title "a testimony for Asaph," says: "This testimony doth confess both Christ and the vineyard; that is, Head and Body, King and people, Shepherd and flock, and the entire mystery of all Scriptures, Christ and the Church." Devotion, therefore, may legitimately conjure up the thought of Christ Himself, or of His mystical body. We may refer in this psalm, as in the last, to dwell still on the Sacred Passion, though the picture is painted in rather a different way. Exegesis justifies the setting up of a parallel between Israel of old, and the Son of God in the New Dispensation; as when for example, the prophet Osee says: "Because Israel was a child and I loved him: and I called my son out of Egypt;" xi., 1; and St. Matthew telling of the return from Egypt says: "That it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: 'Out of Egypt, have I called my sons'." Even so, the mention of Israel and of Joseph in the first verse of our psalm—both of them types of the Messiah—will enable us at the very outset to turn our devotional thoughts to Christ Himself; the psalmist's unfolding of a nation's grief in captivity will take on a new significance in as much as it tells also, in prophetic imagery, of the Cross which led captivity captive.

Similarly in applying the psalm to the mystical body of Christ. The flock of Christ has been led out from bondage across the red sea of His Precious Blood; and on the words "Thou hast made us to be a contradiction to our neighbours" v. 7, St. Augustine comments: "Evidently this did come to pass; for out of Asaph (synagogue) were chosen they that should go to the Gentiles and preach Christ \* \* \* Him who was the subject of contradiction \* \* \* He was contradicted, but the contradictor was conquered \* \* \* There, however, was a great flame: the martyrs were fed with the 'bread of tears and given to drink in tears,' but 'in measure,' not more than they were able to bear." So also with the Church under the familiar figure of the "vineyard." "Thou wast the guide of its journey". \* \* \* "It stretched forth its branches unto the sea, and its boughs unto the river." It was planted by God Himself; yet it has passed through the fires of tribulation; like its Divine Founder, it has been subjected to the malice and violence of the persecutor: "*Singularis ferus depastus est eam.*" Oftentimes in the

course of her history will the Church find reason to cry out with the psalmist, "How long wilt thou feed us with the bread of tears?" But God is at hand; He will hear our prayer. "We will call upon Thy name, O Lord God of Hosts, convert us, and show Thy face, and we shall be saved."

Following on this, comes Psalm 81, "Deus stetit," with which Terce finishes. The central thought throughout will be the wanton injustice of the trial and condemnation of Christ:—an appropriate subject for meditation at the Hour of Terce. The psalm is one of solemn rebuke to the recognized judges of the people. No earthly tribunal is contemplated; "Deus stetit"; God Himself is pictured as taking His stand in the midst of the nation, with rulers and magistrates arraigned before Him for their open and shameful perversion of justice. St. Augustine interprets the whole as applying to Christ; and we may note especially his treatment of vv. 3, 4, 5. "Judicate egeno, et pupillo; humilem et pauperem justificate \* \* \* etc." \* \* \* "Not those who for their own sake are rich and proud, but Him who for your sake was humble and poor \* \* \* proclaim Him righteous \* \* \* 'egenum manu peccatoris liberate.'" But they will envy Him, and will not at all spare Him, saying: "This is the heir, come let us kill Him, and the inheritance will be ours." \* \* \* Dumb dogs, they know not how to bark \* \* \* and if they are justly blamed and deservedly rebuked, who by their dissembling, suffered such a wicked deed to be committed \* \* \* how severely must they be condemned who did this of design and malice." On verse 5 the Saint continues in a very telling passage: "To all of them verily, what follows is most fitly suited; 'nescierunt, neque intellexerunt, in tenebras ambulanti.' For if they had known they would never have crucified the Lord of Glory: (I. Cor. ii., 8.) and those others, if they had known, would never have consented to ask that Barrabas should be freed, and Christ should be crucified. But as the above-mentioned blindness happened in part unto Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles should come in, the blindness of the people having caused the crucifixion of Christ, all the foundations of the earth shall be moved (movebuntur omnia fundamenta terrae, v. 5). So have they been moved, and shall they be moved, until the predestined fullness of the Gentiles shall come in. For at the actual death of Christ, the earth was moved and the rocks rent. \* \* \*

The two verses which follow serve to bring out still further the moral perverseness of these "judges." Ego dixi: dii estis, et filii Excelsi omnes. The EGO may be understood as God speaking, or as some think, the psalmist himself; but the same condemnation is implied in either case. "Ye are gods": the greatest honour had

been bestowed on them, in as much as they had been clothed for the time being with a little of that authority by which God Himself judges the sons of men; they were "sons of the Most High," indicating the intimate character of the relationship in which earthly judges stand to the Judge in heaven; so that their elevated station made their ignorance and misconduct all the more inexcusable. Hence the prophet's solemn reminder and accompanying denunciation: "Vos autem sicut homines moriemini: et sicut unus de principibus cadetis." It will be with you even as with the apostate Angels who fell from their exalted position in heaven: and well may it be said of you, as was said by one of the ancients, standing by Caesar's tomb: "Ubi nunc pulchritudo caesaris? Quo abiit magnificentia ejus?" And as St. Augustine concludes: "Though the days of your life are so few, that ye speedily die like men, this avails not to your correction: but like the devil, whose days are many in the world because he dies not in the flesh, ye are lifted up so that ye fall. For by devilish pride it came to pass that the perverse and blind rulers of the Jews envied the glory of Christ: by this will it come to pass, and still does, that the lowliness of Christ crucified unto death is lightly esteemed in the eyes of them who love the excellence of the world." With a holy impatience at the mere narration of all this injustice, coupled perhaps, with a clear prophetic vision of the final triumph of God's unerring judgment, the Psalmist exclaims: "Surge Deus, judica terram; quoniam tu hereditabis in omnibus gentibus;" "for the earth swelled high when it crucified Thee: rise from the dead and judge the earth." (St. Augustine in Ps. 81.)

(Sext and None of Friday, and all the Little Hours of Saturday, will be dealt with in the next number.

G. E. PRICE.

Birmingham, England.

## TURKEY WITH DRESSING.

"In Puritan New England a year had passed away  
 Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower lay,  
 When Bradford, the good Governor, sent fowlers forth to snare  
 The turkey and the wild-fowl to increase the scanty fare."  
 —Alice W. Brotherton (*The First Thanksgiving*).

THE historical version of this hunting preliminary to the First Thanksgiving causes one to wonder why Plymouth Colony need suffer from scanty fare, for according to Edward Winslow: "Our harvests being gathered in, our governor sent four men on a fowling, so that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They killed in one day as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week." Governor Bradford records that for the feast "Beside water-foule, there was great store of wild turkies."

This "little help besides" hinted by Edward Winslow, was evidently the dressing that went into the birds, and which, thanks to Priscilla's quick wits, was made most delicious, chestnuts being lacking, by her thought that acorns would do as well. Indeed, it must have been in itself cause for thanksgiving that the turkey, considered such a feast-bird in Europe, one too fine to appear except with dressing of all kinds on a banquet table, was to be found running wild in the New World, and to be had on any occasion at the word of a fowling-piece.

The bird is mentioned frequently in the records left by the early settlers. "Hares, Partidges, Turkies or Eggs, fat or lean, young or old, they devour all they can catch in their power," wrote Captain John Smith. The first letter describing the New Province of Maryland, written in 1634 and published in London, contains the sentence: "Daily the poor soules, (The Indians) are here in our houses, and take content to bee with us, bringing sometimes turkies." Thomas Morton, picturing "The New England Canaan" for his Old World friends, did not leave out this important item: "Turkies there are, which divers times in great flocks have sallied by our doores; and then a gunne (being commonly in redinesse) salutes them with such a courtesie as makes them take a turne in the Cooke room. They dance by the doore so well! Of these there hath bin killed, that have been weighed forty-eight pound a piece." Another reference to the bird, by S. Clark, in "Four Plantations in America," sketches a quaint word-picture: "The Turkey (in New England) is a long Fowl, of a black color, yet his flesh is white; he is much bigger than our English Turkey; He hath long Legges wherewith he can run as fast as a Dog and can fly as fast as a Goose."

Now the "English Turkey" even in the middle of the seventeenth century, was in reality a domesticated American bird. For the few species of turkey are strictly New World birds, and before the discovery of America were as unknown in Europe as the red man himself. But though exclusively an inhabitant of the Americas in its original wild state, it was introduced into the Old World in a domesticated state, as the Montezumas had made it a dooryard fowl centuries before the coming of the Spaniards.

Originally introduced into Europe from Mexico by the Spaniards, early in the sixteenth century, in a hundred years it had become so numerous as to be regarded as "Our English Turkey." Indeed, Shakespeare was so familiar with the bird that he took it for granted turkeys were English fowls of long standing, and in two of his historical plays has characters mention the bird at a period antedating the discovery of America:

"The turkeys in my pannier are quite starved."—King Henry IV.

"Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock."

—King Henry V.

"Oveido," says Prescott, in his "History of Mexico," "was the first naturalist to give an account of the bird, which he saw soon after the conquest of Mexico, in the West Indies, whither it had been, as he says, brought from New Spain." It was first illustrated in 1555, both by Belon, a French naturalist, and by Gesner, a Swiss. Charles Lucien Bonaparte, American ornithologist, says that the first turkey that garnished a feast in France was served at the wedding banquet of Charles IX., in 1570, soon after the general introduction of the bird into Europe. Some authorities claim it was first carried across the Atlantic by Cortez, in 1530, others give the credit to Cabot, in 1534, while an old rhyme states that

"Turkeys, carps, hoppes, pinaret and beere  
Came into England all in one year,"

which is supposed to be 1524, however, rather than either of the other above dates.

The French named the bird *Poule d' Inde*, or "fowl of India," which involves no confusion, considering that long after the discovery of America the new continent was supposed to be a part of India. Europe soon forgot the bird's native land, or perhaps it was never generally known, as knowledge in those days was more a word-of-mouth matter than consult-authoritative-records—people talked far more than they read. Most philologists trace the bird's English name to that of Turkey in Asia, and state that the name is so derived because for some time after the bird's appearance in Europe it was commonly believed to have come from the Orient.

Edgar Richardson, however, says the name was not derived from Turkey in Asia, but from the Hebrew *tukki*, peacock, which seems reasonable to infer, since the Spanish called the bird *gallapavo*, or "peacock cock," from its resemblance to this already known fowl. Mr. Richardson strengthens his claim by the historical fact that the bird was carried to Spain as one of the curiosities of the New World; and he claims that the Jews traded in all such novelties, and when the *tukki* was shipped to England its Hebrew name was easily corrupted.

There is documentary evidence of the turkey's being in England in 1541, but there it is generally believed to have been introduced into England in the early part of the sixteenth century by William Strickland, the lieutenant to Sebastian Cabot in the voyages of discovery which he made under the patronage of Henry VII.

At any rate, when the early settlers began arriving on the Atlantic Coast, from Plymouth to Virginia, they were already familiar with the domesticated bird, had perhaps eaten its flesh at some Christmas feast. As it requires only about ten generations for the wild turkey to become thoroughly domesticated in flesh and habits, and as it thrives most successfully under care, even specimens of the wild bird could have been brought to England in the middle of the sixteenth century, and be common at the time of Shakespeare's birth, in 1564. And the great poet was very familiar with the bird, so familiar that with his usual carelessness in chronology, he mentions it in his two historical plays as a well-known English fowl eight decades before the discovery of America.

The bird is also mentioned in "Twelfth Night," when a servant of the Lady Olivia says of Malvolio, the pompous steward: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!" But there is no quarrel with Shakespeare here, as, judging by Maria's remark that Malvolio "does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies," the time-setting is subsequent to the discovery of America, the "new map" being printed in England in 1598.

Benjamin Franklin once humorously suggested that the turkey be substituted for the bald eagle as the national bird of America, because, as he argued, it is a more respectable bird all around, and a true native of America, and courageous to the point of not hesitating to attack a grenadier of the British guards who should invade his grounds with a red coat on. He might have added that, like a true American, the bird is a thorough globe-trotter, and makes himself at home and thrives wherever he finds himself.

For, since the discovery of America, the bird has been acclimated

in most parts of the world, and wherever known its flesh is highly esteemed, by civilized and savage nations alike, as the most delicious of the poultry tribe. Says one authority: "Even the barbaric feasts of the South Sea Islanders in honor of distinguished strangers are often rendered semi-civilized by the presence of this bird." Not long ago, a returned missionary, the matron of a girl's mission school on the island of Kuisie, one of the Carolines, told me the following story which illustrates the bird's social distinction in that quarter of the globe:

"I have often described our customs as a part of the educational work, and one November was pleased to receive an invitation to take Thanksgiving dinner with one of my former graduates living on an adjoining island. In her invitation, she had taken care to specify that turkey would be on the bill of fare. When I read this invitation to my pupils, I noticed one of the girls appeared rather concerned. Upon being given permission to speak, she arose and said:

"'Miss Blank, it gives me great pleasure to think of your coming joy, though it also gives me great pain to think of losing our Mr. Turkey. I am acquainted with this bird you are to dine upon, I having been accustomed to seeing him on our island for many, many years now, he being the only resident turkey we have now left us, being the only one of the large flock the island once possessed. But if he must be eaten after his long and honorable life, I know of no greater honor that could come to him in his old age. I am sure Mr. Turkey would rather be eaten by you than by any other person.'

"I thought that under the circumstances, 'Mr. Turkey's' death would be a sad sacrifice on the altar of friendship, and sent word to my hostess that I preferred seeing him to eating him. So, as a part of the day's festivities, he was admitted to the banquet room, to strut up and down as we ate. He was still alive the next year to grace the Thanksgiving dinner and if in the meantime he has not been sacrificed for some unwarned guest's delectation, he is probably strutting about that little island this very moment."

In Franklin's time, wild turkeys were as common as blackbirds are now, and the trees about the new log cabin of the pioneer were full of the birds, saluting each other in the early morsing as freely as roosters about the centuries-old cottages of the European farmer. As Southey describes their aubade, as "Madoc" heard them in the New World:

"on the top

Of yon magnolia, the loud turkey's voice  
Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree  
Extends the wakening watch note, far and wide,  
Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry."

The Indians made use of the bird in other ways than as food. Indeed, it seems the universal custom of mankind to eat the flesh and use the other parts of the bird or beast as can be adapted. The pioneers made feather dusters, whose very inefficiency made them popular because they must be in constant use. The Indians had a better use for them:

"Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,  
And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers."

In the early days, wherever found, the birds were plentiful, since one family is large enough to form quite a little flock, numbering from a dozen to two dozen individuals. The Indians called October "the month of turkeys," because of the large numbers to be found feeding at that time:

"Deep murmurs from the trees, bending with brown  
And ripened mast, are interrupted oft  
By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily  
The turkey from the thicket comes,  
To batten on the autumn."—William D. Gallagher.

(Autumn in the West).

The canny intelligence of the bird enabled it to hold its own against its original enemies—Indians and wildcats. It has keen eyesight, long legs and strong wings, and knows how to use them, also an alert brain to advise them. Then, too, he has means of self-protection, such as the sentinel system:

### 3—Turkey With Dressing

"The turkey from the tallest trees  
Calls out the watchword to his train;  
Soon as the coming skiff he sees,  
And seeks the mountain's side again."

—Alexander Wilson (*The Pilgrim*).

As a game bird, the wild turkey has very few, if any, equals, and his partial extinction is as much due to the progress of agriculture which destroys his woodland hiding-places, as to wasteful hunting methods. According to an experienced sportsman, "he tests the craft and resource of the hunter when fairly tracked. A shy old gobbler is as hard to track as a deer, for he is very fleet of foot and can hide himself most cleverly. Turkey-hunting is not a simple,

careless, or easy sport, for they are most adroit, sagacious and elusive birds."

"This wandering, shy, secluded bird,  
This roamer of the forest ground,  
Through all the Western wilderness  
In dense, embowering haunt is found,  
So shy that scarce the hunter's gun  
May harm them, bursting on the wing;  
So fleet that scarce pursuing steed  
Its rider within shot may bring."

—Isaac McClellan (Wild Turkey).

Formerly the bird was found in the entire eastern, central and southern sections of the States, breeding throughout their range. Now they are not so plentiful, being found only in the most inaccessible places possible, mountains or swampy regions, and dense wooded districts far from the haunts of man. One authority states that in the seventies he found turkeys "very numerous on the headwaters of the Gila in Arizona, and as they probably never had been hunted they were almost as tame as barnyard fowls. One might easily have killed a wagon-load in a day." He also records that "As recently as the late eighties I knew of a flock that had ranged for at least ten years not far from the banks of the Potomac within sight of the Capitol dome." So there are doubtless many secluded places where

"The tall wild-turkey swiftly pass  
Light-footed through the dewy grass."

—Maurice Thompson.

"And through the thick umbrageous depths  
The shy wild-turkey leads her brood."

—Isaac McClellan.

But, being easily domesticated, the bird readily drops its acquired habits and resumes its primitive mode of life. It is noticeable in Hawaii, where the forests have been stocked with domesticated birds, which after a season or two became as wild as ever. "Gone the wild turkey!" bewails Hamlin Garland in his poem on "The Passing of the Buffalo." Yet the turkey's case is not as bad as that of some other native game, particularly if domesticated flocks can so easily return to an undomesticated condition. Just so "in coppice dense the stately turkey stalks," as Isaac McClellan found it many years ago in Florida, the hunter is not likely to care whether it be an originally wild or a relapsed domesticated bird.

"Resplendent through the grove the turkey roams,  
And lends a deeper grace to Christmas cheer."

—Duncan Anderson (Sport).

To be sure, America may well be proud of this king of all game birds, and attempt to prevent its total extinction in the wild form. We could well afford to grant it a long period of immunity from hunting, without our holiday feasts being bereft of their cheer, as long as every poultry yard contains

"The turkey, too, smoothing his plumes in your face,  
Then ruffling so proud as you bound from the place."

—A. B. Street (Fowling).

For if, "Grand were the strutting turkeys" of Cobbler Keesar's Vision, as related by Whittier, it is because, as Will Carlton states:  
"When to their meals the gobblers strut,

In gastronomic mood,  
They little dream that they are but  
A food-devouring food."

Not that the turkey-farmer doesn't have his ups and downs. Turkeys are somewhat expensive to raise, as they require more stimulating food than other fowls, and more of it, to make them lay, and the young are easily killed by exposure to wet and extremes of heat and cold. So every year the housewife has her problems, and, to adapt a few lines from Lowell's "Fable for Critics"

"She sits in a chair (of home plan and make) rocking,  
Musing much, all the while, as she darns on a stocking,  
Whether turkeys will come pretty high next Thanksgiving."

In Northern Minnesota they have found one solution of raising fine turkeys with but little expense, and many a settler living on a homestead in cut-over lands, or perhaps it is his wife, cashes in a nice little sum by this means: as soon as the young are able to run about, the hen and poults are turned loose and allowed to forage for themselves until about a month before Thanksgiving, merely being rounded up at night with food in order to keep them nesting near the place; in October the birds are shut up and fattened for the coming holidays. One of the largest young turkeys I ever saw had been allowed to wander all summer long and browse on such fruit, grain, nuts, seeds and insects as he could find.

The turkey is an interesting fellow, particularly the highly conceited male. In season or out of season he goes strutting about, bubbling and sputtering, with no other apparent reason than because he enjoys it so immensely. Of course, in the spring, as James Thomson tells us in "The Seasons," "the turkey nigh, loud-threatening, reddens;" because the joyous season that sets other birds to singing sets him to bristling with the desire to fight, not to protect

his mate, or his flock of mates, but to expend some of his energy. And it's still the same story later in the year :

“The gobbler swells his shaggy coat,  
Portentous of a conquest sure,  
His houris pipe their treble note  
Round-shouldered and demure.”

—Anon (In Vacation).

He always reminds me of an after-dinner-speaker rising to respond, who, after much preliminary shaking of shoulders and blowing of nose, all of which gets him appropriately scarlet about the wattles, he bows his neck and begins to “gobble, gobble, gobble.”

“Gobble, gobble, Turkey-cock !  
Zany of the barnyard flock !  
When your scarlet ruff you don  
And you get your bustle on ;  
And your dunce-cap red and queer  
Tilted over on one ear ;  
Strutting up and strutting down,  
You're a funny, funny clown.”—Anon.

But no matter how ridiculous he may look, Turkey gives a sort of splendor to the barnyard flock, taking the place of that other member of the pheasant family whom he so much resembles, the peacock. There is nothing barnyard or common about him, this glorious creature sheathed in bronzy, glittering coat-of-mail and helmeted in scarlet :

“and there, in his feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey.”—Longfellow (Evangeline).

The turkey's advent into literature began immediately after the discovery of the New World, and every year finds several new rhymes written in his honor. But he does not appear often in the famous literature of the world because of the tendency to regard him as clownish. Skipper's Ireson, who was given such an unpleasant tarring and feathering by the women of Marblehead, took his ride in a very unusual costume :

“Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rain'd-on fowl.”—Whittier.

A certain Olivier Baseelin, writing a poem “To My Nose,” paid it this compliment : “The turkey-cock doth wear, resembling thee, his ‘wattles’ ”—a nose, evidently, that would not be much admired in these prohibition days. Browning, in a poem about “Muckle-Mouth Meg,” gave his heroine a mouth “that can swallow a bubbly-jock's egg”—one rather too large for beauty.

"And I thought I had never beheld such a face,  
Or so noble a turkey and chine."

—Thomas Hood (*Epicurean Reminiscences of a Sentimentalist*).

"Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—  
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon."

—Will Carlton (*Betsy and I Are Out*).

"There's a fowl of many a feather,  
There's a turkey-poult and hen,  
A moorcock off the heather,  
A mallard from the fen.  
A lash of teal, a thumping goose  
As heavy as a swan;  
He ought to wear his waistcoat loose  
Who dines with Gipsy John!"

—Whyte Melville (*Gipsy John*).

"I go, but I return.

The fiery furnace has no horrors for me.  
Mine is a race of martyrs. I can trace  
Ancestors by the score who laid their heads  
Upon the axman's block. It is a little way  
We have. Why should I care to flaunt  
My feathered beauty on a bare November bough?  
I shall appear again in a far richer dressing.  
In years to come, it will be said of me,  
As of my ancestors, that nothing in my life  
Shed so much glory as the leaving of it.  
Full many a little child that now  
Is prattling at its grandma's knee shall say  
In future years, that of all days it holds  
In the most sacred memory the one  
When it officiated at  
The funeral of this Turk. And now,  
Lest some one shall say I knew not how to die,  
Let the ax fall."—Anon (*The Turkey's Farewell*).

H. W.

## Book Reviews

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**"The Deep Heart."** By Isabel C. Clarke.

**"Eunice."** By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Two more charming stories by Miss Clarke. This author improves like old wine. There is a mellowness about her recent stories that adds very much to their charm. Always correct in her views, always very human, she introduces the spiritual into her books, sufficiently to make them true to nature. Modern fiction is so very much of the earth earthy. The men and women that move through the modern novel are mostly animals that walk on two legs instead of four. They prate about love and happiness, and do not know the meaning of either one. Their creed is: whatever is desirable is lawful, and pushing this canon to its logical conclusion, they give free rein to all the demands of sensuality, no matter what obstacle may stand in the way. The result is, of course, disastrous. God and His laws go by the board; the sanctity of the marriage tie is mocked; the rights of parents are denied; and the sacredness of the family has become a by-word.

And yet many—very many persons learn their theology from such teachers. Their views of life and its responsibilities are patterned on such models.

It is refreshing then to pick up a story in which the men and women are really rational animals such as God created, who believe in a Supreme Being to whom they must account, and a future life in which they must live either happy or miserable.

The stories before us resemble each other in so much as the scenes in each are laid in Italy and in England. The author excels in her description of scenes as well as in her depiction of character. She introduces us to nice people, as well as interesting. We feel that we would like to know more about them after they are presented to us. Their affairs interest us sufficiently to induce us to inquire what happened next. Those who have been following Miss Clarke will not be disappointed in her most recent productions.

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**"Whom the Lord Loveth."** Consoling Thoughts for Every Day in the Year. By Henrietta Eugenie Delamare. 12mo., pp. 119. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A little book of consolation for those who are in trouble. The keynote may be found in the first quotation: "Come to Me, all you

that labor and are heavy burdened, and I will refresh you." Starting out with this invitation of Our Divine Lord, the author has gathered together from many sources similar words of consolation for the afflicted, and arranged them according to the days of the year. There is no special reason for this arrangement, except, perhaps, an old custom. Among the sources from which quotations have been made may be mentioned the Sacred Scriptures, the Imitation, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and Christian writers, ancient and modern, in prose and poetry. It is an excellent book for one that is in sorrow or trouble, because it bids him turn to God for consolation rather than to man.

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**"The Things Immortal."** Spiritual Thoughts for Everyday Reading. By Edward F. Garesche, S. J. 12mo., pp. 144. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is an additional volume to the series of devotional books which have been coming from the pen of Father Garesche for some time. Like the other contributions to the series, the present volume is not a connected treatise on any one subject, but a collection of short essays—sometimes hardly more than a page, dealing with many subjects, all having, of course, one end in view, the betterment of man. It is hard to find a comprehensive title for such a book, but the one which the author has chosen is certainly inclusive.

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**"Facing Danger."** By Father Finn, S. J.

**"Held in the Everglades."** By Father Spalding, S. J.

**"Out to Win."** By Father Conroy, S. J.

**"The Finding of Tony."** By Mary T. Waggaman. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Here is a group of excellent 12mo. juveniles by tried and true authors that appeal with special force to Catholic parents who must furnish wholesome and interesting reading for their children and protect them from the poisonous so-called literature of the day which is working such havoc, especially among young people whose immature minds are so easily impressed by what is attractively and authoritatively said, and who have not the strength of will to go against the tide of fashion. The all important question in matters of this kind is, what effect will the reading of the child have on its faith and morals? Will it help the child to know, love and serve God better? Will it bring the child nearer to God, nearer to heaven, nearer to eternal happiness?

The literature of the day, even juvenile literature, has no time for such questions. It either ignores them and sneers at them or it gives false answers to them. That is the great difference between Catholic literature and profane literature. The former deals with

man as a creature composed of body and soul, living in time, but destined for eternity, whose true happiness can be found only in heaven, and who must sacrifice all temporal happiness if necessary for the eternal. The latter treats man as a creature made for time only, whose happiness is made up of the things of this life, and who has a right to that happiness and to the means to attain it, in spite of all law, human or divine.. Any thinking man who prays and has had even a short experience of life can see the deadly consequences of such doctrines. The best antidote for the evil, especially where children are concerned, is to give them all that the enemy can offer them in the way of bright, attractive, interesting stories, without the false, pernicious doctrines which are shamelessly taught in the fiction of the hour, as well as on the stage and screen.

The group of juveniles before us are instruments of great good and may be placed in the hands of children without any hesitation whatever. Those who read them will be amused, instructed and bettered.

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"St. Joan of Arc, The Life Story of the Maid of Orleans." By Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J. 12mo., pp. 348. Illustrated, New York: Benziger Brothers.

What a sad, sad story! Each time that we take it up we resolve never to glance at it again. It makes us sad, disgusts us with men and their ways, inclines us to mistrust every one, even those who sit in the seats of the mighty: perhaps we should say, especially those. We grow weary apologizing for the mistakes of history. Fortunately in the case of Joan of Arc, the transaction is closed in her canonization. We could wish that all the wretched story from the time of her capture until her death might be blotted out, at least that it might be relegated to the archives of history. We do hope, sincerely, that some one will publish a life of the Saintly Maid for young people, and especially for young girls, in which that dark period, with all its disgraceful details will be touched upon as briefly as possible. Of course history must be written, good as well as bad, but for the average reader, let us write unto edification as far as we may.

The present life is timely. The canonization of the Maid of Orleans draws the eyes of the whole world to her, as well as the hearts, and while we have already several admirable biographies of the saint from the pens of distinguished and able men, we have not had anything in keeping with the importance of the subject and occasion from a Catholic pen. This was desirable, because only a Catholic and ecclesiastic could write with a full understanding on this subject.

Father Lynch has approached the subject with this thought in

mind. He has been a diligent, painstaking student, and he is a fearless writer. The result of his labors is a complete and convincing history which does not leave much more to be desired.

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**"Man's Great Concern, The Management of Life."** By Ernest R. Hull, S. J. 12mo., pp. 177. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

This book may be said to be a catechism founded on reason only. The ordinary Catholic catechism is founded on reason, tradition and revelation.

If it is difficult to compile a catechism from all three sources, it is much more difficult to compile it from one only. If it be hard to convince men with the aid of reason, tradition and revelation, how much harder to convince them with the aid of reason only. And yet this is what Father Hull tries to do in this book. It is arranged in catechetical form and deals with man's eternal destiny, and tries to induce him to solve the great problem by the light of reason. It is divided into five parts. Part I. treats of Objective or Ontological Principles, Explaining the Destiny of Man and the Means and Conditions of Its Attainment. Part II. treats of Subjection or Psychological Principles, Explaining Self-Management, With the Powers and Activities of Man and Their Control. Part III. deals with Constitutional Principles, Self-Development or Making the Most of Ourselves. Part IV. is devoted to Duties to God, Ourselves and Other People. Part V. tells us of Various Occupations and States of Life.

There can be no question as to the value of a book of this kind. Man's great concern is each individual's great concern; its importance must be brought home to each one; it applies to the infidel as well as to the believer. It is easy to set the man thinking who believes in revealed religion, but to move the other class is exceedingly difficult.

But any reasonable man who reads Father Hull's book must think. It is impossible to escape from its simple, straight-forward, clear-cut logic. Those who study it will realize at once that the author has not written for amusement, or self-gratification, or even for the sake of conquest, but rather because he has a message to deliver of infinite import..

Every priest has felt the need of a book of this kind from time to time when he has come in contact with men for whom religion seemed to have no appeal. But no man can refuse the appeal to reason. To do so is to sacrifice the claim to manhood. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the book is written for unbelievers only. No better foundation could be laid for the study of

**Christian Doctrine.** If the orthodox believer will begin his studies with this appeal to reason, and finish them with the teachings of Divine revelation, he will be doubly armed.

The publishers have wisely prepared a paper covered edition for general distribution which will bring the book to the masses.

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*"Preaching."* By Rev. W. B. O'Dowd, Westminster Library. 12mo., pp. 235. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

We have much respect for the man who writes a book on preaching. There is so much difference of opinion about it that the author is apt to find himself dissected by the critics. Of course there are certain well-defined principles that should underlie all preaching, and they can be briefly stated. In regard to them there is no room for dispute. But as soon as we depart from them, we begin to get into troubled waters. We have been tempted to think sometimes that outside of these well established principles, it is better not to lay down any hard and fast rule. So much depends on the occasion, the time, the capacity and disposition of the audience, the ability and personality of the preacher, that it seems hardly wise to say positively that every preacher must follow the same method.

For instance, in the book before us the author quotes from two sermons on the sin of Judas and condemns one while approving of the other. It seems to us that the one condemned might do as much good as the other, and even more under certain circumstances. We mention this instance by way of illustration only, because Father O'Dowd's book is excellent in every respect. It is not a text-book in the strict sense nor a class book. It is rather a series of essays on preaching, all models of clearness and diction, enriched with an abundance of quotations from all approved sources. It can be used most profitably by the seminarian just entering on the study of homiletics, and only less profitably by the preacher of shorter or longer experience. It will prevent the former from falling into many errors and enable the latter to correct them.

The writer covers the whole ground, but does not till it all with equal success. His chapter on "Some Other Types of Sermons," including Controversy, Panegyrics, Funeral Sermons, Charity Sermons, and Sermons for Children, is rather brief, and will not be of much practical help to the preacher. The book is closed with four appendices, the first three containing the letters of Leo XIII. and Benedict XV. on Preaching, and the letter of Pius X. on Teaching Catechism. The fourth contains outlines or rather points for a Course of Sermons for Three Years. These points are accompanied by reference to certain approved sources very limited in number. Some preachers will find them very useful.

**"The Acts of the Apostles, with a Practical, Critical Commentary." By Rev. Charles J. Callahan, O. P. 8vo., pp. 206. New York: Joseph L. Wagner.**

Encouraged by the generous reception given to his previous work on the Four Gospels by priests and students generally, the author tells us that he has prepared and brought to completion this present and similar treatise on the Acts of the Apostles. His aim has been the same, namely, to give to ecclesiastical students and priests a clear, brief and for practical purposes a sufficiently thorough exposition of the meaning of the sacred text, with an explanation of the principal difficulties to be found in it. We hope that the author will be able to extend his circle of readers even further, for his commentaries on the Gospels as well as on the Acts ought to appeal to intelligent lay Catholics with a force only second to that with which they appeal to clerics. And this circle is ever widening. The number of graduates from our Catholic University, colleges and high schools, including convent schools, is increasing every year, and these should all be appreciative students of the Sacred Scriptures, under the proper direction. Many of them, perhaps most of them, confine their study of the Sacred Text to the Epistle and Gospel that are read and explained in the church on Sunday. But the Sundays of the year by no means exhaust the New Testament, nor do they draw the attention of the people to the acts of the Apostles except on a few occasions, and yet in this book we have practically the only history of the early Church, and certainly the best one. The Acts are a record of the continuation of Christ's work on earth and of the fulfillment of His last solemn promise to His disciples. Therefore the usefulness of this book and its necessity for the Church historian, the Christian apologist, the preacher and the people is beyond question.

Its interest is hardly second to its importance. It is all so clear, so simple, so consoling, so heroic, at times, that the reader might say with the disciples who met Christ on their way to Emmaus: "Was not our heart burning within us, while He spoke in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" He who takes up this book with Father Callan's Commentary at hand, will not lay it down again with any part of it unread, and he will rise from the reading a better man as well as a better-informed and stauncher Catholic.

It is impossible to read the history of the early Church and realize that it is the true Church of Christ, founded by Him on St. Peter for all time, which is enlightened and preserved from error by the Holy Ghost, and in which He Himself resides, without being encouraged to imitate those early Christians and walk in their footsteps. For their Church is our Church, their doctrine our doctrine, their practice our practice.



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1905	94.9	76.4	278	370
1906	94.2	78.6	311	384
1907	96.6	86.1	301	372
1908	95.9	79.3	279	356
1909	96.2	78.5	256	330
1910	96.7	79.4	353	432
1911	97.3	81.3	369	449
1912	97.0	79.9	364	456
1913	97.8	82.5	359	456
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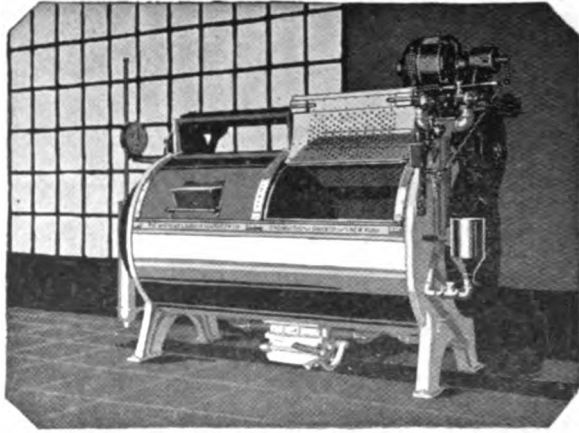
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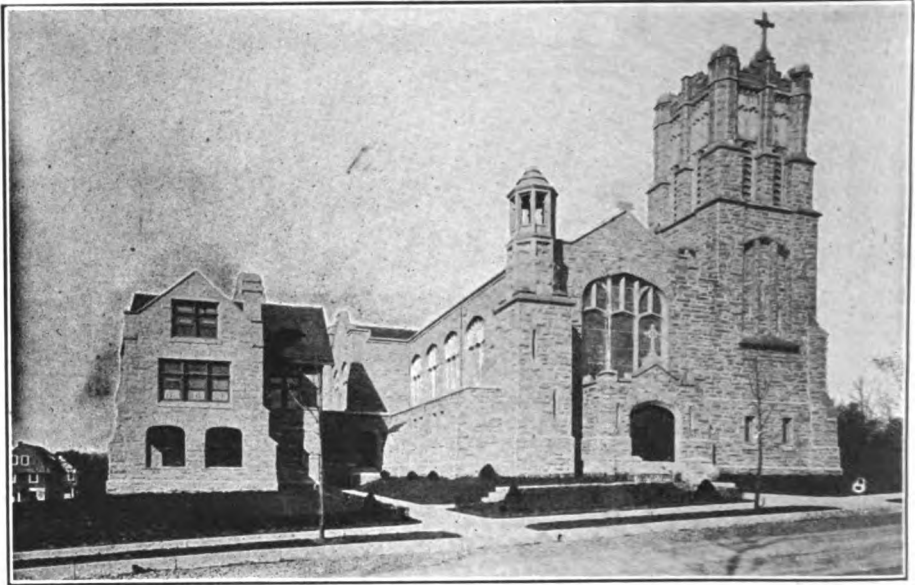
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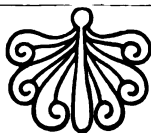
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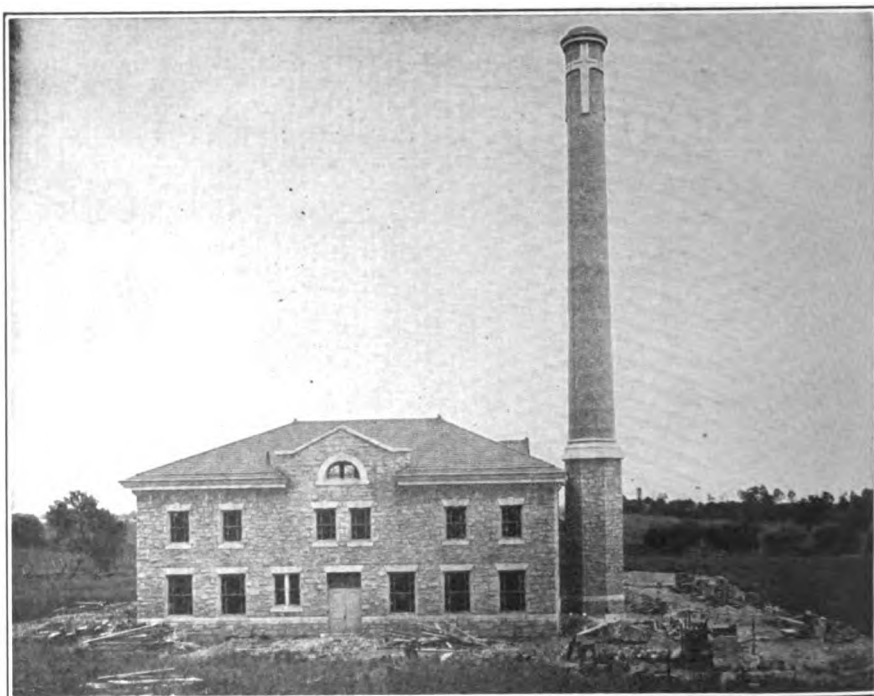
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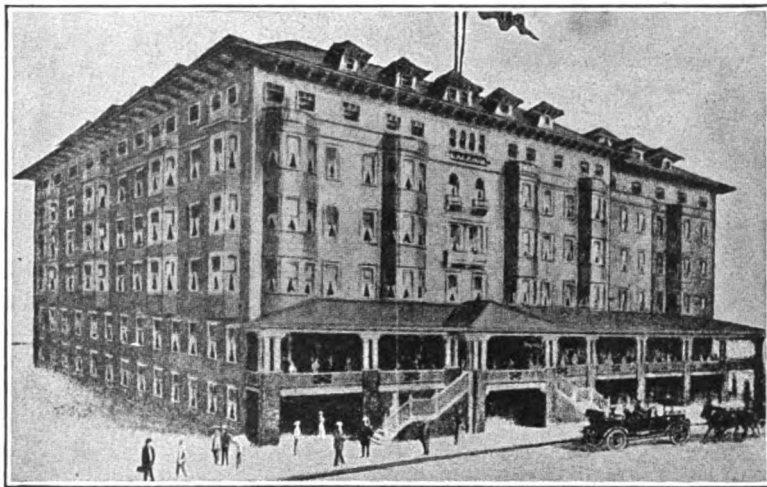
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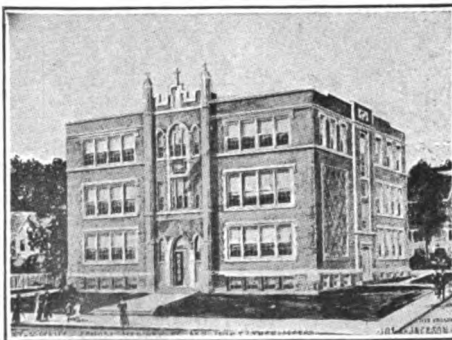
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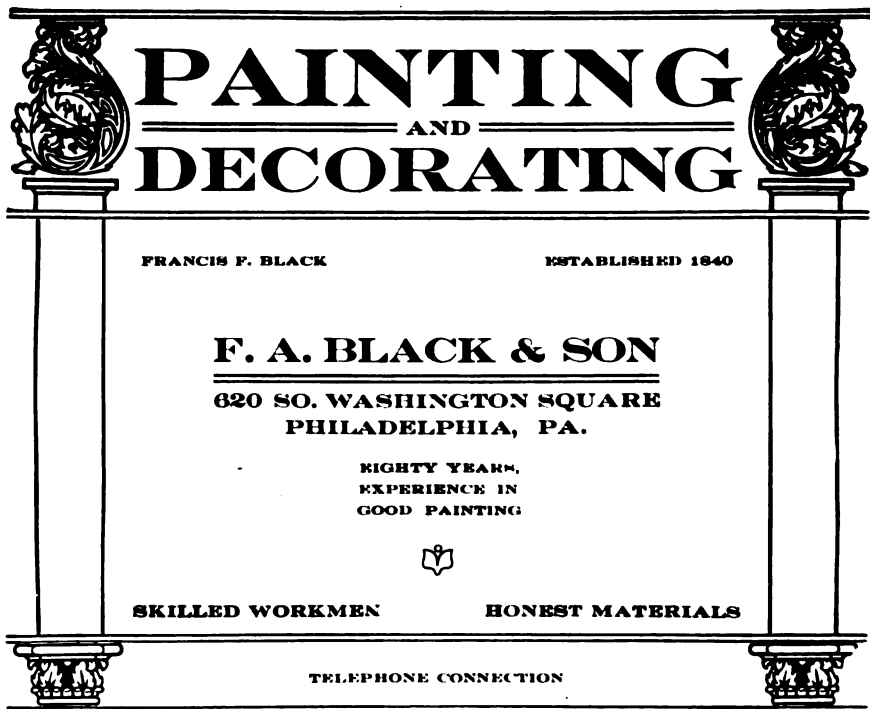
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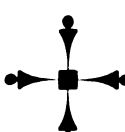
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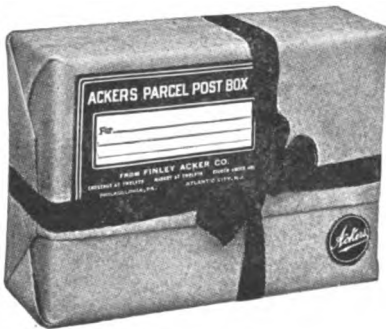
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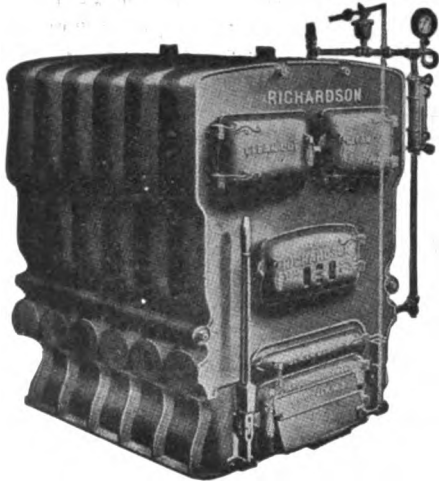
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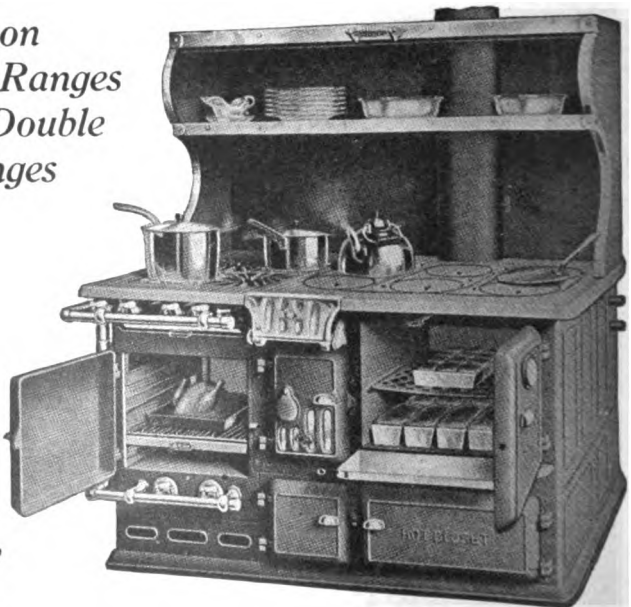
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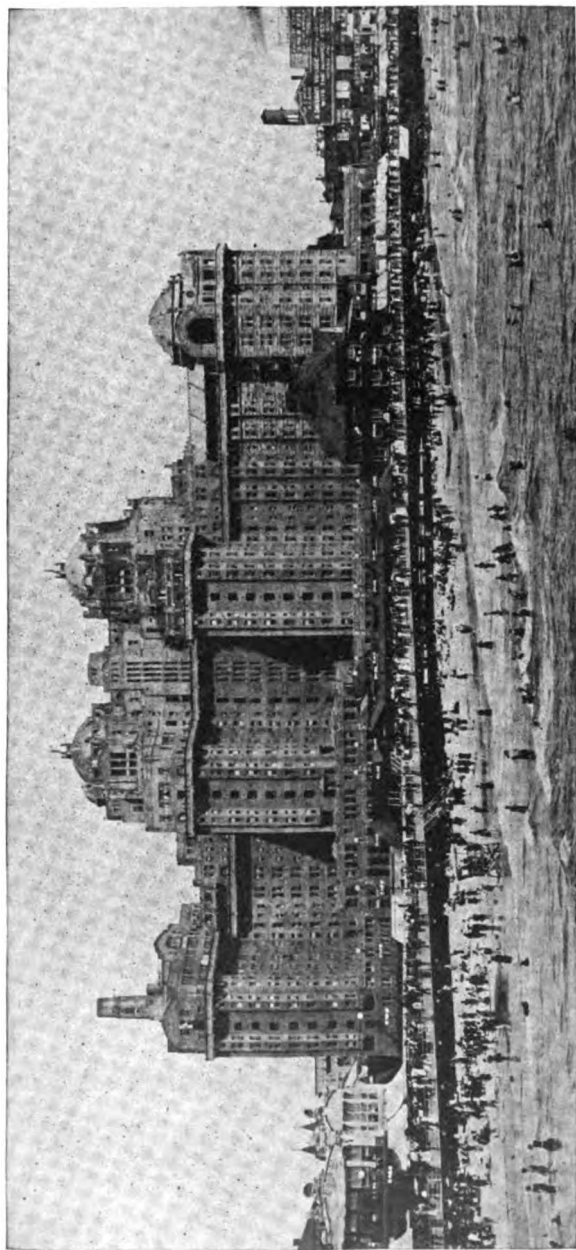
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